THE JOURNAL

Wofford College

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THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

NOVEMBER 1940

● *Actual color photograph—a fine lot of ripe, golden tobacco leaf.*

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

FINER TOBACCOS—for you who smoke, those two words have a world of meaning.

First, they tell you why most independent tobacco experts smoke Luckies.

Second, finer tobaccos are the big reason why Luckies have a lower nicotine content.

Yes . . . authoritative tests reveal that for more than two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands . . . less than any one of them.★

You see, Luckies analyze tobacco before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is not only rich and mellow, but milder—naturally low in nicotine.

The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of genuine mildness. So try Luckies for a week. Remember—with independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

★ NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940, Lucky Strike has averaged

9.46% less nicotine than Brand A **15.55% less nicotine than Brand C**
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B **4.74% less nicotine than Brand D**

Lucky Strike's nicotine content averaged 2.01 parts per hundred.

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Luckies—the smoke tobacco experts smoke

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THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Volume 51 Number 1

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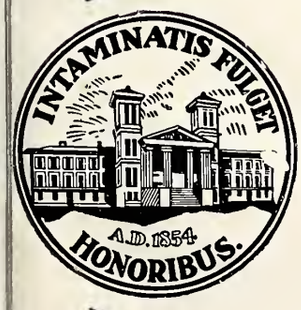

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The Journal *affectionately dedicates this issue to Dr. Henry Nelson Snyder, president of Wofford College, in honor of his Golden Anniversary as a teacher and administrator of this institution. A portrait of Dr. Snyder appears on the front cover.*

He scourged each member of his family individually.

Valley of the Shadow

John Thomason Tells a Moving Tale About People Whose Sole Property Is a Cemetery Plot; a Story About Life As It Is.

HE couldn't put his finger on it . . . and it worried him. There was something wrong. He was sure of that; his formless fear was as real and as natural as the constant pain in his body. But, somehow, his sluggish thoughts couldn't figure it out. He was filled with a sense of insecurity . . . and it worried him.

Of course, he reasoned, it wasn't the first time in his four death-bed months that half-formed worries had annoyed him. But this thing seemed to hint of something more serious. So he remained uncomfortable, puzzling at his fear with disheartening results. He backed away from its challenge, wondering why he had become sleepless and alert to every noise and movement. Yes, he could feel that something was wrong.

He lay tautly still on the sweaty bed, his knees drawn up. He dared not relax because he was afraid of the enraging creak of the springs. Suddenly he rolled over to sprawl on his right side, eyes squinted against the monotonous sunlight of an autumn afternoon.

Hack Gentry was a pitiful scrag of a man as he lay huddled under his twisted counterpane. His graying hair was long and uncombed. Gentle blue eyes contrasted strangely with the yellow gauntness of his flesh. Brown, curling hairs tangled about parched, scaly nipples. His bony sides rose and fell in rhythm with his audible breathing.

Propping himself on his right elbow, Hack gazed about the room. His eyes wandered from door to ceiling, from floor to window. He studied the whole room . . . and he decided that he hated it. Yes, God, how he hated it! For four futile months he had lain in this room, helpless. Unable to get up. Nothing to look at but this room's bare furniture . . . and for four months it had been left unchanged. The sagging cane-bottomed chair, stuffed with a pair of overalls. A motto hanging on the blackened wall, *Smile, It Won't Hurt Much.* The cracked mirror in the bureau. The dusty windows. Dirt-filled cracks in the floor. The fly-specked light bulb. He murmured curses as he admitted this unknown hate. Maybe that was it . . . his hatred of the room . . . the fear of its close walls.

But he *knew* it was something more that he feared.

His heart pounded and fluttered as he nervously clenched and unclenched the covers. Now he was fascinated by his religion, his hatred. He played with it . . . and it was pleasant. His thoughts, snarled with defeat, became bitterer as he considered new causes of his fear. He hated himself. His family. The doctor. And he reveled in thinking of them.

He cursed himself for not dying. He wanted to die . . . and it frightened him that he couldn't. Only recently had he discovered the worthlessness of his life, and he had lived more in the last four months than in his years of work as a sharecropper.

For thirty-three years, since he was nineteen, he had raised a crop somewhere in Spartanburg County. Like most of his tribe he seldom made expenses and moved often. Walnut Grove . . . Stone Station . . . Anderson Mill . . . Moore . . . Golightly . . . Cross Anchor . . . Cannon's Camp Ground. He swore when he thought of those times he had planted cotton and fought drouth, rain, boll-weevil and God Himself to make the stuff and then calmly paid everything out for fertilizer.

In 1935 he moved to a farm near Drayton, so his children could work in the cotton mill. He tended his farm as usual, although he swept in the weave room the first four winters. In the summer of '39 he began to feel puny and "no-count." Despite his lack of interest he gathered his crop, and for the first time in his life he felt prosperous. Fair crops and his three children in the mill. Radio, automobile, oil stove, frigidaire. Secretly, Hack even dreamed of buying a farm . . . for owning a piece of ground outside the graveyard was a thing unknown to the Gentry family.

But it was then, in the spring of 1940, that disaster fell. During cotton planting time Hack took to his bed permanently. The youngest boy, Gettys, quit his job as slubber hand to put in the crop. June came in the midst of installments and curtailment in the mill, and the doctor gave Hack up to die. Four months had passed since he went to bed for good, and here he lay, cursing himself for living. He wearily thought of drinking the bottle of pain-killer lying on the table beside him, but he was afraid of being sneered at if he didn't die.

Hack turned his hate on his family. Not that he could really blame them. He knew he was a lot of trouble. But he couldn't help it if he didn't die. Four months in bed . . . Hell, did they think *he* liked it. No, he didn't mind them despising him, but he did hate their hypocrisy when he first got sick. Their false solicitude when the doctor said he was going to die. Their neglect when his life dragged on. His water was always hot . . . bed dirty . . . himself unbathed. But that didn't matter; he wanted to be left alone.

He scourged each member of his family individually. Jewel, his daughter, for the way she was mad all the time. Grumbling. *Why did she have to use so much make-up?* And her habit of walking with her hand on her thigh, damn. Of course, he agreed, Henry, his oldest boy, was foolish, but still he didn't have to talk all the time. Get was about the best of the lot, but he was sullen too much to suit Hack.

He saved Callie, his wife, for the last because he hated her with more pleasure. She was ignorant, unkempt, cruel, selfish. He remembered how she'd run Jewel's husband off because he wouldn't knuckle under. Callie's empty cackle of a laugh. Her religious vulgarity. *Damn, I hate that cow!*

And Doctor Johnson. Hack knew that the doctor hated him, for on two occasions when he had predicted his death Hack had suddenly begun to improve. It had hurt Johnson's professional pride. He was afraid of Johnson . . . and he hated him. When Hack kept on living and Henry lost his job, the doctor began calling haphazardly. He usually visited the Gentrys at night, for the sight of trucks repossessing furniture apparently enraged him. His cheery greeting, "Still alive?" was full of ominous malice. *If they're goin' to treat me like I'm a nigger, why don't they kill me like ye do a old dog?" They don't have to worry me to death.*

He wished they would shut up. Their droning lashed his weary nerves. For the first time he looked at his family, confabbing near the window. They were whispering harshly . . . and he wanted desperately for them to shut up.

Maybe that was it. He must have hit on it. In some way this family confab had caused his feeling of apprehension. He couldn't see how they were hooked up, but he knew, he felt that they were. Now he had the cause, but he hadn't got rid of his fear. Somehow, he couldn't put his finger on it . . . and it still worried him.

Hack decided to roll over and eavesdrop to see what his folks were talking about. However, before he could get into position, they became aware of his gaze and stopped talking. The little knot shuffled apart and they stood watching him guiltily. The way they looked made him sure that they'd been saying something about him.

His wife came padding across the floor toward him, her flabby body jiggling insanely. Her smiling rat eyes enraged him. *Why don't she leave me alone?*

"Callie, I want some water . . . cold water."

"Why, Hack, ther's water in your tumbler now," she shrilled.

"God-damnit, I said I wanted cold water."

"Now, Hack, ye know ye oughtn't to git worked up. The doctor said ye couldn't stand it with your weak heart and bein' bad sick besides," she said, mothering him.

"Hell with Johnson. He says I'm going to die." *Why did Callie and Sister look at each other like that?*

(Continued on Page 22)

Osa Johnson--First Lady of Exploration

By Bernard Cannon

She Married Real Adventure, Built Castles in the Air, and Dared to Live in Them.

MRS. Martin Johnson explodes all preconceived notions about what a woman explorer should be like. Utterly feminine to the finger tips, including the art of eye-rolling peculiar to woman, the diminutive explorer, author, and lecturer, wearing number three shoes, resembles a fine, handmade doll with the kind of brown eyes that you would like to play marbles with.

"Whatever you set your heart upon—it will be thine," Mrs. Leighty counseled her little, blonde daughter whose childish world was then limited to a playroom littered with dolls and tea sets. Only fate knew how much this advice would mean to Osa in the strenuous testing years which lay ahead.

Osa Leighty literally fell into the life of an adventuress. Just six months after her marriage to Martin Johnson, her husband announced that they were going to the South Seas to begin photographing and recording the world panorama of vanishing wildlife, as well as cannibalistic savages. He had made up his mind while on Jack London's famous *Snark*, whose voyage

became literary history. Since that fatuous conclusion, Mrs. Johnson has traversed country that few white men, much less women, have dared to enter. Several of the places explored by the remarkable couple were Borneo, Africa, Ceylon, Australia, and islands of the South Sea. Some of the most treasured feet of film that Mrs. Johnson possesses are the pictures of the Great Migration. This tremendous exodus of wild animals from Kenya to Tanganyika in search of water holes only happens once every fifteen or twenty years, and it was Mrs. Johnson's coveted privilege to see it. Mr. Johnson estimated that there were some 10,000,000 head of animals in the massive drove. Both Martin and his wife were dreamers and they built plenty of air castles, but unlike most dreamers, they dared to live in theirs.

After her husband's tragic death in an airplane crash along the coast of California, January 12, 1937, in which she herself was badly injured, Mrs. Johnson made an important decision that gave her an entirely new lease on life. For twenty-seven years she and her husband had been exploring the remote parts of the earth, achieving success after success as a team. Now, left alone, she had to decide whether to lead the dull life of a do-nothing widow, or get right into the swim of things. Being the kind of person she is, she could choose only the latter. Summoning the rare courage that she had displayed so often before as an ideal helpmate, she decided to carry on where the partnership had left off. As Mrs. Johnson said in an interview the afternoon of the opening Lyceum program, "You can do anything you really want to, if you're determined enough. I never worry about anything; just let each day take care of itself. Ever since the airplane crash I have become more and more a fatalist."

In her nasal Kansan twang Mrs. Johnson attributed much of her success to sheer luck, but those who admire her know that back of all her diffidence are intelligence, along with courageous daring, vital enthusiasm, and, most important, a sense of humor that laughs at hardship and drudgery.

People who see petite Mrs. Johnson for the first time wonder if this is really the same person who tramped over all kinds of terrain twenty and thirty miles a day in impossible weather, if this is the same woman who unflinchingly faced charging beasts. It is even more difficult to imagine her holding a rifle, although she speaks glibly about different types of firearms used in many situations.

The famed adventuress was blessed with a good, healthy body, a prerequisite for a successful adventurer who must be exposed to diseases and germ-carrying insects. "Mr. Johnson always said I was 'disgustingly healthy'," laughed the amiable speaker. "I've never been seasick, and flying in airplanes never bothered me. Many natives succumb to tropical diseases that I seem to be immune to."

Her little turned-up nose scoffed when Hollywood jungle pictures were mentioned. Most of them are made on nearby Catalina Island, according to Mrs. Johnson, who dislikes the artificialities of the movie capital. Motion picture producers, getting ready to make a picture of the life of Stanley, wanted somebody to undertake a safari through Africa to get authentic details. Since Osa Johnson was considered an authority on Africa, she was assigned by the producers in 1937 to go along with the crew to Africa as technical adviser for the jungle sequences used in "Stanley and Livingstone." She sent for the old chief she had dealt with on other expeditions, outfitted a caravan, and took motion pictures along the trail where Henry M. Stanley had gone.

Mrs. Johnson's latest claim to fame is her voluminous biography of her husband, at the same time, an autobiography. It took her eighteen months to write *I Married Adventure.*

The work was greatly facilitated by the use of two diaries which each had kept on their expeditions. Naturally, hers was written with a different point of view from her husband's. The picture of the same title has been released and is a memorial to her husband. Just recently she completed a series of personal appearances in connection with the showing of the picture in New York. Her life has been so crammed full with fascinating experiences that she is now writing a sequel to *I Married Adventure.** Already there are several books for children to her credit, and another will be on the market for Christmas. Mrs. Johnson has the knack of making biography read like fiction; she knows how to tell a tale.

Clark H. Getts, her suave manager, said that the Johnsons pioneered when conveniences for exploration were few. "They dared to do things that sane people ordinarily wouldn't attempt; it just wasn't done," he asserted.

To a layman the exploits of Osa Johnson would seem to be enough; but not for a woman with the heart and soul of this woman. Plans for the future are now in the making. She may "let each day take care of itself" but she wants time—fifty, or at least twenty years to finish up her job.

"There are still territories to be opened up, and many more tribes to be photographed—and then there are more books to be written, not to mention the preparation of our film for classroom use," she dreamed out loud. And for people like Mrs. Martin Johnson, dreams are bound to come true.

* See Book Review Section.

George Beach dons a mask and witnesses an

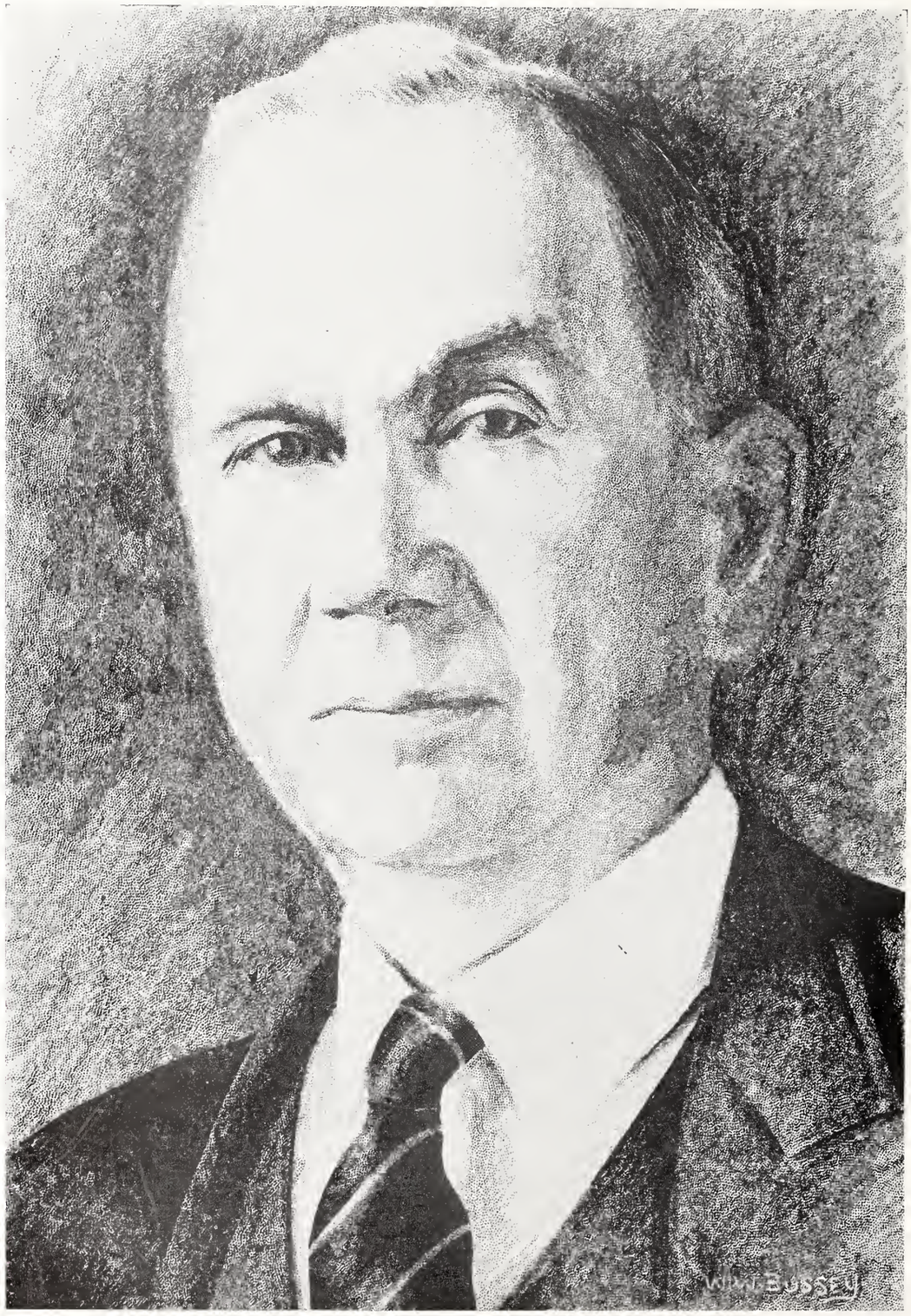
OPERATION

THE operating room is small, and has the usual sterile equipment ranged around the operating table. A cap, mask, and gown are doled out to me as the nurses are fanning the patient's abdomen with a sterile towel. The exposed skin has been painted a bright cherry red with a disinfectant. The anesthetist is in place on his stool at the patient's head. The ether is in a can which has been stuck with a safety-pin to regulate the flow. The surgeons are watching the fanning with interest and are tensing their fingers in the skin-tight rubber gloves. Two nurses, one a suture nurse, one a general helper, two surgeons, the anesthetist and a circulating nurse will perform this operation, a hysterectomy. The nurse clips a towel just above the crotch of the legs. Then a long sheet with a hole in it just the size of the incision is laid over the patient's body. The younger surgeon assists with this maneuver and clips the sheet to the soft surface skin. The anesthetist, meanwhile, has poured enough ether into the funnel-like semicircular gauze mask to anesthetize the patient completely. He lifts the mask from time to time and gauges her consciousness by the reddening of the facial skin, and the changes in the eyes.

The suture nurse takes her place at the small crowded table at the left; the instrument nurse goes to the right; the surgeons mount their podiums; the table is raised; the operation begins. With the automatic regularity of robots, the surgeons clip sterile towels to each side of the potential incision and then begin the initial cut. The going is fast and no talk is necessary. The discipline of years of training has rendered spoken directions unnecessary, except for instructions delivered in a feignedly nonchalant and clipped style. The incision is sewed at the ends after the first layers of skin are cut and then the scalpel goes deeper, through the flocculent layers of fat down to the abdominal cavity.

By the time the vital organs are in view, pairs of forceps are ranged around the wound, each attached to a bleeder to keep down the blood flow. The cavity is more easily reached with the aid of retractors and these instruments are constantly employed at difficult times in operating. A retractor is a curved plate of metal which the surgeon inserts into the cavity and pulls against the abdominal wall in order to stretch the muscles and enable their quick eyes to see their work better. The suture nurse is constantly handing the sutures as they are needed and in her spare time picks up the pieces of bloody gauze which the surgeons use hurriedly to mop the wound as they work. The instrument nurse stands at the patient's feet and hands the various instruments to the surgeons. She knows her job thoroughly and rarely has to rattle the agate instrument pan to find a misplaced instrument quickly. The old anesthetist gets five dollars for each operation. A finger of his right hand is a stump.

As the operation progresses, larger sponges are used to clear up the flow of blood. The surgeon slices away annoying adhesions from previous operations and soon begins to look for the best way to make his decisive cuts. About forty-five minutes is consumed in routine severing and sewing of tissue. Both men employ long, delicate, tonged instruments in freeing the organ completely. After much cutting and suturing, after a great many ties have been carefully made, the organ is freed and is deposited in a clean agate pan. The sewing-up process begins. First the abdominal organs are delicately sewed into place, and next in order come the muscle sheath, the fatty surface, and the outside tissue. An hour and twenty minutes has ticked away, and in that time a life has been saved.



Hon. Daniel C. Roper

The Journal Proudly Presents:

Hon. Daniel C. Roper, who reminisces about the Wofford he knew fifty-six years ago and discusses the small educational institution of today in a letter to the editor.

DEAR EDITOR:

THE JOURNAL in its fifty years of service to Wofford College almost spans the period since I was a student at that grand old institution. That half century has been the most momentous in world history.

As the foundations of nations and institutions have been disturbed by most destructive forces, old Wofford, true to the ideals of its founders and protectors, has weathered the storms and today beckons to humanity to return to the fundamentals of unselfish service, guided by Christian codes.

However much we may rejoice in the growing facilities of our universities in the last fifty years, we would not if we could and could not if we would displace the small college. I predict that as time goes on the large educational institutions will become more and more concerned over the welfare of the small educational institutions. Both need to work out coordinated responsibilities to meet the future challenges of education.

I regard the small college, adequately equipped, as sustaining toward the university a relationship similar to that in the economic sphere of the short line railroad to the large railroad system. The large educational institution could safely surrender to the small college the early period of training—the period when the student is finding himself and getting fixed the mudsills of character and ideals. Coordinated advisory connections between the big and small institutions after the fashion of a "chain" could in my opinion open up a new and vitally important avenue to our future educational requirements.

This arrangement should also assist in improving the financial condition of the small college and better coordinate courses of training toward more uniform and interchangeable plans of procedure.

Small educational institutions are generally built around individuals who guide them in their early struggles. When I landed on the Wofford College campus October 7, 1884, I reflected on what my father had told me about two persons who he said had made deep impressions on the religious and educational life of the institution. He referred to Dr. Whitefoord Smith, who he said had been known as the "silver tongued" orator of Southern Methodism. The other to whom he referred was President James H. Carlisle, who had the gift of helping boys find themselves and inspiring them to build character and ideals. I immediately sought opportunity to confer with these men.

I called on Dr. Smith, who was residing on the campus. I was received by him in his library, which was darkened with heavy curtains because of his blindness and the sensitiveness of his eyes to the sunlight. He immediately inquired about my plans for life and entertained me in such a manner that I felt afterwards that I had overstayed my time. Among the things he referred to were the following:

Said he: "I was a child in school in Charleston when Lafayette made his first visit there in 1824. The school children were dressed in white and given the privilege of scattering flowers before the distinguished visitor as he walked from the carriage to the platform where he was to speak briefly."

Dr. Smith then proceeded to show me how Lafayette even crossed his legs on the platform, and other distinguishing characteristics of the great man. Thus I was conferring with a person who actually had seen and heard Lafayette just sixty years before.

Dr. Smith then stressed with me the importance of filling my memory with excerpts from the best literary authors. He asked me to mention some authors that I liked. Here I was rather nonplussed because I did not know many. I happened to recall Dickens' "David Copperfield," Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," and Tennyson's "Locksley Hall No. 1," whereupon, to my amazement, the good blind Doctor quoted extensively from every author mentioned. I asked him how he had so accurately and fully filled his mind with those wonderful passages. His reply was unique:

"I had a good mother," he told me. "She said that the mind had to have something to feed upon, whether good or bad, and hence I should store my mind with good thoughts and ideals."

"Accordingly," he continued, "every Saturday night she had me recite to her some worth while literary passages from a great author. Now I am blind, but thanks to that good mother, I can sit in this library and commune with many of the authors whose writings line these shelves."

"Fill your mind and heart," said he, "with great ideals and you will be a good citizen and live a life satisfactory to yourself and to your community."

I next met one of the most remarkable men I have ever known, President James H. Carlisle. He had the gift of entering into the problems of the student just as if they were his own. He had the confidence of the student from the first meeting.

The thing that impressed me at our first conference was his use of such simple words—mostly monosylla-

(Continued on Page 32)

No. 158

By JOHN THOMASON

Beat the drums of war
Slake the thirst of Mars

regiment the minds
mould the bodies
toughen the brains
harden the bodies
incite the brains
stir up the bodies
kill the brains
crush the bodies

MARS MUST BE SATED

Train the poet
teach him arts of war
(The bayonet is plunged into a vital spot and given a twist to cut it free; it may sometimes be necessary to use the foot as a lever.)
—golden moonshell drowning in a lonely, starless sky—
blackout that dream of beauty
blast that sentimental inspiration
toughen that weak-kneed mind
teach it the virile poetry of battle
the flower of a bursting grenade is lovelier far than tulips in bloom
"make the world safe for democracy"

MARCH ON TO VICTORY, OH MARS

Train the pianist
teach him arts of manly war
(A new air-compression gun is capable of firing ten thousand times per minute.)
—Mozart's Coronation Concerto is like heady wine—
destroy that germ of genius
deaden those sensitive fingers
reshape that romantic mind
teach it the harsh music of battle
Beethoven is dwarfed by the staccato tempo of machine-gun fire
"country—right or wrong!"

GIRD THYSELF WITH GLORY, OH MARS

Train the pacifist
teach him arts of glorious war
(A single bomb can exterminate hundreds of people under favorable circumstances.)
—nations, like comrades, living together in peace—
kill that love of subversive peace
replace that dangerous nonsense
curb that stubborn brain
teach it the love of death
peace is static, war is progress
"to die in battle is a proud thing"

BOW DOWN TO ALL-GRACIOUS MARS

HILLS OF RECOLLECTION

Thunderous tocsin of the times: thrice I heard thee toll!
Fitly does the withered grandame heavily suspire.
From each mountain cabin shadowed, each ennobled shire
Sounds a plangent, ever-growing boom and solemn roll
Of rattling deafening drums. The shining copper bowl
Fast and faster drips the sparkling liquid's brilliant fire.
Limp are loosened lengths of stringing in the Attic lyre,
Hung deserted at the temple on the wooded knoll.
Dream of the happy years; from them is flown
Breath to the Absolute; to that Being
Who in the voided Aether shifts the charts
Of point and line for restless, changing hearts.
In scope of hearing and in range of seeing,
The last loose petal from our sight is blown.

—George Beach.

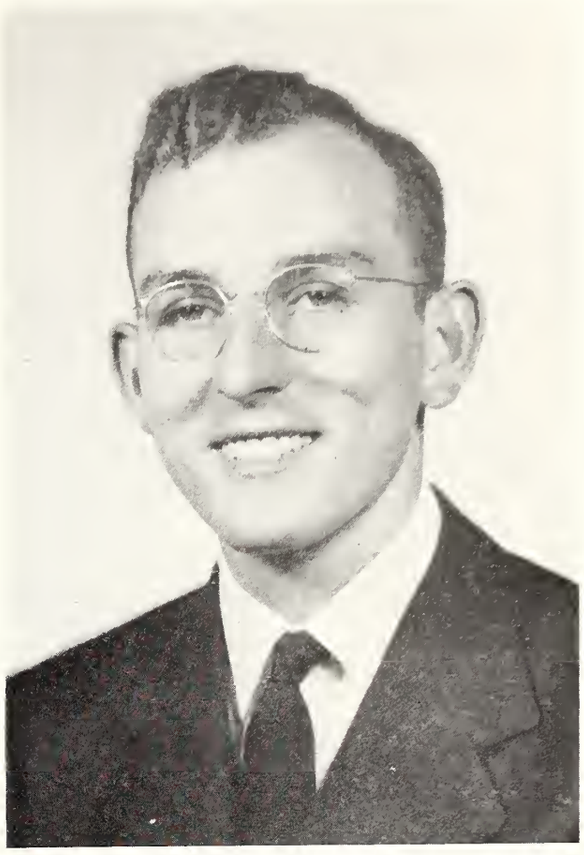
REFLECTION

A mortal sat beside a pool
And saw himself in image clear:
"I see a fool," he said, "a fool—
But even a fool can be sincere."

—George Reeves, Jr.

CARAVANING IN VIRGINIA

By James Allen Knight



JAMES ALLEN KNIGHT

TWO months with a Youth Crusade Caravan in the bluegrass hills of southwest Virginia—what a glorious way for a fellow to spend his summer! I consider my experience with a caravan the greatest adventure of my life.

After a week of strenuous training at beautiful Lake Junaluska, North Carolina, teams composed of four students and one adult counselor were sent throughout Southern Methodism. There were sixty such teams covering the area of the former Southern Methodist Church. A girl from Georgia, another from Alabama, an adult counselor from Virginia, a young man from Texas, and myself, comprised the team. My being from South Carolina made a total of five states represented.

One Saturday morning we left the training camp and hit the dusty road of royal adventure. All of us were apprehensive. A great task lay ahead of us: the task of working as leaders with young people in the fields of worship, recreation, personal religion, and community service. And nobody felt qualified for such a task.

We visited seven different communities and lived as members of each one for a week. The young people had been anticipating our arrival for weeks, and plans had been carefully made for an intensified program. With the people of each community we lived and worked, feeling genuinely welcome. The Methodist Church in the community was the center of activities, but all people, regardless of denomination, were invited to our classes, the worship programs, project periods, and recreational activities.

Southwest Virginia is a beautiful and interesting section of country. Rolling hills and valleys covered with bluegrass, cool breezes blowing day and night, little rocky streams running everywhere, crystal clear springs dotting the landscape, large herds of cattle grazing contentedly, fields of ripe grain, beautiful horses, and in the distance tall mountains with clouds hovering above them—all these combined made me feel that this land was a paradise. As for the people who lived there, some were rich and some were poor. We visited and ate meals with those who were poor and with those

This summer 62 Youth Crusade Caravans barnstormed 434 communities in twenty southern states. They traveled in groups of four young people accompanied by an adult counselor. About 248 young people participated in this important phase of the Youth Crusade program of the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The Methodist caravan movement began in the summer of 1939 on an experimental basis. The program proved to be such a success that the number engaged in the work was tripled the second summer. The caravan idea has received the whole-hearted endorsement and support of leading religious leaders and laymen, and bids fair to become a permanent part of the youth program of the united church.

Caravaners come mainly from the colleges and enlistment of caravan personnel is a selective process. So far, five Wofford men have been caravaners. In this article, James Allen Knight relates the experiences of his particular caravan, but other caravans throughout the South have had similar adventures through service.

who were rich, and we enjoyed one as much as the other. These people were independent, sturdy, strong, and courageous. They loved life, and knew how to live. Everywhere we found good people, and this was one of the greatest joys of caravaning.

Space permits my relating only a few interesting highlights of the summer. In the little industrial town of Saltville the Methodist Church is named Madame Russell. Madame Russell was a sister of Patrick Henry, and the church is located on the spot where her old home once stood. The collection plates in the Madame Russell Methodist Church are made from a piece of furniture taken from the old Russell home. In the little town is a group of alkali factories, and during the World War these factories produced ammunition for the United States Government. It is thought by many people in the town that the factories are making ammunition now instead of the various products for public consumption. Before the present emergency there were only five guards, but now there are twenty, and no outsider is allowed to enter the buildings. The twenty guards account for the suspicion.

The little county seat of Bland, near the West Virginia line, could well be called "the town of many marriages." During the week we were in Bland the Methodist preacher married nine couples, and there were two other preachers in town doing a rushing business. It was quite interesting to watch these people repeat their vows. The occasion was not very serious for some, for there were shirt sleeves, and anklets, and chewing gum. The Clerk of Court said that in six months he had issued about four hundred marriage licenses. The reason for the lucrative marriage business in Bland was this: at that time there were no strict marriage laws in Virginia, but there were some in West Virginia.

Our experiences at the church and in the community seemed to grow richer each week. The fellowship of working, worshiping, and playing together transformed us all into one united group held together by the bonds of enduring friendship. With every one of us there was a common cause or goal—that of developing ourselves spiritually, physically, mentally, and socially and giving to everyone a similar opportunity. As for how much we accomplished, we let those with whom we worked do the judging.

Our program was a heavy one, and I have already named the four fields in which we specialized. Each day brought new joys and experiences, and I would not exchange any of them for any reasonable thing in the world. Without any hesitation I state that this summer was my most profitable one and I value it along with a year in college.

Caravaners are grateful to the Methodist Church for this phase of youth work. The youth of today realize that the responsibility of making the world a better place in which to live will be totally theirs tomorrow. Their gratitude overflows for those people who are helping them prepare for this responsibility.

Yes, in a world wounded by hatred, and greed, and bitterness they still see a great future ahead.

With the words of the 1940 Caravan theme song I close:

"Each Caravan lights anew
The flame of friendship true;
The joy we've had in knowing you
Will last a whole life through."

VISION OF VALUES

On dream's swift wings I left this earth,
My form became ethereal;
To me a diamond had no worth—
My want was not material.

True values then at once I learned.
And, loosed from biased space and time,
I saw that man the right has spurned
And bound himself in bonds of crime.

I saw that love and charity.
And truth triumphant o'er the lie
Are precious goods of rarity;
And one kind deed shall never die.

—George Reeves, Jr.

READ THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF
THE JOURNAL
for
AN EXCLUSIVE ARTICLE
by
DR. ROBERT A. LAW
of the
University of Texas

CONFLICT

By JAMES C. RITTER

Read How a Commencement Speaker Plus a Reliable Conscience Help Ed to Make an Important Decision.

THE rain beat on the brown felt hat and blinded the light blue eyes that peered from beneath the soggy rim. The dark brown coat hung limp and wet while the creaseless trousers clung to the lanky legs that moved slowly and ever forward. His face was filled with lines that played around his face and eyes. Three days growth of beard darkened his face, but from Ed's eyes hope still flashed.

"There is something forceful and irresistible about a young man fired with enthusiasm and confidence." These words kept flashing through the weary brain; words that the commencement speaker had said in concluding his address. How long ago had that been? Oh well, it didn't matter—but it must have been ages.

"Fired with enthusiasm and confidence." That was the secret of a successful life, and he had gone out with just those things. Of course, the fact that an economic crisis had blanketed the world was the cause of his failure to obtain a job. That was the case of thousands of boys, but sooner or later those two qualities would make him his opening.

The street reflected light from the lamp posts, and the rain kept falling. It reminded him of the first time he had been caught out in the rain while he kept pounding the walk in an effort to get a job. Then, he had had a little money and had gotten his suit pressed, but now he would have to carry some pressing club's placard before they would clean his disheveled suit.

He stooped over a little and walked on until a dark doorway presented him some protection from the elements. Shadows played slight tricks on his eyes, for the door was open. Three in the morning and a door open! Might be a thief inside! Slowly he shuffled into the deeper gloom of the vast cavern-like space.

His eyes began to grow accustomed to the darkness, and Ed saw a big truck facing the wall on his right. Stillness hung heavy and oppressive until it was shattered by a voice.

"But I tell you, Mr. Donalson, that I can't get you that load tonight. All my drivers are out except one, and he's in the hospital recuperating from an operation that he had yesterday. Tomorrow morning is the best I can do."

Ed's wearied brain caught at a last chance, and he sidled toward the direction of the voice. A faint ray of light soon appeared and the outline of a door was discernible in the gloom. Taking courage in hand, Ed rapped on the door.

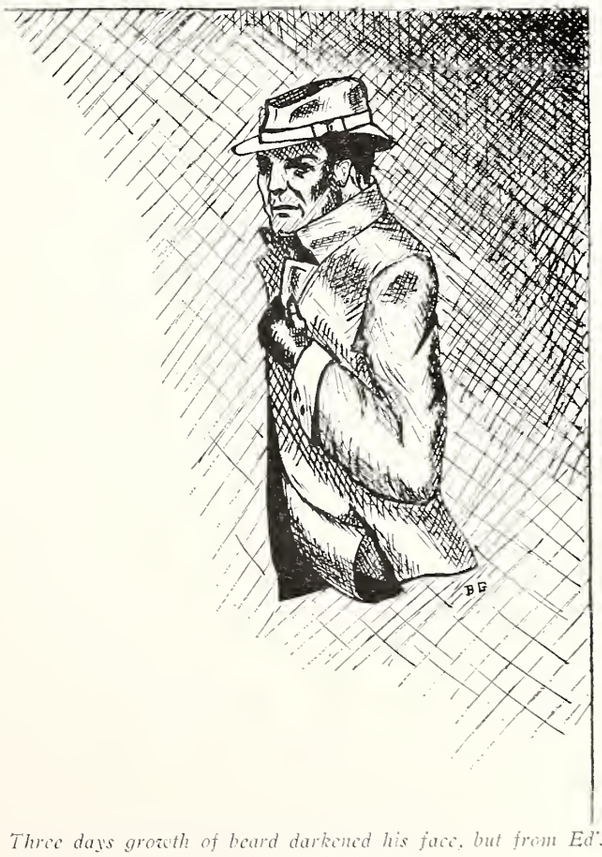
"Come in."

The shaded light was still bright enough to make seeing difficult, but a voice from a vague figure boomed out. "Yes? What do you want?"

"Seeing a light, I came into the building because I thought that someone might be robbing the place. I couldn't help hearing your conversation. Since I need a job, maybe I could help you out and help myself at the same time."

The words sounded feeble in comparison with the echo of the other's stentorian voice, which seemed to linger still on the air.

To Ed it seemed that hours passed before an answer came roaring back at him. It was hard to



Three days growth of beard darkened his face, but from Ed's eyes hope still flashed.

realize that the thin straw had now turned into a ladder that led to a job. The only thing that bore through the lead coating of his numb brain was that he had the job. The man showed him to the showers and gave him a razor with the curt command:

"Get ready as soon as you can and dress in this uniform."

Three hours later, with his van speeding along the endless carpet of cement that rolled from under his headlights, he still could hardly realize his good luck.

A job!

A job at last after all these long years. God, it felt so good to be doing something instead of tramping the streets and alleys of some strange town. A feeling of long-sought-after security flooded his entire being, and a warmth ran rapidly through his veins. His break had come.

New-Way read the sign marking the limits of a small town that was his destination. 123 Main was the address of the purchaser of his load. He spotted the number and pulled on the hand brakes. Slamming the cab door shut behind him, he started to knock on the door when it opened and a man's voice came from a burly silhouetted form.

"Go around the corner and bring it in the side door. There's a man who will help you, waiting back there."

The fellow helped him as he had been instructed, and soon everything except one last case had been removed. Then it was lifted and taken inside by Ed.

Astroth Fine Liquors shrieked at him from the side of the case. The light from the ceiling enabled him to see for the first time what he had been handling. Stunned, Ed all but dropped the case. Slowly he staggered into the storeroom with it, and placed it with hundreds of other similar cases. He hardly knew when the owner signed the bill. He went back and started the truck perfunctorily.

Years fled like the cement river beneath him. He again saw in his mind's eye the night his father, in a drunken fit, had struck his mother. Her face had turned as white as a sheet, and she had turned and left the room. He had followed and found her crying on her bed as if her heart would break. Vainly he had tried to comfort her, but little did he realize then that it wasn't her face, but her heart that was wounded.

Later his father had killed four people in an automobile wreck, one of whom was his wife. It was then that he had resolved in his heart that never would he have anything to do with intoxicating beverages. Now he was hauling them for other people to drink. No, Ed decided, he wouldn't haul the stuff.

A drizzle of rain began to beat against the windshield of the truck, and his thoughts turned to soggy clothes and tired feet. God, it was hell to be out without a roof or home to go to on a day like this. There was no telling when another job would turn up, and even now the fingers of hunger seemed to be gnawing again in his very vitals.

He could go on relief, he told himself, but then there is something about a man—"a young man fired with enthusiasm and confidence that is irresistible."

That wasn't so, and isn't so. How can a man get work when there is nothing for him to do? Make a place for himself in the world that couldn't be filled by anybody else. How can a person do that, when unions say that you can't work for so many places unless you joined their organization?

That wasn't fair though, for the capitalists have proved beyond doubt that they wouldn't pay a bit more than they absolutely had to. They are swinging from one extreme to another, and all the time thousands go without work. But what can be done about it? What can I do?

These thoughts ran through his feverish brain and fought back and forth. Relief—no! Pounding the streets—it was hell! Working for a liquor company—well, he didn't drink himself, and was he his brother's keeper? Couldn't go on like this without a job; on the other hand, could he honestly help others to drink this damning fluid? Was that being intellectually honest with himself? What had the professor of psychology said? Then he remembered: "One of the biggest dangers one runs into is the ease with which he may rationalize his way clear of any act. When this is done, that person is guilty of the greatest of all sins to himself, that of intellectual dishonesty."

The van lurched sharply as the back wheels met the shoulder of the road. He steered back to the pavement and said to himself, "Keep your mind on your business, or you won't be alive to do anything."

However, the thing kept racing through his mind until he pulled back into the distributor's trucking lot. Slowly he got out of the truck and went into the office.

"Well, how was your trip?"

The burly manager's thunderous voice whipped through him like a lash. Yet there was enough geniality there to set him to longing to have a man like this for his boss.

"I had no trouble. Here is the receipt, and thanks for the job. I'd like to continue but I can't. I don't suppose that you would understand, but I can't see my way clear to drive a whisky truck."

A surge of relief and a deep warmth permeated him as he stammered out his little speech; a feeling that reached to the very bottom of his being, and in his heart he knew that he had done the right thing.

Editorials

THE JOURNAL ENTERS A NEW CYCLE

With the appearance of this first issue of the fifty-first volume of The Journal, the magazine passes the halfway mark and marches on toward its centennial. It is always an interesting experience to renew publication for another session, during which the staff hopes to incorporate some of the ideas that it has been dreaming about. Last year, with the efficient guidance of Owens Wood, The Journal made great strides in augmenting the rich heritage that is hers. It will be the aim of the present staff to carry on this remarkable progression.

It is our purpose to issue a readable magazine, in keeping with the best literary standard, that will appeal to and be enjoyed by both Wofford students and alumni, as well as the layman. Doubtless the reader will not agree with everything printed on these pages. Neither does the editorial staff necessarily concur in every detail. Much of the controversial material is published because it is expression of modern student thought and must be accepted as such.

We invite suggestions and constructive criticism that will help to improve the publication. Please feel free to let us know what you like and what you dislike about any phase of The Journal. Above all, you are urged to submit contributions of literary work in any form, whether short story, essay, sketch, play, poetry, book review, or criticism. Only with a satisfactory number of contributions from which to select can the staff edit a magazine truly representative of Wofford, a Phi Beta Kappa College.

DR. W. P. FEW

In the passing of Dr. William Preston Few on October 16 at the age of 72, Wofford College lost one of its foremost alumni. The Journal feels the death of this great educator in a peculiar sense, because of his association with the magazine in 1889, the year The Journal was founded. Only last year Dr. Few contributed an article for the first issue of the magazine which he helped to launch. Along with the late Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon, Dr. Few served as literary editor in his senior year at Wofford.

Dr. Few's ascendancy in the educational world was rapid, finally culminating in the presidency of Trinity College, now Duke University, having served as professor of English literature and as dean. He had been president since 1910. He was active in the affairs of the Methodist Church, and served on the commission that prepared the legislation for the uniting conference of the three branches of Methodism.

Last year Dr. Few wrote in The Journal:

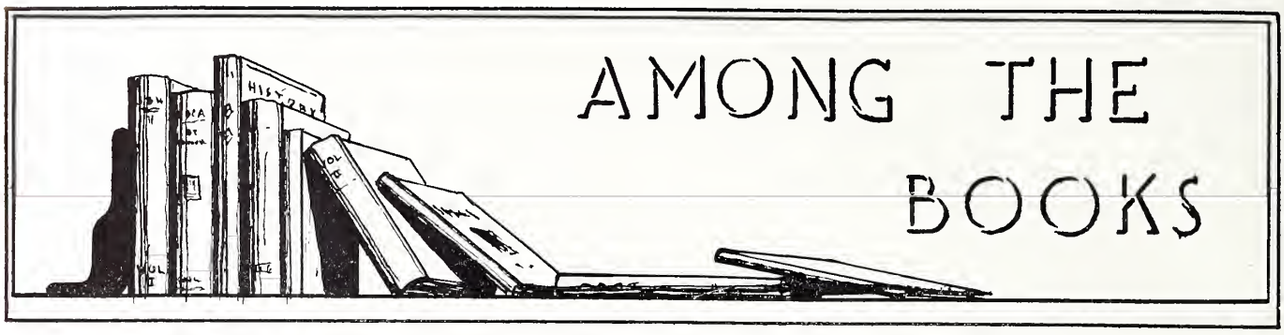
"More and more I have come to feel with the passing of the years that the young are just as apt to be right as the old. I have increasing faith in youth, and I am disposed more and more to go with them. They seldom disappoint me and when they do they are more than apt to have been misled by older people. Unfortunately the world is full of 'misleaders of youth.' The young are beginning to find this out, and on their guard now, are more and more dependable in what they think and in what they project. I have lived intimately with students since I was sixteen years of age. It has been one of the great privileges of my life. I still feel that nothing is more important or more interesting than living and working with youth."

Youth has lost a good friend and champion.

WE DON'T TAKE WHAT WE BUY

The appearance of Mrs. Osa Johnson as the opening number of the current Lyceum season was apparently successful in every way. Yes, there was a capacity crowd, and the adventuress furnished a highly creditable performance to the delight of her audience. However, in that large crowd there were less than one-fifth of the student body. To say that there were a hundred Wofford students present would be a generous estimate.

It has long been a puzzle, still awaiting solution, that we who are young fail to take advantage of all our opportunities. The Lyceum committee, under the capable and sympathetic direction of Dr. Albert Stanbury, had thought that everything possible had been done to attract our own students to the first feature. A vivacious lecturer, along with a rare motion picture, entertaining as well as instructive, ought



Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—BACON.

Thomas Wolfe. "YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN." New York: Harper and Brothers, 1940.*

You Can't Go Home Again is the second of Thomas Wolfe's two posthumous novels. Like *Look Homeward, Angel, Of Time and the River* and *The Web and the Rock,* it is the legend of Tom's own life. It teems with furious, Wolfian energy and yet it is ordered and clean-cut; it unfortunately lacks some of Tom's former poetic passages.

The action centers about George Webber; his rise to literary fame and his sorrow that this first novel caused so much ill-feeling; his four years of life in the "jungles" of Brooklyn and the production of his second novel; his trip to England and his experiences with Lloyd McHarg (Sinclair Lewis); his journey to Germany and his pain at the change in his second homeland; and his nine years of dealing with his friend and agent, Foxhall Edwards (Maxwell Perkins), and his final decision to break off relations with him.

One of the most poetically beautiful sections in the book occurs as preface to Chapter I:

> There came to him an image of man's whole life upon the earth. It seemed to him that all man's life was like a tiny spurt of flame that blazed out briefly in an illimitable and terrifying darkness, and that all man's grandeur, tragic dignity, his heroic glory, came from the brevity and smallness of this flame. He knew that his life was little and would be extinguished, and that only darkness was immense and everlasting . . . And he knew that he would die with defiance on his lips, and that the shout of his denial would ring with the last pulsing of his heart into the maw of all-engulfing night.

Passages that stand out as superb are: the party at Jack's, the hectic meeting with Lloyd McHarg, the account of C. Green's leap from a hotel window, the picture of Fox Edwards at home, Webber's train trip to his home town, Libya Hill (Asheville), the sketch of the blind lawyer, the little Jew's futile attempt to escape Germany, the Civil War veteran and the letter to Fox.

You Can't Go Home Again is the maturest piece of work Wolfe ever did. It is a monumental work on which Tom's literary fame could easily stand the test of time. It contains the tempestuous, energetic dithyrambic verse, the passionate, Whitman-like love of America and the pulsing lustiness so typical of Tom's writings and characteristic of his life. In this book the exposive genius of Wolfe is controlled and directed, but none of his power and majesty are lost.

Tom, sensing the imminence of his death, wrote the following lines; they are the most beautiful and haunting of all Wolfe's poetry:

> Something has spoken to me in the night, burning the tapers of the waning year; something has spoken to me in the night, and told me I shall die, I know not where. Saying:
>
> "To lose the earth you know, for greater knowing; to lose the life you have, for greater life; to leave the friends you loved, for greater loving; to find a land more kind than home, more large than earth—
>
> "Whereon the pillars of this earth are founded, toward which the conscience of the world is tending—a wind is rising, and the rivers flow."

Henry Beetle Hough. "COUNTRY EDITOR." New York: Doubleday Doran, 1940.*

Country Editor is a thoroughly entertaining piece of writing with a great deal of respect for the classic tradition in literature and manners, although it makes no pretensions to the epic form itself. The book is obviously written by a man who has a "nose for news" and not a little literary acumen as well; however, one hesitates to say that his is a great book. As the author himself says (p. 198): "The continual use of words to twist commonplace things into the appearance of something extraordinary is rapidly exhausting the language." So this book is good light reading, nothing more. Perhaps the best plan for the prospective reader would be

*Reviewed through Courtesy of the DuPre Book Store.

to read the first hundred pages or so carefully and then pick out the least stale of the bucolic anecdotes for himself.

All the various happenings of the book are based around the central theme of satisfaction which came to a newly-married couple, fresh from the metropolis and Columbia University journalism school, in editing free-lance, a country weekly, *The Vineyard Gazette*.

At least the humor is deft. The reader meets "The Colonel," a poet who addressed a poem to the hawk:

> On wings of slaughter thou dost fly
> While birds and frogs all shiver.

Less funny is the poem by a quasi-scientific, pseudo-socialistic young man who wrote shortly before his death:

> As for me I will stay
> Until I die,
> Salt water splashing a wooden coffin.

Cream of all the characters in Hough's cross-section U. S. A. small town is cigarette-smoking, indigent, former magazine writer Hazel Willington Banks. Miss Banks once drove away a relief case worker who came to help her, and then, feeling independence surge up in her bosom, proceeded to write an article decrying the entire policy of relief as handed down by the administration. Miss Banks, in spite of her hack writing experience, was a neo-classicist in her literary taste. She scorned Dreiser and Dos Passos (the worm's eye view and the pig's eye view, respectively) and stoutly contended for George Eliot, Daniel Defoe, and Shakespeare. She welcomed the advent of George Santayana's *The Last Puritan* because as she said, "(It) gives us some hope that the soul of America has not gone entirely piffle, punk, pulp, and pulchritude. There is still a Saving Remnant."

Author Hough minimizes the supposed good results of imitating larger, flashier daily papers. The weekly paper, he feels, is a vital part of the social experience of the group. He predicts that a decentralization of American newspapers will eventually take place, and hopes for a return to the wildcat days of Horace Greeley, when an editorial represented the honest conviction of one man, not the balmy soothing syrup of a factory posing as an organ of public opinion; i. e., a newspaper.

—*George Beach.*

Osa Johnson. "I MARRIED ADVENTURE." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Company, 1940.

With the characteristic simplicity which is a part of greatness, Osa Johnson, wife and co-worker of the late Martin Johnson, relates in an interesting, fascinating, informative style the life and work of the two Johnsons—their respective childhoods, impulsive marriage, early struggles, joys and sorrows, triumphs and setbacks, all woven into a fascinating saga of adventure.

Both were products of mid-western towns, both were from middle class families who naturally expected their children to settle down contentedly in their place of birth.

Mrs. Johnson's book is characterized by faultless descriptive passages, simplicity of language, and unusual ability of the author for observing details. It is a sympathetic biography. In fact, perhaps its greatest weakness is the author's treatment of Martin Johnson in her characterizations. This fact may be excused in view of the comparatively recent and tragic death of Mr. Johnson while on a lecture tour. Otherwise, *I Married Adventure* is an excellent work related in such a fascinating manner as to excite envy on the part of the reader for the "royal road to romance" traveled by Osa and Martin.

—*S. F. Logan.*

Louis B. Wright. "THE FIRST GENTLEMEN OF VIRGINIA." San Marino, California: The Huntington Library, 1940.

Although this volume is intended primarily to be a reference book, it is written in such an interesting style that it might well be read continuously for entertainment, as well as for instruction. It is replete with human interest, and authoritative anecdotes make the reading even more enjoyable. It is a happy departure from the dry, boring encyclopedic source material which the student is prone to associate with musty documents. At the same time, however, this scholarly work is well documented and is a thorough treatise of the subject. The same qualities of workmanship characterized *Middle-Class Culture in Elizabethan England* (1935) by Dr. Wright.

This book deals with the intellectual connection between England and Virginia and the significance of the colony's social development in the evolution of its intellectual life. Dr. Wright states his purpose in the Preface as follows:

> The word "gentlemen" has acquired so many different connotations in modern usage that it is well to bear in mind that the writer is attempting a description of the conception of the gentleman of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, not the gentleman of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

The First Gentlemen of Virginia should be of peculiar interest to Wofford students, because Dr. Wright is a Wofford graduate of the class of 1920. Last year THE JOURNAL presented an article by him entitled, "The Transformation of 'College Spirit'."

—*Bernard Cannon.*

(Continued on Page 28)

THE JOURNAL FORUM

WHERE ARE OUR LEADERS?

James C. Pruitt

It is morning in Flanders, and the new dawn reveals innumerable crosses set out in orderly rows. The scene is a cemetery. The crosses mark the graves where the leaders of today lie dead. In these fields lie the possible solution to our problems, for here are the men who could lead the world as it gropes in darkness.

But not all of our soldiers were killed, you say. No, of course not. Only 126,000 were killed. The rest of the 4,355,000 Americans mobilized resumed civilian activities. Some had minor physical effects, others were haunted with painful memories of the war. Still others live in padded cells in government hospitals—living examples of the insanity of war.

Those men, dead and afflicted, were our potential leaders. They were the men who could keep us out of this holocaust, despite the urging of the interventionists. Not all the dead were leaders, you say. Naturally not, but it is the cream of every generation of manhood that is chosen to be slaughtered and maimed. Modern warfare requires, more than ever before, men with the best brain tissue, young men who have been highly trained in all branches of service.

Since the days of the Hebrew prophets, and even before, peace has been the ideal of man. As early as 1462, George von Podiebrad, King of Bohemia, advanced plans for federation of the Christian nations to settle international disputes. Since then, other peace movements have been organized, with varying degrees of success. The cause of so many failures in such movements is obvious: as long as man kills off its leaders in their prime we shall have wars.

Since Revolutionary days, this country has averaged a major war every generation. We are near our time limit now, and also near war again. Many of our best leaders are dead, and the abyss is opening. As we approach another Armistice Day, the plea is for peace, pure and simple. One might argue that eternal peace is impossible. Perhaps it is, but peace in America for as short a time as fifty years would be a step. Peace is requisite unless our next generation must, like an infant in the dark, cry for its lost leaders.

YOUTH AND COLLEGE TRAINING

Guy Wilkes

You and I possess two privileges that a majority of people do not. They are youth and college. We must try to get as much out of our college environment as possible; we do not want to look back twenty years hence and desire another opportunity at youth. Let us try to exhaust the possibilities of youth now.

In a small college, such as Wofford, we have an infinite opportunity to develop friends and personality. With young minds, we possess rare opportunities. Unless we make an effort to profit by our training, we may discover our possibilities too late.

As stockholders in the various intellectual organizations on the campus, every student ought to consider it a duty and a privilege to engage in these activities. Fame is unnecessary for participation in the publications and societies on the campus. All that is required is a desire to accomplish something in public speaking or in writing. The training and experience afforded should be well worth the student's time and effort. In this business there is no danger of a stock market crash destroying one's holdings. The dividends are intangible.

Every great man has trained himself by practice and strict mental discipline. We have an opportunity for vital experience; if we do not develop our potentialities in our youth, there is small hope for success.

Begin now. If you want to become a more efficient speaker, join a literary society; if you would like to become a more proficient writer, put some of your ideas on paper, and turn them in for publication in The Journal or the *Old Gold and Black*. If your first attempts are not published, try again. By practice alone can ability be developed. Break the ice—submit your writings.

Love is a mixture of heaven and hell;
As found in the ecstasy of the first kiss,
As shown in the sorrow of the last "Good-bye!"
—*J. C. R.*

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Journal Forum is a special column for writers on topics of current or general interest. Contributors to this column may write on matters pertaining either strictly to the campus or to the world-at-large. This is a page of student thought and opinion, and it is hoped that enough contributions of this type will be submitted to make it a regular feature of The Journal.

DAY DREAM

Dear God! I dreamed today
That I a giant was,
And in my hand I held
The world. There many men
Were rushing to and fro,
And chaos seemed to reign.
My eyes were drawn to one,
A leader, who now strove
To force a passageway
Through giant obstacles.
His work completed—
His following increased—
He turned to other tasks.

A sudden fancy caught
My mind, and I in glee
Destroyed his finished work.
He turned; examined; and set
About the task that loomed
Before his path. Again
I wrecked the finished work;
Again he turned and built
The structure back. Again
My finger touched his work;
And with a strength of will
That knew no word *defeat,*
He built, though he was now
Alone, deserted, friendless.

I found a deep respect
For him within my soul;
Repenting, I helped him
Complete his task at last.
The fickle crowd came back.
Reward I helped to give
By aiding in the task
He now assumed. Brave Man!

Another toiled with hands
That seemed to lack the zeal.
I touched his work—it fell!
That one without a fight
Quit! Defeated! A failure!
Spasmodic laughter filled
My lungs, burst forth, echoed
Through hell's dark gulfs, and hung
In Chaos quivering.

Then, heavy grew the earth—
Began to grow, and I
Unable to hold it up—
Unclasped my hand. It fell
And seemed to grow, and then
It was I who fell through
Infinite, strangling space
Toward the earth. The man
At whom I'd laughed, looked up.
His face was twisted with scorn,
And I could hear from hell
That Mocking laughter still.
It grew, was filled with jeers
And then I saw the man
I had scorned was—*I!*

—*James C. Ritter.*

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN

(*Apologies to John Milton*)

When I consider how my cash is spent
Ere half my bills are paid, though long past due,
And knowing creditors the way I do,
My cause seems hopeless, though I now repent,
And try to calm collectors and present
Some false excuse, but they, expecting, chide:
"I fear, my friend, your plea must be denied."
I vainly try, but helpless, to prevent
The creditors from taking things away.
"Either you pay, or else they go," they moan.
"Why did I ever make so many loans?"
I ask myself. No answer, I must say,
For long ago I really should have known
"Installment plans" would cause me many groans.

—*A. T. Greene, Jr.*

A NATURE PAINTING

In the stillness of the morning,
I awake to great the sunrise,
Greet the sunrise in its splendor,
How it gives the earth new beauty!
Makes the dewdrops sparkling diamonds;
Gives the grass a velvet softness;
Gives the flowers a rich new garment,
As they nod in awe and silence;
Makes each lake and pond a mirror
To reflect naught save sheer beauty;
Gives the bird's song a new sweetness,
Though it be a lowly sparrow;
Gives the brook a clearer murmur,
Yes, a murmur so refreshing.
Artists have no picture painted
To compare with this rare setting
Of the earth in unmatched beauty,
Only seen when viewed at sunrise.

—*A. T. Greene, Jr.*

VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

(Continued from Page 4)

"Bring me some water 'less ye got some homebrew," Hack said, coughing.

Jewel spoke up, her shrill voice like her mother's. "Pa, ye gotta take keer of yeself." *Wonder why she gives a damn about me?* "And likker een't good fer ye."—turning on her brother—"And, Henry, you better quit bringing' pa them batwings of gut-peeler that you been bringin' him. Ye want to kill ye own pa?"

Why'd Get look at her thataway?

Henry champed his jaws slowly. "I didn't bring pa nothin', did I, Pa?"

Jewel answered for Hack, "You know damn well ye did."

Henry continued to mumble, as though he hadn't heard his sister. "An' besides, Sis, likker's good fer ye . . . my boss on WPA says likker's good fer anybody . . . 'n' he oughta know—he played football in college two years."

Hack lay back in disgust.

"Hell, Henry, Footsie Cannon don't know nothin'. He een't even a man. I been out with 'im 'n' I oughta know," she snapped.

Gettys snorted, "Ye shore ought to, Sis."

Jewel was fierce, "You're a damn liar an' the truth een't in ye, Get Gentry . . . But that's right, b'lieve ever'thing ye hear agin' ye own people."

"Hyeerd—I seen it!"

She paused dramatically, hands atop her wide hips, "O.K., you rat, so this is the thanks I get fer keepin' up this damn family."—forced sobs—"If ye goin' to talk about me like this, why don'tche git out? It'd be a lot cheaper on me."

"Aw, cut out this crap, Sis. . . I'm workin' the farm and Henry's on WPA—you een't the only one workin' hyer' fer nothin'." He stopped short and walked out, closing the door gently.

Callie started talking before Jewel could jump on Henry again. "Now, you-all've got to remember that Hack's sick, mighty sick." She tried to fondle him. "But ye gonna git well and fool that ol' doctor, een'tche, Hack?" He slid his hands under the covers.

Jewel was not to be headed off. "Well, it makes me mad for 'em to pick on me when I'm payin' all the bills."

Callie clucked agreeably, "I know, Jewel . . . it's purty hard sometimes, but ye got to keep in mind that Get een't suited to farm work a-tall."

Jewel was still not satisfied. "Well, this fool Henry kin leave me alone."

Callie joined in, "That's right, Henry, ye oughtn't to pick on ye sister like ye do."

"All I said, Ma, was I said Footsie said 'at he knowed a doctor 'at said likker was good fer ye." Henry turned his vacant stare out the window.

Get was trying to make up for what he'd said, Hack told himself. "Hyer's ye some fresh water, Pa." Hack smiled knowingly as he took the sweating glass. After a sip, he handed it to Callie, who spilled most of it in trying to put it down on the table by the bed.

She sighed into a creaking straight-chair. Get leaned against the door, looking at his sister as she patted her hair. No one spoke. The silence was a good sign . . . and Hack waited. He was sure now.

Jewel interrupted the silence, " 'Spect we better start fixin' supper, Ma. . . Ye know, Doctor Johnson's comin' tonight."

Get shot a look at her.

Callie heaved up. "I reckon we better. Get, you cut some stove-wood; and, Henry, you best run down to the store an' git somethin' fer supper. What do ye want, Hack?"

"I don't want nothin' to eat."

"Ye sure ye don't want nothin' special? Ye een't et hardly nothin' a-tall hyer' of late," his wife purred.

"I een't hungry."

"All right, Henry, you kin buy a can of salmons and a 'leven cent box of sody crackers."

When the boys went out, she turned to Jewel, "I'll fix supper, Sis. . . You can git dressed."

They moved toward the door and stood there, uneasy.

"Want sump'n, Hack?"

He shook his head.

"Effen ye want, I kin fix some of them salmons with onions, Pa," Jewel said, trying to be nice.

He shut his eyes and hunched his head into his hard, hot pillow.

"Need any tobaccer down at the store?"

He waited for the welcome click of the door being shut. Hack breathed easier with them out of the room. When Henry's A Model backfired he blinked as though he felt a pain.

Hack was no longer puzzled by his uneasy feeling. There was something wrong, and it had to do with him somehow . . . him and the doctor. Maybe the doctor thought he was going to die, from the way his folks was nicer. Couldn't be that though, because they'd let his insurance lapse a couple of months ago. Get 'specially, he'd acted mighty funny. The way he looked ever' time Doctor Johnson was talked about. Course, it might be because Jewel was makin' a play for the cold-blooded quack. Come to think of it, they hadn't been nice; they seemed to be trying to make up to him for somethin'. Acted guilty.

Hack had hoped for a moment that everything was clear, but now he was uncertain again. *Why does Callie make so damn much noise cookin'?* He was sure they'd been talking about him. Must have been something the doctor told them . . . couldn't be anything else. But somehow he couldn't figure his folks out. Just because he was going to die was no reason for the way

they'd done. He knew they wouldn't care . . . and he knew that he didn't have a chance to get well . . . getting weaker every day. He tried to sleep, with the hollow sound of Get's ax ringing in his ears. He couldn't figure it out . . . and it worried him.

Hack reckoned he had slept a long time, for he woke up with the glare of the light in his eyes. He rolled over and buried his face in the pillow, but the persistent drone of whispering annoyed him to wakefulness. Through half-opened eyes he could see Doctor Johnson listening to Callie as she talked to him earnestly. Get was whispering to Jewel while she indifferently smeared on lipstick. Henry was leaning on the bureau, nervously trimming his fingernails. Hack could feel the tenseness in the room.

His fear came back to him and he studied the doctor uneasily. He knew there was something wrong . . . and he was afraid, afraid to find out what his worry was. It wasn't that he minded dying; he wanted to die. But this feeling he had, there was something about it that scared him. He saw that his family glanced "quarely" at him every few minutes.

It slowly came to him that he was stronger than usual. He wondered if he hadn't been pretty low in the afternoon . . . he couldn't remember anything much that went on. But now, his heart wasn't fluttering and his tongue wasn't as sore. Inside he felt almost well again. Still, he admitted, that was the way it had been right after the two other times he like to have died. He thought maybe he was going to get well, but he knew it was a lie. This must be his last spell before he died . . . and he hoped it was.

No use to wait no longer. He rolled over, yawned, and looked at Johnson. They gazed at each other, fascinated by the strangeness both read in the other's eyes.

The doctor strode toward the bed; the family watched tensely. "How's the sick man, Hack?"

" 'Bout like usual, I reckon." Hack gritted his teeth as Johnson took his pulse.

"Your abdomen, er belly, still ache?"

"Yeah."

The doctor pulled up a chair and sat down by the bed, smiling at him anxiously. Hack looked at his folks: Callie was straightening a gewgaw on the mantel; the others were studying the floor.

Doctor Johnson lit a cigarette and tilted his chair back, nonchalantly drooling the smoke through his nose, his fingers were trembling slightly. Hack twisted about uneasily on the bed.

"Pretty nervous, aren't you, Hack?" Johnson looked at him with squinted eyes.

"Hell, no, it's just this tuhbacker smoke."

Johnson tossed the cigarette into the fireplace. *I wonder why he's bein' so damn polite,* Hack thought. "Oh, Mrs. Gentry, I'd like to speak to you outside," he said.

She wheeled around and then nodded, blushing nervously.

When they were gone, the boys smoked and Jewel watched the door in the mirror as she pretended to powder. Hack could feel his pulse beating in his temple.

"Who d'ye think'll win the World Series, Pa?" Henry awkwardly tried to relieve the tension.

Hack didn't say anything.

"Now, I'm for Cincinater, but I shore wish them Cardnals was in it." Forcing a chuckle. "It's jist like Footsie says—them St. Louis fellers is a bunch of fighters."

Get ground out his cigarette. "For God's sake, shut up," he raged.

Minutes dragged and no one spoke. Hack pulled the sheet over his head to keep out the light. His breathing roared in his ears . . . his heart fluttered . . . he nervously threw off the covers and lay quiet and small, panting.

Callie looked like she had been crying; the powder on her heavy, gray cheeks was washed off in shiny streaks. Her rat eyes shifted from Hack to the children. "You-all, come out in the kitchen . . . the doctor wants to talk to ye." She backed out of the room, and they followed her silently.

Hack kept looking at the door even after they had gone. He couldn't put his finger on it. He wondered why Johnson wanted to see them. He knew it was something about him, but he didn't think that he was going to die, not right away, at least. But his uneasiness remained, because his folks seemed to know what was going to happen, from the way they acted. He couldn't figure it out . . . and it worried him.

He hadn't smoked all day, but now he felt a longing for a cigarette. He swore when he found that he didn't even have the makin's. He noticed Johnson's satchel and thought of seeing if there were any cigarettes in it . . . then he remembered that he couldn't get up. So, he buried his head in his pillow and wondered what Johnson was saying to his folks.

In the kitchen Johnson was sitting in a small, straight chair, with the Gentrys standing around him uneasily. He was nervous and he repeated to himself again and again that he had to keep cold-blooded and impersonal . . . He had to . . . his whole career was at stake . . . If this affair ever got out on him he was disgraced, ruined. And after all, he reasoned, there is a chance that I might make a discovery important to all mankind . . . anyway, other doctors do the same thing . . . science must sometimes sacrifice the individual . . . Hack's just another share-cropper . . . Johnson almost convinced himself, but he was still slightly nauseated by the thought of what he was doing.

He had gone too far to back down now, he realized with regret . . . He couldn't drop the matter, because Get was scared and would probably talk later . . . if

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he didn't, the rest of the family might. He admitted to himself that he wanted to carry his plan through; it would be safe, perfectly safe, if he could only get Hack's consent . . . But Hack would probably be terrified, and Johnson was doubtful of telling him anyway . . . with his weak heart, the shock would kill him . . . *I can't kill a man.* But maybe it wouldn't shock him . . . he had to tell him, for otherwise he would be in the power of the Gentrys, although they didn't seem to know that.

But kill Hack . . . could he do such a thing? . . . yes, he had to tell him . . . it would be best for me, the sooner he dies, Johnson admitted . . . *It's murder* . . . but, well, there's nothing really criminal about it, he rationalized . . . *he's going to die anyway, and I've got to protect myself.*

He tried to sound confident, "Yes, Mrs. Gentry, I think it would be best if we told Hack about it . . . You can't let him die without knowing," Johnson charged.

"But, Doctor, with his bad heart, and all . . . well, won't it hurt him?" she stammered.

"I don't think so, Mrs. Gentry; in fact, I don't think he'll last the night in any case," he said, lighting a cigarette to avoid their eyes.

"I don't know . . . I just don't know," she blubbered, wiping at her tears with the corner of her dirty apron.

"Now, Mrs. Gentry, get hold of yourself. I believe that Hack will pass on before morning, and it seems to me that he should be told while he is still conscious," Johnson said.

Jewel finally spoke up, "Momma, I think Doctor Johnson's right . . . Pa ought to be told."

Mrs. Gentry turned to Get.

He mumbled after a while, "I think ye ought to tell pa, 'cause he might not let ye do this to him anyway."

Johnson saw that what he had suspected was true: Get was a threat. If Hack objected, he would stop the whole deal. "Oh, Get, would you mind running uptown and buying me a half-pint of Paul Jones?" he asked suddenly.

"Well, I, I think if pa's as sick as you said, I ought to be here . . . He might not live till I got back . . . I'd like to stay, Doctor Johnson," he apologized.

"Well, all right, Get," he answered. Then, as if it were an afterthought, he added, "Of course, I wanted it for your father . . . Whiskey sometimes is the only thing that will help a bad heart."

Henry chuckled, "Sis, that's exactly what I told ye Footsie said the other day."

Get was anxious to go. Johnson handed him a ring of keys and two one-dollar bills. "Here, take my car . . . the switch key's that little brown one there."

Henry made a move to go with Get, but Johnson glared him back into his chair.

The doctor was relieved. "Well, now we've got to decide who's going to tell Hack . . . Jewel, I think you are the one to do it."

She smiled as though it were a compliment. "D'ye jist tell him what you told us the other morning?" she asked, smoothing the wrinkles in her pink blouse.

He nodded. *Is she that dumb, or doesn't she give a damn?*

Hack glanced up when Jewel opened the door. She hesitated for a moment and then came on over to the bed; she stood there plucking the counterpane straight.

"Anything ye want, Pa?" she asked, her shrill voice a little less cutting.

"Has the doctor left?"

She shook her head.

"I thought I hyeerd his car."

"Oh, that was Get . . . he's gone after some likker fer ye," she said, patting her hair.

Hack was indifferent. "Git me a cigarette, Sis."

She took a pack of Avalons out of the top drawer of the bureau. He lit it with shaky hands and lay back, sucking the smoke into his thirsty lungs.

Jewel pulled up a chair and eased into it, watching him all the time; Hack didn't notice that she was excited. She crossed her legs and stared at him as he slumped comfortably in the bed, his eyes resting happily on his cigarette. His fingers were trembling slightly.

"Pa?" she whined. "Pa, I want, the doctor wants me to tell ye somethin' . . . Are ye listenin', Pa?"

Hack paid no attention to her, although he had heard her. He was wondering when the long ash on his cigarette would fall. Gradually he realized what she had said. He leaned toward her with a start, dropping his Avalon on the floor.

Jewel uncrossed her legs and with her hands on her knees, she began. "Pa, Doctor Johnson says we ought to tell you, and we think it's best, too." She paused momentarily, waiting for Hack to comment. He drank in her words, but he remained silent. He couldn't figure out what she was driving at.

"Well, it's like this . . . Now, Pa, we don't want that you should git worried over this a-tall. We didn't want to do it, but it seemed like we jist about had to . . . we een't got no money and it was the only way, I reckon," she almost pleaded.

Why don't she come out with it?

"O. K., Sis, let's have it," he said irritably.

"Now, Pa, you won't worry about what I'm goin' to tell ye . . . will ye, Pa? We thought it was best that you know," she mumbled. "Doctor Johnson says they een't nothin' bad about it, and he ought to know . . . He says it might help lots of other people git well that's got the same quare sickness that you got."

Hack was puzzled.

Jewel wasn't afraid to tell Hack, but she couldn't remember Johnson's words. "We een't got no money, Pa, and we couldn't bury ye decent, nohow . . . so, we told the doctor we'd do it."

She looked at Hack, but there was no expression on his face. Then she blurted out, "Doctor Johnson wants your corpse . . . he wants to buy it."

Hack was numbed.

She rushed on before he spoke. "He said by studyin' your dead body, he might be able to help lots a sick people." She stopped and waited.

His terror changed to rage as he gazed at Jewel's brazen face. "You damn' skunks! Sell me, sell my dead body, huh? We'll see, we'll see about that all right. I reckon I got some say-so."

Jewel was defiant now; she didn't intend for Hack to stop the sale. "Doctor Johnson says it's up to us . . . an' besides he thinks you're going to die tonight . . . so, they een't no use you gettin' worked up over it . . . We didn't *have* to tell you."

"Then, why the hell did ye tell me then . . . why did ye tell me?" he stormed.

"The doctor thought it was best that you know before you died," she snapped. "He said it would be terrible to let you die like this."

"Sellin' my corpse for the little Johnson'll pay ye . . . sellin' me like I was a bale of cotton fer the little money there is in it."

"He give us thirty dollars," she retorted hotly.

"Thirty dollars! Sell me to a butcher like him fer thirty dollars." He was suddenly weak and terrified. He closed his eyes, shaking with dry sobs. Jewel got up noiselessly and slipped to the door. Doctor John-

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son came in with a worried frown on his face; Callie and Henry tip-toed in without looking toward Hack, who was gazing at them furiously. They were cowed and guilty-looking.

"You damn' graverobber, gittin' my folks to sell my dead body . . . If I could git up, I'd kill you," Hack declared.

"Now, Hack, don't get excited . . . this sort of thing has been done before . . . it won't hurt you a bit," Johnson defended himself, although he realized that he had said the wrong thing.

Hack came down on his wife, "See there, he says he's goin' to butcher me like I was a hog . . . and you sell me to him so I won't be no more trouble to ye."

Callie was whimpering. "I knowed we oughn't to a-told ye . . . We een't got no money, Hack; we couldn't a-laid ye away decent."

Hack didn't pity his wife when she wept; instead he was disgusted.

"Well, Jewel, I guess you'll want some new clothes with the measly thirty dollars," Hack said viciously.

"I don't see why not . . . I've put out a lot of money on you, hyer' of late," Jewel insisted.

"What d'you want to do with the money, Henry?"

"Well, Pa, I was thinkin' that we ought to put it in fer part of the down payment on one of these new V-8's. Footsie says they's the best car on the road," he answered eagerly.

Johnson was quietly watching developments. He had hold of himself now . . . and the situation almost pleased him. Hack was unusually excited, and his breathing was short and gasping.

Hack dully wondered why Get wasn't there. Maybe they had got rid of him because he was against all this: it he was, he could use him to stop the whole thing. But Hack knew that he was getting weaker every moment, and would probably be dead before Get came back. The boy might be for the sale, anyway. But then, Hack thought of a way to revenge himself on his family; he looked at Johnson and smiled feebly.

"Doc, I got an idy . . . Now, you've bought my corpse from my folks fer thirty dollars . . . Well, I een't willin' that they sell me so cheap," he said faintly. Even Jewel was shocked.

With a blank expression, Johnson answered, "Yes, but that's more than they generally pay for bodies."

"Sure," Hack tried to grin, "but that's fer ordinary corpses . . . An' ye know, I want to leave my folks a little bit of money—all I can. I think I'm worth fifty dollars."

Johnson was calculating. If he paid the money to Hack, it was settled . . . Get couldn't object, no one could . . . Gentry seemed to be straining to keep up his act now; if the tension was broken by his possession of the money, he would no doubt collapse . . . Johnson saw that Hack had played into his hands.

He fumbled in his inside coat-pocket and pulled out an official-looking paper. "Just sign this, Hack, and I'll pay you the fifty dollars."

Hack didn't like the idea of signing the paper before he got his money, but he allowed Johnson to help him make his mark. The doctor then signed Hack's name, and motioned to Henry and Jewel to witness the document. They scratched their names where Johnson told them automatically.

Hack was suspicious of every move. He roused himself quickly into a half-sitting position when Johnson took out his bill-fold. The doctor slowly counted fifty one-dollar bills into Hack's sweaty palm. Hack counted them with his lips as they were placed in his hand. What a nice, big handful they made. New, crackly bills . . . old, worn bills . . . fifty of them . . . *The most money I ever had at one time in my life.*

Hack opened his pale, glossy lips. "Johnson, I'm goin' to cheat you . . . I'm goin' to git well and you'll lose yer fifty dollars." Johnson's pitying, professional stare unnerved Hack.

He fell back into bed. He lay still and quiet . . . eyes shut tight . . . teeth gritted. His body trembled as the full horror of the situation dawned on him. He felt as though he were struggling to snap out of a nightmare. *Oh, God, this keen't be so!* His mind was confused; he was drowning in a sea of terror. He wanted to run . . . hide . . . get away from them . . . He was afraid . . . Maybe he could stop it . . . but how; he had sold his corpse himself . . . *God, this awful!* . . . What could he do? . . . Couldn't stop it now . . . *But sold to a butcher!* . . . If he could get well . . . But Johnson was right—he was getting weaker all the time . . . the shock had killed him . . . *Murdered!* . . . he knew that he was dying . . . *Lord, have mercy!*

He opened his eyes when Get came in. Get took in the situation the moment he entered. He silently handed the liquor to Johnson and sank into a chair. He laid Johnson's keys on his satchel.

"Want some liquor, Gentry?" the doctor asked gently. Hack shook his head feebly but determinedly. Johnson set the bottle on the table and stepped back. His plan had worked; Hack was dying from the shock . . . Your career's safe, he sneered at himself; you should be proud, for this is perfectly god-damned delightful. *My God, I've murdered him.*

Hack tossed on the bed a little, and thought how good the bills felt to his hand. His hollow eyes sparkling, he snarled at his famliy, "When I die, I don't want a single one of you to tech my money . . . If ye do, I hope God strikes ye down where ye stand." He smiled at the bills and fondled them with his fingertips. "I don't want that you should tech it . . . and by God, I'll fix it so you won't."

He grabbed a box of matches off the table by his bed. All eyes were on him, but no one made a move

to stop him. He edged the match closer to the bills, turning it down to get a better flame. Then just before the money caught fire, he fainted and collapsed into bed. The match was almost out when it suddenly flamed up; Johnson stepped on it.

Hack gripped the money so tightly in his fist that his knuckles blanched white against his pale flesh. The covers fluttered from his jerky breathing . . . his body twitched . . . his hand relaxed and the bills fell out slowly, drifting into a pile on the floor. They lay there quietly, no one offering to bother them.

Doctor Johnson took Hack's pulse and saw that his plan had worked. He observed his feeble, short breathing and walked off, relieved that it was over. He was standing close beside Jewel, who had lost her brazen assurance and was looking, open-mouthed, at her father. They caught each other's eyes and shrank back unconsciously. Callie and the boys were fascinated by the stark terror they saw in Hack's unmoving face.

Johnson leaned on the mantel-piece and desperately smoked cigarette after cigarette while he waited, waiting for his property to die.

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Die Vögel singen nicht,
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Die Wolken bedecken
Den blauen Himmel ganz.
"Wo ist die Sonne?"
Fragen die Kinder
Mit ernstem Gesicht.
"Wo ist die Sonne?"

Die Wolken fliehen,
Die Vögel singen,
"Da ist die Sonne!"
Die Glocken läuten,
Die Kinder rufen,
"Da ist die Sonne!"

—*James C. Ritter.*

AMONG THE BOOKS

(Continued from Page 19)

C. S. Forester. "TO THE INDIES." Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1940.

To the romantic mind C. S. Forester has great appeal; for with vivid finger he paints the pictures of thrilling action against an ever changing canvas. To the psychological mind his books are interesting in their careful analysis of the mental make-up of his characters.

Launching a middle-aged lawyer aboard the flagship of Columbus' third voyage, Forester finds a wide range of action to portray. Don Narciso Rich assumes the role of an adventurer in the hire of the King and Queen of Spain. For the legal protection of their rights in the new world, Rich finds, to his amazement, that much of what he believes in is on sandy foundation.

Rich becomes lean, filled with a longing to lead men. He realizes he can never accomplish this as well as his bitter enemy, Garcia, a hidalgo and swashbuckling adventurer. In Rich, though, we find a hero to be admired, for, like Captain Hornblower, another of Forester's heoric characters, he knows himself.

To those who love good adventure, good reading, startling characters, and the roll of the sea, we say: "Sail to the Indies with Columbus and Narciso Rich."

—*James C. Ritter.*

Carson McCullers. "THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER." Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1940.

Many novels have been written about the Old South; each with its setting in a fine old mansion surrounded by red-earthed fields, dotted with clusters of snowy cotton. But this one is different. It is a wide-embracing picture of American life in a small southern mill town. Carson McCullers—a new writer, still very young—has made editors, critics, and publishers alike stand back and wonder at such sureness, technique, and understanding that is found in *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter.* One publisher has said: "I can't understand how a twenty-two-year-old girl can know so much of love and loneliness, and of the human need for understanding."

As to the details of this stirring story, John Singer is a tall mute, whose eyes have a quick, intelligent expression. He lives with his brother, also a mute, until he has to be taken to an insane asylum. After this misfortune a change comes over John Singer. He longs for the companionship of his brother, his only friend. His strange silence endows him with Godlike qualities in the eyes of four people who turn to him to express their individual hopes and beliefs. One of these is a young girl, Mick Kelly, who was growing up with a genius for music and no opportunity to express it. She finds her inner peace in this quiet and tolerant mute. The disillusioned Negro dreamer, Dr. Copeland, sees in John Singer a personality not found in other white men. Therefore, he turns to him for a solution of his problems. We also see other men and women turning to him because of his rare gift of understanding. But this does not help Singer to overcome his loneliness.

As a whole, this is an unusual novel, and stands apart from anything the reviewer has read.

—*Robert Bame.*

Evelyn Eaton. "QUIETLY MY CAPTAIN WAITS." New York: Harper and Brothers, 1939.

With the period when the French and English were fighting for supremacy in American colonization around Quebec as its setting, Evelyn Eaton's latest novel has, as its primary center of interest, a very charming Madame de Freneuse, notorious for her love affairs, and the colorful part she played in the colonization of this area.

Although the author does not give much insight into the real character of Madame de Freneuse, she does portray her as one of the most beautiful persons, and the effect that her rare beauty has on her associates makes for a good story.

She obtained a pension from the king, through one of the Acadian governors, because "she was the only widow in Acadia." The same governor built her a house with royal funds.

Evelyn Eaton's descriptions are brief but direct, giving more space for lively action in the novel's 360 pages.

—*Sam Stribling, Jr.*

Shalem Asch. "THE NAZARENE." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1939.

An exceptional novel, which has as its intensely interesting and inspiring theme the life of Christ, has recently made its appearance. Mr. Asch has written an authoritative account of the Saviour of the Jews, employing a unique method of presentation. He portrays Pan Viadomisky, a Polish scholar who has been endowed with the fantastic power of retrospection which enables him to transmit his thoughts into the period when he was an officer of the cohorts that guarded the Antonnia fortress of Jerusalem; also a young Jewish scholar interested in cultivating the friendship and confidence of the sage, who transcribes the events of the past as they are conjured up by the old professor; and a supposedly rare manuscript.

Jerusalem in all of her glory is pictured in a vivid, revealing manner as Asch unfolds the intrigues of the temple prests, the antagonistic attitudes of the Jews and the Gentiles, the temple rituals, and the fascinating customs of the Jerusalemites. The author also exposes

the deceptions practiced by the priests in order to increase the temple coffers.

In telling the story from different points of view, he includes the scenes as viewed through the eyes of a Roman officer, and a student who studied under the famed Nicodemus. This procedure enables us to understand both Jewish and Roman attitudes concerning the "Man of Galilee."

In portraying Jesus, Asch has characterized Him as one who succumbs to physical weakness. This portrayal tends to diminish the divinity which the Holy Scriptures so vividly point out, and one that we have always associated with Him.

Asch is at his best in describing the activities and customs of the priests, "the men of the sail," and the aristocratic members of the Sanhedrin, the law court of the Jews. This part of the book could well be used as a textbook in studying the civil, political, and religious life of the Jews.

This is a novel, which, unlike many others written about the life of Christ, does not bore the reader, for Asch portrays his characters so well that they seem to step from the pages of the book and become real persons. He holds your interest in such a way that you want to finish the book in one sitting.

—*C. M. Boggs.*

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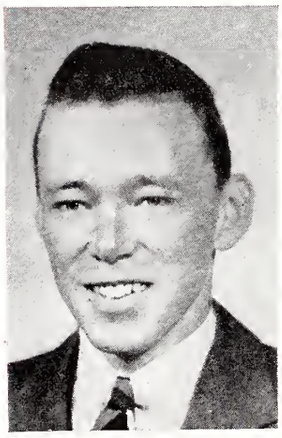

Dean Hartley, Jr., is a senior and hails from Darlington, S. C. He is the art editor of The Journal, and his attractive cover for this issue evinces rare talent. Quiet . . . except in dormitory . . .lanky . . . paints lifelike portraits . . . pen and ink sketches . . . invites and accepts criticism graciously . . . versatile . . . excellent student . . . likes sciences . . . also modern languages . . . hard worker . . . takes life easy . . . works in spurts . . . dreamer . . . Romeo . . . Rutledge street . . . discriminating . . . has definite likes and dislikes . . . cross-country runner . . . long legs . . . talks in low voice . . . smothered laughs . . . jitter-bug . . . unusual facial expressions.

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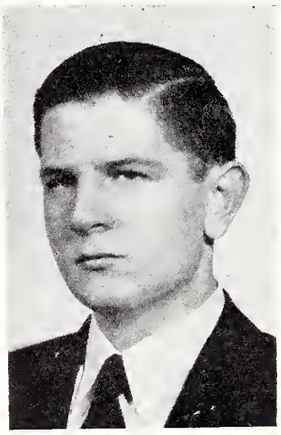
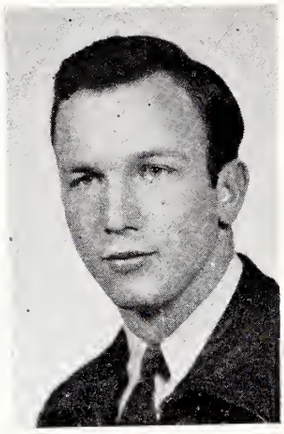


John Thomason is a day student and an associate editor of the magazine. He is a prolific writer and excels in all departments. He studies people and specializes in those of the lower class. An earthy writer . . . voracious reader . . . idolizes Tom Wolfe . . . invariably adheres to stark realism . . . paints real characters . . . knows those he writes about . . . iconoclast . . . fearlessly bucks public opinion . . . writes unrestrainedly . . . free verse . . . craves and emulates Walt Whitman . . . friendly . . . labors over writing . . . polishes carefully and tirelessly . . . by midnight oil into wee hours . . . round face . . . cynical . . . ready-willing-able . . . inveterate nicotiner . . . insatiable curiosity about everything . . . nose for news . . . always cooperative.



James C. Ritter, of Greenville, S. C., is a member of the senior class and contributes frequently to The Journal. He composes poetry, writes short stories, and pens unusual sketches. Indulges in circumlocution . . . Jimmy . . . good swimmer, diver . . . New York . . . stories often have city for setting . . . adventures of youth . . . student of art . . . pipes . . . friendly . . . wavy hair . . . variety of interests . . . believes first efforts best . . . not too much revision . . . leisurely . . . easy-going . . . argumentative . . . full of ideas . . . inquisitive . . . fascinates kids . . . many hobbies.

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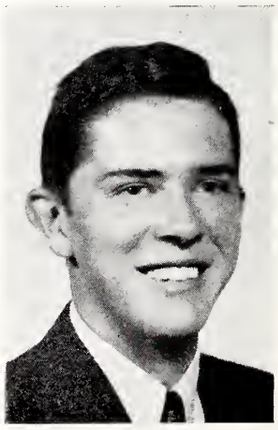

George Beach lives in Spartanburg and edits the poetry for The Journal. Versatile, he writes poetry, features, sketches, essays, plays, and other forms of literary work equally well. Deep thinker . . . well-read . . . likes to "play with ideas" . . . quiet . . . reserved . . . caravaner . . . tennis . . . brainy . . . scholar . . . co-operative . . . conscientious . . . dependable . . . keen observer . . . highly technical in writing . . . amiable . . . hair, Italian black . . . brown eyes . . . has strong convictions and sticks by them . . . frank critic . . . prodigious memory . . . cool . . . inimitable laugh . . . good to listen to . . . probes beneath surface of things . . . classicist . . . fond of music . . . symphonies . . . quick, jerky movements.

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THE JOURNAL PROUDLY PRESENTS

(Continued from Page 9)

bles. I expected him to use such big words as I could not understand. It was my first meeting, therefore, with a truly educated man.

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THE JOURNAL

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Local Advertising	128.00	
Balance on Hand, September 1, 1940	61.68	
Received from *Old Gold and Black*	223.75	
		$1,344.67

DISBURSEMENTS

Printing (five issues of THE JOURNAL)	$775.91	
Editor's Salary	95.00	
Business Manager's Salary	68.31	
Office Supplies and Binding JOURNALS	9.00	
Bohemian Bill	24.00	
Stationery	10.75	
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THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

JOURNAL

Volume 51 Number 2

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WHY POETRY?

George Beach, Poetry Editor of The Journal, Writes a Penetrating Essay on Verse, Modern and Not So Modern.

POETRY is really the language of inward experience. It does not rely upon loud sales appeal or textbook logic to make its still, small voice heard. Thus it is often misunderstood and even hated by people who will not take the trouble to recognize the beauty in words. They have lost, it seems, the taste of their Anglo-Saxon forbears for the kenning (rude metaphor).

The average college man will pay lip-service to Shakespeare, Milton, and Chaucer at least, and may also give credit to Wordsworth, Keats, Byron, or any lesser Romantic for having said good things. But he is still wary of the fundamental poetic experience: the search for, and the occasional arrival at, the Platonic notions of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True; reading Spenser, for example, is likely to become a torture to him. (Spenser is torture to most of us, willy-nilly.) But the real superiority of poetry over easier, more facile forms of expression ought to be reasserted again and again. The worth of poetry as an index to the growth of a nation and as a guide to the nation's unique *Weltansicht* ought to be realized. And finally, the reading and writing of poetry ought to be attempted.

To be appreciated, poetry should be presented in its most elegant and simple garb of thought. Although Edgar A. Guest writes verse, he is usually not a poet. Carl Sandburg, on the other hand, is a poet, but his figures are harder to follow and his emphasis is less pointed. This seeming paradox is likely to confuse the beginner. It need not. The old and much-abused formula of "art for itself" does apply to poetical composition with a deal of justice. No one can explain Sandburg away in a flash; he is subjectively vital:

> The fog comes
> on little cat feet.
> It sits looking
> over harbor and city
> on silent haunches,
> and then moves on.[1]

But not so much can be said for the mellifluous Mr. Guest. His poem, *Friends,* contains a quatrain which is a tender sample of his work:

> Ain't it fine when things are going
> Topsy-turvy and askew
> To discover someone showing
> Good old fashioned faith in you?

[1]Carl Sandburg, "Fog."

Bad grammar does little to mar an otherwise ruined job of slushy sentiment and piddling meter. Why, one may ask, is it necessary to assert the dignity of poetry over easier forms of expression? The answer lies partly in the fact that rigorous discipline is necessary in writing poetry, a discipline which weeds out the unnecessary words and fixes the attention upon *le mot juste.* Two lines from Browning's *Meeting at Night* serve as good examples of a careful choice of poetic words:

> And the *startled* little waves that *leap*
> In *fiery ringlets* from their sleep.

Rupert Brooke's *The Busy Heart* has one line which is loaded with suggestive words:

> And *wet strong* ploughlands, *scarred* for *certain grain.*

When the reader attempts to say the same thing in a different way, he soon finds that the poet's way is simplest and yet most freighted with meaning. Also, thinking poetically and living out the precepts of the master poets, or more simply, living poetically, can take a great deal of the cheapness out of life, make life mellow with philosophy, and render the character more stable under the brunt of shocks and strains. Poetry has high ethical content, if one is drawn to look for ethics; it has a mysticism of tradition and words and experience reaching back to the dawn of man's recorded experience; it breathes in the serene air of philosophy.

Current magazines such as *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* are examples of a glibness of language which is a dry-rot enemy to real art. They are in demand everywhere, significantly enough, in the latest issues. They do not wear very well. They are made for the day, we say. Their covers are plastered week after week with carelessly done, humorous sketches. Of course, we can't condemn them, because they satisfy the ever-present human need for the ridiculous.

But there is also a human need for the sublime, which many people ignore. The poet must look beyond all the highly-colored effects of the crayon-box for his images, and because he laboriously distils them in the secret laboratory of his soul, working with the fantastic alchemy of words, his images last longer. The picture of Alberich, the magic-manteled dwarf of *Das Nibelungenlied* is not so fleeting as many gaudy circus posters which attract much more attention. If for no other reason than the retention of beautiful images, the study of poetry is justifiable. Every device of the poet's art serves to help the reader's memory: repetition, rhyme, meter, title, allusions, and figures of speech. Naturally one does not absorb the full meaning of a series of images in an imaginative poem on the first reading. The reader must go through a process of mental transformation in reading just as the composer does in writing: he must listen, straining ever for the delicate overtones of thought and feeling. His empathy, or "feeling-in" as the German has it, is a first requirement for success in reading poetry. Empathy is a removal of one's emotions into situations where one has never been. When you are overjoyed at the victory of a military hero of the Revolution, your "feeling-in" is involved. The average man cannot abide the thought of plowing his way through Milton, yet he will read thousands of words on the sports page of his daily newspaper. The sports page is made up of photographed extrovert experiences, generally. The fan, lounging in his easy chair, can see the long strides of the ball carrier, hear the roar of the crowd, and smell the damp pungency of the wet grandstand after a refreshing rain, through the suggestive power of well-chosen words. Such pictorial writing is known to journalists as "colorful." Journalism is turning more and more to poetic methods of news treatment, although journalism usually repeats its similes and metaphors until they become stereotyped. "He plucked the chocolate drop out of the blue and galloped for the promised land." Shades of Moses and Aaron! The sports fan can also read Milton and by the same suggestive power of words see Satan flying through Chaos, and look into Heaven and Hell.

> . . . All unawares,
> Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
> Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
> Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,
> The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
> Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
> As many miles aloft.[2] . . .

The poet has a wider choice of expression than the journalist can have. He can draw on his imagination, on his "subconscious experience." The pictures which he has seen long ago come out in his poems, often attached to a later impression or idea. The divergent images have been united by the automatic working of the imagination. Also, he can see things invisible to the outward eye.

One cannot look at a copy of *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse,* without wanting to strangle, stab, shoot, murder, annihilate, and destroy those "modern intellectuals" who want poetry without morals, reason, or inherent subjective worth. One does not have to be "mid-Victorian" in his ideals to write poetry that says something clearly and then stops. Eve Merriam's *Ask Your Grocer Tomorrow For This Glamorous Product* begins with the lines,

> Up the successlip rail from zero, his ruse rapid,
> moneybright boy performing percentaged miracull
> is streamlined alger.[3] . . .

Such is the present-day trend in poetry, and especially among careless poets.

Not the clearer the thought, the greater the poet! That reasoning leads us to place Edgar A. Guest above Vachel Lindsay, an artistic judgment which is pungently false. But the greater the poet, the simpler and clearer his style will be. One does not long fumble for the meaning in Shakespeare or Milton if he knows the basic vocabulary of the two poets. The culture of a people is nowhere exemplified so well as in its poetry. The robustness of the Elizabethans, the formality, icy and rigid, of the French seventeenth and the English eighteenth, centuries; the chaotic upheaval in thought, occasioned by the World War, are clearly shown in the writings of these three epochs. The quatrain,

> Out upon it, I have loved
> Three whole days together!
> And am like to love three more
> If it prove fair weather.[4]

is an excellent example of Elizabethan plain-spokenness. Of course Pope's lines—

> One truth's clear: Whatever is, is right.[5]

displays the extreme of formality and reason in English verse which is matched in the French by a dozen writers, Pierre Corneille among them.

> Souffrez que la raison remette vos esprits,
> Prenez un bon conseil.[6]

Edna St. Vincent Millay has uttered the best woman's voice in new American verse; she reflects oftentimes the disillusionment of her generation:

> You speak, my friend, in most ecstatic terms
> Of life upon this negligible sphere;
> An excellent protein, doubtless, for the worms,
> Is Man—but food for thought?—are you sincere?[7]

(Continued on Page 20)

[2]Milton, *P. L.* II, ll. 932-938.
[3]*Poetry, A Magazine of Verse,* Vol. LVII, No. 10.
[4]Suckling, "A Constant Lover."
[5]"An Essay on Man."
[6]*Le Cid,* ll. 383-384.
[7]"Conversation at Midnight."

His Hand to the Plow

By JOHN THOMASON

Here is another Play of Dramatic Intensity by the Winner of the 1940 S. C. C. P. A. Award for the Best One-Act Play.

PERSONS

HOMER WYATT, a farmer.
NOAH WYATT, his brother and a W.P.A. worker.
EMMA, Homer's wife.
ROLL, Homer's son.

TIME: *Present.*

SCENE: *The scene is in the sitting-room of Homer Wyatt's house; it is an almost square room, with a sagging floor, covered in the center by a worn, once-gaudy linoleum rug. There is a fireplace in the back of the room; before it four straight chairs and a rocker are grouped. Under the window at the left is a small wicker with a vase of artificial roses on it. There are two doors: one, leading into the kitchen, at the back of the room on the right of the fireplace; the other, opening on the outside, is on the left. The ceiling is black with soot, and the walls are papered with pages torn from magazines and newspapers.*

A man and a woman are sitting in straight chairs before the fireplace. Homer Wyatt is between sixty and sixty-five years of age; his leather-colored skin looks thick and tough; blue veins are seen on his corded hands. His uncut grey hair stands around the collar of his blue shirt. His overalls are faded almost white except for the patched places.

Emma is a tall, stringy woman with a sharp, starved face. Her hair, sprinkled with grey, is tied in a small knot on the back of her head; her eyes have a tired, defeated look. She is wearing a plain, print dress and a dirty apron. She is sitting at the left of the fireplace, opposite her husband.

EMMA (*as if after a pause*): Homer, what we goin' to have fer dinner?

HOMER: Een't ye got none of that side-meat I bought here a while back?

EMMA: We got a little piece of it left—won't be enough of it left fer supper, though, if we have any of it fer dinner.

HOMER: Guess that'll have to do, then.

EMMA: I wisht we had some salmons.

HOMER: Now, Emmer, you know they cost eighteen cents now—we jist een't got the money.

EMMA: Ye could have 'em charged, I reckon.

HOMER: Well, I een't goin' to—we done got too much charged like it is.

EMMA: We got to eat, een't we?

HOMER: Now, Emmer, you know I een't goin' to buy stuff I keen't pay fer.

EMMA: It's better'n doin' without.

HOMER: I've allus paid my bills, an' I een't goin' to start beatin' 'em now.

EMMA: If you 'uz any a-count we wouldn't have to do without.

HOMER: Emmer, don't start on me again—I kin jist stand so much.

EMMA: Well, ever'body else's got plenty to eat.

HOMER: I een't never let none of my folks starve, I don't reckon.

EMMA: Ye done worse'n that—ye run ye own girls off from home because they couldn't have nothin' they wanted.

HOMER: Them girls went to the bad 'cause they wadn't nothin' to 'em.

EMMA: I keen't say as I blame 'em fer leavin'—they never did have nothin' to wear when they was here at home.

HOMER: Well, I reckon they'se gittin' plenty now. (*Regretfully.*) An' ary one of 'em could got that oldest boy of Jim Scruggses—he was jist crazy about both of 'em.

EMMA: They didn't want 'im—the Scruggses is about as bad off as us.

HOMER: Well, he's a good worker—an' I don't want to hear ye takin' up fer them girls—they've shamed the whole fam'ly.

EMMA: If ye'd done like I tolje it never would a happened—I told ye ye ought to git a job on W.P.A. an' leave here.

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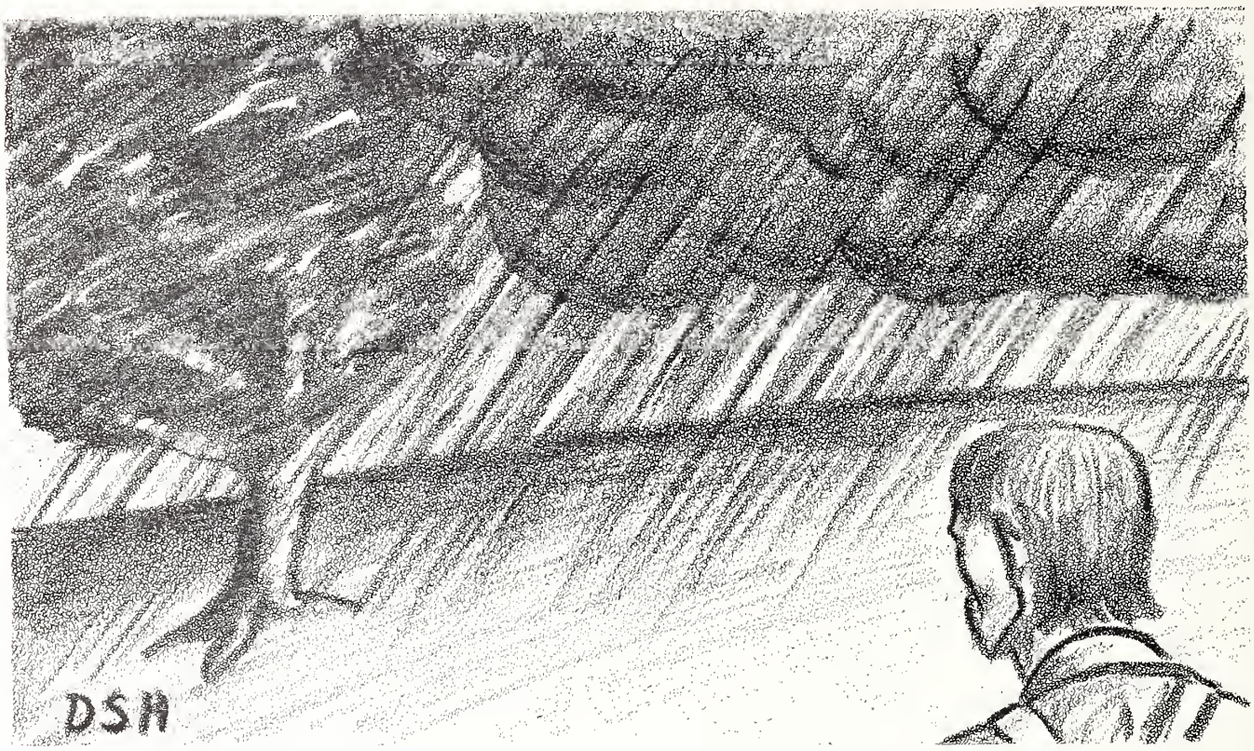

HOMER: Emmer, I een't takin' no charity job from nobody—an' ye kin leave me alone about it.

EMMA: Well, ye ought to, we done had enough trouble like it is.

HOMER: You know I got a good stand o' cotton—we ought to clear somethin' this year.

EMMA: Ye allus do have good prospec's, but we don't never make nothin'.

HOMER: I've allus made ye a livin', I reckon.

EMMA: I don't know what we'd a lived on last winter if Roll hadn't got on W.P.A. Ye ought to let 'im stayed on too, 'stid makin' 'im help ye with the farm.

HOMER: I keen't do all the work myself—an' he wadn't makin' nothin' much anyhow.

EMMA: We had stuff to cook when he was workin'.

HOMER: He kin git back on again next fall, I reckon.

EMMA: An' you ought to.

HOMER: If I make a good crop there een't no need to.

EMMA: Prob'ly have to keep Oss an' Lorene up nex' winter—they een't doin' no good with their crop.

HOMER: Well, Oss is a good worker—an' Lorene an' him'll git along all right, I guess.

EMMA: He ought to took that job in the mill when he could a got it.

HOMER (*after a pause*): Guess ye might as well go ahead an' fix dinner.

EMMA: When's Roll comin' in?

HOMER: Soon as he finishes that patch o' corn on th' other side—about twelve, I reckon.

(*Homer doesn't answer, and Emma stares at him as he thumbs through an almanac.*)

EMMA: B'lieve I hyeerd a car stop outside.

HOMER (*looking up, puzzled*): Don't know nobody that'd be comin' to see me.

(*A knock is heard at the left door. Homer opens it and his brother Noah enters. He is about fifty and has a shiny, pink skin that is full of wrinkles. He is wearing a pair of horn-rim glasses, one earpiece of which is broken off. He is dressed in a pair of blue serge trousers and a checkered shirt, with a sailor collar. In contrast to Homer's wiriness, Noah is plump, almost rotund.*)

HOMER: Howdy, Noah. Come on in.

NOAH: Howdy. How're you, Emmer?

EMMA: Purty good. Bring Leoner with ye?

NOAH: No, I was aimin' to walk, but Mitch Bishop's biggest boy Tim come by an' I rid on out with him.

HOMER: Shore glad ye come—how ye folks gittin' along?

NOAH: Jist fine. Y'all gittin' along all right?

HOMER: Yeah, we're all up an' about—keen't complain, I don't reckon.

EMMA: Ye still on W.P.A., Noeh?

NOAH: Yeah, but we done made all our time fer this week, so I thought I'd come out an' see you folks.

HOMER: Yeah, shore glad ye could come.

EMMA: Where y'all workin' now?

NOAH: Oh, we're doin' a road job over the other side of Drayton. Well, how's ye young'uns?

HOMER (*embarrassed*): Well, I guess ye knowed that Oss married that Lipscomb girl an' they was farmin' up on the old Berry place.

NOAH: Yeah, b'lieve I do recollect hearin' sump'n about it.

EMMA: Daisy an' Marther's workin' up town.

NOAH: Well, they een't nobody home now except Roll, then?

HOMER: That's all—he's over plowin' a patch o' corn I got on th' fer side nex' to the' railroad—ought to be in 'fore ye go.

NOAH: Guess Oss up an' leavin' sorta makes it hard on ye about the farm, don't it?

HOMER: Well, Roll's a willin' worker.

NOAH: Yeah, I know that—we used to be on the same W.P.A. section.

HOMER: Yeah, he tol' me ye was.

EMMA: I guess ye're stayin' to dinner, een't ye, Noeh?

NOAH: No, I 'spect I'll git on back home 'fore then. Leoner's cookin' some canned beans fer dinner.

EMMA: Ye better stay—it's a purty good walk over to yore house.

NOAH: Well, I don't want to put ye out none about dinner none, Emmer.

EMMA: It een't no trouble. (*Gets up and leaves by right door.*)

NOAH: Say, I was noticin' comin' over here that they's a bad lookin' cloud come up from the north.

HOMER (*going to window*): That is bad lookin'—don't reckin there's hail in it, do ye?

NOAH (*joining him*): Well, now, one them red colored clouds in the north's usually got some hail in it.

HOMER: Well, it's purty windy an' it might blow around.

NOAH: Don't seem to be, though.

HOMER: I shore hope it don't hail none.

NOAH: Jist about rurn ye cotton, wouldn't it?

HOMER: Yeah, I don't want it to hail none.

NOAH: How is ye crops this time?

HOMER: Purty good—got a fine stand of cotton.

NOAH: A hail'd shore rurn ye, all right. Well, we keen't do nothin' about it, so we might as well set back down.

HOMER: I couldn't stand a hail—owe fertilize bills fer three years back now.

NOAH: That right? They shore een't nothin' in farmin'. I don't see why ye don't jist quit.

HOMER: I don't know nothin' else to do—been livin' right here on this place since 1904.

NOAH: Ye could git on W.P.A., I reckon.

HOMER: I don't want no charity, an' you know it, Noeh.

NOAH: Workin' fer the gover'ment een't charity, Homer.

HOMER: Well, I won't need it if this is a good cotton year. (*A door slams at the back of the house.*) Must be Roll comin' in from his plowin'.

(*Right door opens and Roll enters. His face is prickly with a one-day's growth of thick, black beard. He is dressed in overalls and a pair of wet brogans. Tiny beads of rain stand in his hair.*)

NOAH: Hey, there, Roll—been plowin'?

ROLL: Howdy, Noeh. Yeah, I was plowin', but I had to knock off on account of the rain.

HOMER: Is it rainin'?

ROLL: Yeah, drizzlin' a little bit.

HOMER: Ye didn't finish ye plowin' then, did ye?

ROLL: All of it excep' that round turrace up on the top of the hill.

HOMER: Ye think that cloud's goin' to blow around?

ROLL: Don't think it will—looks like it might have some hail in it, too.

HOMER: Me an' Noeh was jist talkin' about it when ye come in—ye rilly think it's got hail in it?

ROLL: Looks like it to me. Shore rurn the cotton, wouldn't it?

(*Homer goes to the window and stands there, staring out.*)

NOAH: When ye goin' to git back on W.P.A., Roll?

ROLL: I shore like to now, but Pa een't been able to work fer the last day or two, so I guess I'll stay here to hep 'im on the farm.

NOAH: Yeah, Oss bein' gone an' all, I guess it's purty hard on 'im.

ROLL: Yeah, an' Pa een't as young as he used to be. Reckon I'll have to stay on, but I'd shore like to be back with you fellers.

NOAH: The boss was askin' about ye th'other day—said ye was a mighty good worker.

ROLL: How you fellers gittin' on now?

NOAH: All right, I guess. They let four or five of 'em go about a month back—I hyeerd it was to make the rest of us work harder.

ROLL: Say, how's that water boy, Nub, makin' out?

NOAH: Well, he een't been workin' till last week—jist got off the gang fer stealin' chickens.

ROLL: That right? He allus was up to somethin'.

NOAH: He uz grouchin' around day before yestidy about havin' to tote two buckets of water 'fore dinner time.

ROLL (*chuckling*): Old Nub never was worth a damn. Guess he's still braggin' about how he got shot in th' war.

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College Students and "College Spirit"

By Dr. Robert Adger Law

I HAVE BEEN much interested in an article entitled "The Transformation of College Spirit," which was contributed to THE JOURNAL last March by my good friend, Dr. Louis B. Wright, of San Marino, California. Dr. Wright is unquestionably one of the distinguished graduates of Wofford College. Both through his books and through personal contacts, he is coming each year to have a wider and stronger influence on scholars throughout America. The position that he occupies on the staff of the Huntington Library would be regarded by most devotees of English and American literature as a close approximation to Paradise — a place where the scholar dwells in an ivory tower among priceless books, reads them to his heart's content, writes about them as the spirit moves him, and then lies down to pleasant dreams, unworried by students. At least, that is the impression visitors to the library get, though his duties may be more onerous than they suspect. And when at the lunch period Dr. Wright pushes aside his rare books for an hour, he becomes a delightful table companion, the very life of a small group of men and women, likewise enjoying the rich fruits of scholarship, though for a severely limited season.

Dr. Robert Adger Law was born in Spartanburg on March 8, 1879, spending his preparatory school days here. He entered Wofford College in 1894, being initiated the same year into Kappa Alpha fraternity. In 1898, he received his B. A. degree, going to Trinity College (now Duke University) to receive his M. A. in 1902. Dr. Law received his Doctor of Philosophy in English at Harvard in 1905, winning the Townsend Scholarship and the James Savage Scholarship during his stay. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa society. This year he received his LL. D. from Austin College, Sherman, Texas. He has been active in the field of literature, being a member of the Modern Language Association of America, Shakespearean Association of America, Modern Humanities Research Association, Malone Society, American Association of University Professors, and the Folk Lore Society of Texas.

He has been acting professor of English during summers at Southern Methodist University, University of North Carolina, Cornell University, and Stanford University. Last summer, the author spent a few weeks at the Huntington Library, meanwhile teaching at the University of Southern California. He is a co-author of "Written English," 1932, and "Ideas and Models," 1935. He was editor of the "Texas Review" during 1915-24.

An explanatory letter accompanying his article says in part: " . . . Most of my work in these later years has been in Shakespeare. I believe this is the first line I have sent THE JOURNAL *since 1898. Time was when my undergraduate offerings were frequent . . ."*

THE JOURNAL *takes pleasure in presenting "College Students and 'College Spirit'" written exclusively for the Wofford magazine.*

For the impressions of contemporary student life gained by Dr. Wright, leading such an existence and bound by such cultural ties, one can easily account. He is convinced that the present generation is more serious, more studious, more interested in humanistic learning, less devoted to football, than was his own at Wofford College in 1916-1920. I wonder.

Some thirty-odd years ago, even before Dr. Wright entered Wofford, I chanced to hear President Charles W. Eliot address a large audience of Harvard undergraduates on the same general subject, "College Spirit." His first sentence ran something like this: "I have heard more nonsense talked, shouted, and sung on this subject than any other I know." Dr. Eliot's ideals then were much the same as Dr. Wright's are now. He always opposed football as too "fierce" a sport. He had no sympathy for the expression of college loyalty in organized "rooting" for the team. He believed that class spirit should spring, not from the chance of a common date for graduation, but from intellectual associations, and mutual interest in the solution of scientific problems. All his thinking was on a high plane.

My own mental exercises for a good many years of college teaching have kept me near the earth. Every year I make a habit of teaching at least one class of freshmen or sophomores in required English, who consistently destroy many of my illusions. Daily practice in reading his pupils' themes or examination papers should enhance any teacher's humility as to the effectiveness of his instruction. But, at least, to paraphrase Kipling, I have learned about students from them. Then, too, I spent some rather unprofitable years as a member and later as chairman of our local Athletic Council. By these means I have long since become gray-haired, but I believe that I have learned something about "college spirit" and what students think it means.

Dr. Wright recalls that students of his generation frequently boasted that they did not "crack a book" before taking a test. Students of 1916-1918, he remembers, spent many hours "watching football and baseball practice, and learning yells to cheer the team to victory," while dormitory conversation was confined to "athletics, girls, and occasionally an argument about religion." Then came the World War, and instructors

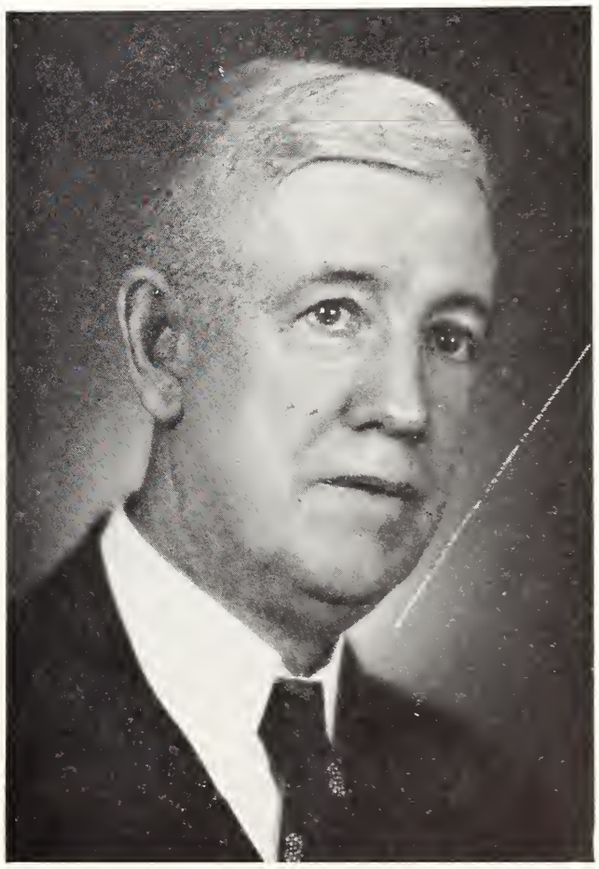
in training camps taught students the art of killing. War was followed by depression, searching for joys brought the students into a world confused and hostile, and they are just now "discovering the practical use of so-called 'literary education'." Thus the old-time enthusiasm for football is rapidly waning. Alumni may bemoan "the refusal of college youth to devote their energies to hurrah," but "the new spirit of college students is infinitely more promising than the old."

I really wish I could see college students transformed as they are in Dr. Wright's vision. If our American institutions of learning were more definitely centers of intellectual interest than they now are, I think this would be a better nation. But my judgment is that the present college generation, despite its outward respect for Phi Beta Kappa, contains many who boast that they never "crack a book," depending on their natural wits to pass all courses. In fact, I have heard deans of women complain that even their delicate charges were sometimes guilty of such falsehoods. Football practices and rallies are still held in my neighborhood, marked by no less raucousness than used to be the case, but by the increasing development of new techniques on the part of yell leaders and "majorettes." Of the present trend of dormitory conversations I cannot speak with first-hand knowledge, but I have reason to believe that athletics, girls, and religion are still major topics. Human nature has not greatly changed in the past twenty years.

Genuine transformations noted by Dr. Wright are caused largely, I think, by certain changes in the American way of living that he does not mention. The first is that the present college student leads a much more complex urban life, and is surrounded by many luxuries that neither Dr. Wright's generation nor mine ever conceived. One example is the prevalence of automobiles and the accompanying good roads. I do not know how many Wofford students possessed their own cars in Dr. Wright's college years, nor how many do today, but I venture the assertion that joy-riding about town, or traveling in somebody's car to Greenville, Rock Hill, Columbia, or Charleston presents no serious problem to the modern student. Neither is the radio nor the telephone conducive to study. Then, too, there is the dance. When I was at Wofford College, practically no one danced. My guess is that dancing in places off the campus is now a fairly common weekly practice. Such is true, I am sure, among most American college students. With the telephone, the automobile, the radio, and dancing to talk about, dormitory conversations may be broadened in scope, though not more deeply rooted. Certainly, life is more interesting for the average student than it was in the dull days of our generation. Is it more genuinely intellectual?

But the most startling change in America since the World War has been in our high schools. Not only have they doubled and trebled their attendance, thus adding tremendously to college enrollments, but they have adopted a great many extra-curricular activities that formerly belonged to the college alone. Three of the most important of these are debating, athletic sports of various kinds, particularly football, basketball, and track, and social organizations closely imitating the college Greek letter fraternity, though seldom so named. Moreover, high school administrators have formally encouraged all these extra-curricular activities, have given them direction, and persuaded pupils to engage in them, sometimes to the detriment of classroom study. The "hurrah" element, the football rally, with the "pep squad" for girls who cannot play football, the shouting and the tumult that once differentiated "college spirit" from all other enthusiasms, are now found even in the smaller high schools. Because high school graduates have already passed through this stage, they are less emotionally stirred by cheers for the team when they get to college. Hence the decline of interest in football.

(Continued on Page 16)



DR. ROBERT ADGER LAW

HOW ABOUT IT, FRESHMEN ?

By George Beach

Let's hear what the freshmen say.

What they say before they have learned the lay of the land, memorized the "sure" phrases, spotted the sacred cows, fallen into the sickening and devitalizing rut of routine and felt the crumble of dirt falling down on their heads.

What do you say, freshmen? Have you felt the splendor of your early days at Wofford, the drugged days after sleepless nights, the bull-sessions, the girls and dates, the shock to bodies and minds, the floating—floating on new words and new dreams, the ecstatic tingle of anticipation which reached clear down to your innermost neurone and to your most private genetic cell?

Or did you come knowing it all? Some do. Yeah, sure. I know. Lissen, Buddy, you gotta learn, not me. Oh yeah? That! That's screwy. Git off.

Have you sweltered in the bulging stacks of old Whitefoord Smith up and down the rows, burning your fingers with the raw Mazdas? There was a pedant once, a kindly hearted old man, who nightly offered up his prayers of thanks because English literature had been written by men of abounding common sense; that it was the people's literature, and not a literature of the court; that it shied off from a restricting rule like a Spitfire from a Messerschmidt.

Have you played the game, or at least bellowed yourself blue in the face cheering? Have you felt the slightly exhilarating feeling of mutual action? Or does Wofford College mean to you a certain amount of work and aspirin, and play and food, and you alone shall be the master of your fate and arbiter of your own petty soul?

Let us hear what the freshmen say, and the song the freshmen sing. And the curve of the lip, and the look of the eye, and the aptitudes they bring. And the sacred cows shall suspire again, and the Ganges on shall flow. But the river's edge where the Brahmin sit shall rise—and we shall know.

SONGS OF WINTER

THE FOREST

Lovely trees,
Standing pure as rain,
Tilting, swaying, listening to the wind,
Learning secrets from each aerial troubadour.
Each breeze brings news unknown to man,
Tells of sights and sounds unmeant for mortal sense.
The wise old trees are quick to learn;
They know, they understand, but never tell.
They go on tilting, swaying,
Listening to the wind.

SNOWFLAKES

There dropped a snowflake on my window sill,
And soon his merry twinkling fellows came;
With careless dance they lightly played until
My heart was rapt with pleasures of their game.

RAIN

Falling rain is beautiful.
I love the sun in cloudless sky,
I love the winds of muffled sigh;
But as the raindrops patter by
They loose this gleeful, softened cry:
Falling rain is beautiful.

—George Reeves, Jr.

FANTASY

Ships of orange, ships of gold;
Moonbeams where the gypsies are.
Byzantine and Ottoman
Torque to Doric mould.
Glibly to the feint entire,
Harnessing the public weal;
Slipping, slipping evermore,
Shall the blend sublime.

—George Beach.

CHECK AND DOUBLE-CHECK

The Super-Sleuth of the Campus, John Henry, Who Knows Whereof He Writes, Pulls a Case from the Files and Reveals the Check Racket

A check is a simple thing.

It is a mere slip of paper, authorizing a bank to pay to the bearer a stated sum of money. There are various kinds of checks and they are used for thousands of purposes. When properly signed and endorsed, a check is as good as cash with most people.

However, the multiple uses of the check have given rise to one of the greatest of evils of today. Perhaps other crimes are more notorious, more highly publicized and more dangerous to the public at large, but in quantity and consistency, there are few offenses against the state which surpass that of the issuing of fraudulent checks. Checks may be forged, they may be written without funds to back the authorized payment, or their face value may be changed. It would be useless to try to enumerate the various ways in which the public may be defrauded by the use of checks.

The criminal today has learned the art of cashing bad checks and some have made it a profession. A check "flasher" may be a well dressed, well educated person; or he may be a ragged negro laborer who has forged the name of his employer to a piece of paper. This conglomerate variety is what causes the honest business man and the small city police so much trouble. Anyone who pays his bills by check is a potential victim of the check racket. Circumstances differ in practically all cases, and each fraudulent use of a check presents its separate and distinct problems for the investigating authorities.

A typical example of the illegal usage of a check is outlined below. Sergeant Crane, the "hero" of the case, might well be the detective chief of any modernized police department in a small city. Mr. Murph and Mr. Morgan, other characters in the case, could be any business or professional man in any American city.

As the outline of the case opens, Mr. Morgan is completing a transaction in which he has purchased an automobile from Murph, salesman for a motor sales concern.

"IF YOU have this model in a deluxe maroon, I'll take it."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Morgan. We can deliver it this afternoon. I believe you said you'd like it delivered with radio and heater installed, didn't you?"

"Yes, that's right. By the way, I'll want to pay cash for it, so please bring along all the necessary papers when you bring the car to my office this afternoon."

"All right, sir, I'll bring them about 4 o'clock. I'm quite sure you'll be pleased with your new Cordmobile, and the service it gives you. Good-day, sir, and thank you very much."

This conversation concluded a transaction with which Murph had been occupied an entire week. He knew that Mr. Morgan had the ready cash to afford a high-priced car such as the Cordmobile, and also knew that his customer would write a check for the total amount of the purchase, as was his usual custom. Too, Murph needed the fat bonus he would realize from the cash sale.

Promptly at 4 o'clock that afternoon, Murph appeared at the Morgan office with the gleaming new automobile. In his pocket were the registration papers and a bill of sale, in order to complete the transaction immediately.

He was greeted cordially enough, and Mr. Morgan began to examine the papers carefully. Finding them in order, he handed the salesman a slip of paper and said, "Here is my check for $3,875 to cover the entire amount due."

"That's correct, Mr. Morgan," the salesman replied. "Your check is as good as cash with us, and if you want anything else or have any trouble with your car, please don't hesitate to call us."

"Don't worry, I will," the customer replied laughingly. "But I hope that won't be necessary. Good-bye, Mr. Murph."

Murph strode jubilantly back to his office and plunked the check down on the cashier's desk.

"Credit that to your Uncle Dudley," he announced. "And, after a sale like that, I'm taking off-for the rest of the day!"

Next morning, the cashier gathered up his checks and cash for his daily trip to the bank. As he carefully noted the amounts of each check, he envied Mr. Morgan's ability to write such checks in such amounts and know that any bank would be glad to accept them.

At the bank, the teller accepted the bag of valuables and proceeded with his cross-check of the cashier's deposit slip. When he reached the check from Mr. Morgan, he took it to one side and carefully compared the signature with a sample in his possession.

"We have to do that with all large checks to prevent a possible forgery," he remarked to the cashier from the automobile sales concern. "Mr. Morgan, for example, already has written several checks for large amounts this week, and I don't want to take a forged one."

Still chuckling at the precautions so strictly observed at the bank, the cashier returned to his duties. Less than an hour later, the telephone on his desk rang sharply.

As he answered, his features dropped and his customary smile was replaced by a look of surprise. As soon as he finished the brief conversation, he called Murph to his desk.

"Say, fellow, the bank just called and said that check of Morgan's was no good—his account is badly overdrawn!"

"Why, there must be some mistake!" the salesman said disbelievingly. "I'll run over and see him right away!"

When Mr. Morgan heard the news he glanced quickly at his check stubs and then reached for his 'phone.

"You are in error," he said. "According to my records, I had $6,185 on deposit with you before writing that check for the car."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Morgan," came the cool, precise voice of the banker. "But those three large checks you wrote earlier in the week reduced your balance to only $185."

"What three checks?" exploded Morgan. "Something's badly wrong somewhere!"

Detective Joe Martin listened patiently as details of the story were related, and then called for the three checks obtained from the bank.

"Are these signatures yours, Mr. Morgan?" he asked.

"They look like mine, all right," replied the troubled man. "But they're not—because I never wrote those checks. Someone has forged my name!"

"The bank teller remembers cashing two of them, and also recalls that he checked the signatures against yours without detecting anything wrong," mused the officer. "I'm really afraid you're the victim of a gang of professional forgers, Mr. Morgan, but we'll do everything possible to catch them before they get out of town or pull the same stunt on someone else."

Back at headquarters, with the checks in his pocket, Martin immediately reported the case to Sergt. Bill Crane, F. B. I. police academy-trained chief of the detective squad.

Because of the amount involved, and the method used by the forgers, Crane displayed an unusual interest in the case. After subjecting the checks to a thorough examination, he looked up to remark, "Boy, the fellow who did this job is a smart one to fool those bank tellers. I'm afraid we're really up against a tough nut—and if we're not careful this gang will pull more of this same stuff."

He returned to his examination and then suddenly swung around in his seat.

"We'll have to work fast! Round up all the known forgery experts and any other suspicious characters and quizz 'em thoroughly. Meanwhile, I think I'll use a little chemistry on these checks."

Even as the sergeant was speaking, another member of the detective squad brought in four more cleverly forged checks from another well-to-do citizen of Sparta. The description of the men who had cashed the checks tallied with those of the men in the Morgan case.

A general alarm was given at once to all banks to be on guard against two well-dressed, middle-aged men cashing checks made payable to cash, usually in large amounts.

Following instructions, the banks and other sources sent several tips to police headquarters, but all were useless.

Not a single likely-appearing suspect was netted by the roundup. Two negroes with baseball tips in their pockets and a number of poorly-dressed and ill-smelling vagrants comprised the entire assortment—and none of them by any stretch of the imagination could fit the description of either of the men who had cashed the checks.

Meanwhile, in his laboratory, Sergeant Crane adjusted the lens of his microscope and grinned knowingly to himself. He had a clue—indeed, he had several clues. With a final notation on his pad, he rose and walked briskly back to his office.

Calling his men together, he told them to stop their search for a gang of professional forgers.

"Why, sergeant?" queried Martin.

"Because, Mr. Martin," smiled the sergeant, "those checks weren't forged at all—they were traced!

"See here," he invited, "there's not a person in the world who can ever duplicate exactly his signature every time he writes it. Yet, the signatures on all of these checks are exactly identical—all of Mr. Morgan's signatures are alike and all of Mr. Abbott's signatures are as alike as so many peas in the pod.

"That means but one thing: The man who did this job had access to the signatures of both Morgan and Abbott. Martin, take a man with you and find out where they bought their gas and oil, or where they stored their cars, or see if either of them has had

(Continued on Page 19)

SAMSON'S DAY

By George Reeves

Pictures of Cotton-picking Time Down South Become Alive in a Human Story About Pickaninnies and Their Habits.

IT WAS cotton-picking times in the hilly, red-mud section of upper South Carolina. Early September brought fluffy white fields, many acres of which were already bespeckled daily with coteries of cotton-pickers of various extraction and description. There were the farmers and their families, the "niggers," and the "po' whites." Each picker chose his working hours according to his own initiative. Occasionally a big, robust black of exceptional aggressiveness would pick almost four hundred pounds in a day—sunup to sundown. Paid at the rate of a half-cent per pound, he would make approximately two dollars. Such an emolument never failed to incite envy and admiration among the less energetic members of the ebony race. But a four-hundred-pound picker, white or black, was a rare creature. A cotton-picker in good standing would ordinarily gather two hundred pounds in a ten-hour working day. And six dollars a week was considered good wages for any cotton-picker in 1935.

A dollar a day! Samson Porter had never made a dollar in any single day of his life. Nor did he expect to if he had to do it picking cotton. But his mother had ideas of her own. At six o'clock in the morning Effie Mae Porter had despatched her two sons, Samson and Joseph, to get jobs in the cotton fields "up to Mistah Dillads," whose farm was two miles away. At eight o'clock the two were still dawdling along the dusty road, throwing rocks at cotton bolls and chasing grasshoppers. Their destination was another half-mile away.

Samson was nine years old and black as coal tar at midnight. Joseph was six and of precisely the same jet shade as his brother. Both had kinky-short hair, pancake noses, even teeth ensconced behind large moon-pie lips, and dark eyes with whites that still sparkled with their baby luster. Overalls and shirts were their only garments. Perhaps they looked as much alike as any two half-brothers ever did.

Samson's father was unknown. Effie Mae admitted

Samson was nine years old and black as coal tar at midnight

she wasn't " 'zackly sho' " who he was. Samson was born one rainy morning in December, while Effie Mae still lived with her parents "down on de line." When she learned that she had been blessed with a man-child Effie Mae Johnson announced that he would be called "Samson," and was to be a "strong and mighty chile ob de Lawd." Two years later, when Effie Mae married Ranse Porter, Samson received his stepfather's surname.

When her second son was born, Effie Mae declared that he too was to be one of "God's chillun" and would be called "Joseph." Ranse had very little to say concerning the birth or future destiny of his son. "You tend to de baby an' I'll look afta' de hawgs," he told Effie Mae. And Ranse looked after the hogs.

Samson and Joseph quarreled often; yet they were inseparable. Samson always took the lead and Joseph was quick to follow. They could acquire and master a new vice in record time. They roamed the hills and forests, climbed trees, dug caves, dammed creeks, and did general exploration of the vicinity surrounding their home. Their favorite hangout was the incinerator, where they salvaged anything from alarm clocks to radio condensers. These valuables were promptly taken to their "shop" to be used as needed.

The "shop" was located underneath their house, which was a fairly respectable three-room wooden structure built upon an incline. The back of the house was raised some eight feet above the ground, providing ample space for Effie Mae to do her washing and for Samson to carry out one of his construction projects simultaneously. The "shop" was littered with wooden blocks and planks, bolts, nails, chains, rope, cogwheels, automobile tires, and innumerable miscellaneous pieces of metal and parts of machinery such as might be found in any junk heap. And with these materials Samson turned out an amazing series of vehicles.

Samson's source of income was desultory. He and Joseph sold all the scrap iron they could find that wasn't bolted down. They picked blackberries and did other odd jobs according to the season and opportunity. And when he met a strange white man Samson would invariably gambol, "Mistah, gimme a penny." Joseph would echo the request, but the response was seldom more than a grunt. Ten cents a day seemed a tidy sum to Samson, who always acted as treasurer.

But now Samson and Joseph were going to get jobs! Samson had never thought of working for anyone. It fitted neither his outlook nor his nature. He gloried in his own independence. But even Samson's independence had its limitations. When the little red brick school house which Samson and Joseph attended closed down for a month during cotton-picking time, Effie Mae decided that Samson was old enough to begin contributing to the family budget. So she set her foot down. And Samson's resistance was purely mental, for he had learned from experience how to tell when Effie Mae meant what she said.

Mister Dillard was in his thirties, of medium build, and of the typical farmer's bearded and weather-toughened countenance. He was harnessing the mule when Samson, omitting salutation or introduction, accosted him with, "You need some cotton-pickahs?"

Mr. Dillard surveyed his prospective hired-men, then offered, "I might. Why?"

"We wants a job," said Samson.

"Can you pick cotton?" Mister Dillard was annoyingly inquisitive.

"Yassah. Boaf uv us kin," Samson affirmed.

"Got any pick-laps?"

"Nosuh."

"Well, you'll find some sacks and sheets in the shed there. You can make your own pick-laps and you can start picking over there where you see the rest of 'em." Mister Dillard recommenced harnessing the mule.

The engagement being made, Samson had no further comment. In half an hour he and Joseph, with pick-sacks slung from their shoulders, were crossing the field to join the scattered groups of pickers. They were scarcely noticed, except by the negroes near whom they set to work. A negress of about twenty-five inquired, "Whose lil' boys is y'all?"

Joseph shyed and Samson reluctantly whined, "Ranse Potah."

"Wheah you stay?" continued the negress.

"We stays down to Mistah Cannon's place," said Samson. He was not enthusiastic.

Further exchange revealed that the negress was Jerry Williams and had been Ranse's girl friend many years before. Samson resented her affability until she offered to help him and Joseph when they lagged behind with their row. A friendship was immediately established.

When the three came to the end of their rows, Jerry reached under her blouse and produced a tin of cheap tobacco. She rolled a cigarette almost expertly. Joseph ran off after a grasshopper. Samson sat down and eyed Jerry longingly. He had been smoking sporadically for more than two years. Joseph was just learning. When the cigarette was half burned Samson put in his bid with, "I wants dat duck."

"Lawd, chile, you'se too lil' to be smokin'," exclaimed Jerry.

"I been smokin' evah since I was six yeahs old," countered Samson.

"You ain' gonna git no cigarette from me." Jerry was firm. She smoked the cigarette until it became a

(Continued on Page 24)

Editor Pierre H. Fike

of The Spartanburg Journal criticizes the November Issue of

The Journal

THE November issue of THE JOURNAL of Wofford College carries something better than sex appeal — reader appeal. Without lopping into the stock-worn phrases like "highly creditable," "highest standard of excellence," or numerous other phrases which have become threadbare, suffice to say that the November issue is the handiwork of literary craftsmen who need not be ashamed.

To a casual reader, critic, or reviewer, as you please, recognition must be given the taste and judgment displayed in selecting its reading matter—prose, poetry, reviews, and features.

THE JOURNAL is appropriately dedicated to Wofford's president, Dr. Henry Nelson Snyder, who has rounded out half a century of service for God and humanity at the historic institution.

The style and phrasing of the literary contents, both prose and poetry, attest that contributors put real thought, study, and effort to their respective offerings.

The short story, "Valley of the Shadow," deals with the short and simple annals of a farm-to-factory family, shifting from pillar to post in quest of the "pot of gold," or the something turning up that Micawber always insisted was on the way, but which never arrives for those belonging to the low-income class. Lacking, of course the vivid sketching of a John Steinbeck or the dramatic settings of gaunt poverty pictured by Zola, author Thomason tells a story that carries originality and clarity in dealing with his brain children and the environment in which they live and move.

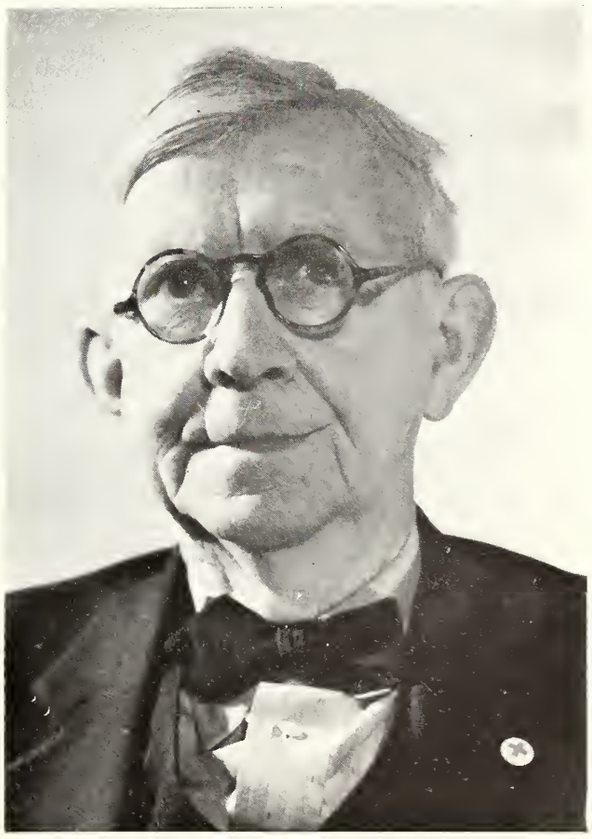
In "Conflict," James Ritter forcefully depicts the struggle so oft pictured in different settings and circumstances—that of a soul inherently honest protesting against degrading itself even when the proverbial wolf is at the door and the stomach craves bread and meat.

The features are entitled to commendation. The choice and variety recommend themselves to the reader. Especially "Operation," sketched by George Beach, is realistic and comprehensive. For a subject exacting so much in detail, the author exhibits real ability, and when you have finished the sketch you feel as if you had been in the hospital's operating room.

"Caravaning in Virginia," by one of the crusaders, James Allen Knight, describes the green hills and valleys of the Old Dominion deftly, without taking off into poetic flights, and at the same time, recounts with brevity the activities of the cause which occasioned his temporary sojourn in that happy valley.

Another feature was the interview with that queen of exploration, Osa Johnson, in which Bernard Cannon displays a real nose for news and the art of handling it, once it is rounded up.

A striking article was the reminiscenses of Wofford fifty-six years ago, contributed by Hon. Daniel C. Roper, former Secretary of Commerce and former United States Minister to Canada, in which he pays



EDITOR FIKE

a just tribute to the small college and accurately argues that it has earned its permanent niche in the educational set-up. Those who have read this article will be impressed with the priceless value to youth of contact with rare personalities. Mr. Roper, as a raw student, made it a point to acquaint himself, in person, with two of the greatest Methodist leaders of their day and time; both identified with Wofford when he entered the college: Dr. Whitefoord Smith and Dr. James H. Carlisle. The counsel and advice the master teachers gave him at the time was treasured in memory and influenced him time and again. Such counselors on educational and religious topics gave the young freshman inspiration, and the lesson, once learned, never departed. It stood him well in the many advances he achieved in subsequent years.

THE JOURNAL's editorials are on varied, live, and pertinent topics. For example: "Times Change and Languages Follow," "Noisy Seniors and Chapel Acoustics," "We Don't Take What We Buy," "THE JOURNAL Enters a New Cycle," and "Dr. W. P. Few." These editorials consistently have the virtue of brevity, that pearl of great price, and yet they intelligently treat their respective subjects—whether it be an urge to support the Lyceum attractions by attendance, or invitation to the student body to make the literary magazine more and more their own mouthpiece to proclaim their ideals, aims, and impressions, or the trend of modern teaching in boosting Spanish and further relegating Latin and Greek. Yes, THE JOURNAL's editorial page is alive, and not heavy, long-drawn-out and boresome by finespun theories lengthened to ill proportion.

The book reviews would be creditable to any publication. The plan under which it operates is for students to submit their own reviews. There is no one single reviewer. That within itself is admirable. A careful reading of the reviews forces the conclusions that Wofford men who keep up with secular literature, whatever the style, character, or subject matter, know their way around, and give sound reason for the basis of either approval or censure.

Of course the issue carries a group of poems. What would college or a student body be without the vehicle to build the lofty rhyme? Life would be stale, flat, and unbearable. It would be as if there were no Santa Claus, no face that "launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium," no spring sunrises nor winter sunsets, except for those to whom a Yellow Primrose is but a yellow primrose, and nothing more.

The reviewer disqualifies himself from either criticizing THE JOURNAL poems or drawing comparisons within the group. They are good productions of their kind, and may incite their authors to keep hoofing it up Parnassus hill. So few write real poetry. Verily, the rare spirits who have spurred Pegasus up the heights have traveled, as the Latin phrase goes, *ad astra, per aspera* (to the stars, through difficulties), and in this field the opportunity is unlimited.

Reviewing the November issue of THE JOURNAL carries the writer back some forty-odd years to his Wofford days. It was a high spot in his freshman life when THE JOURNAL of that day accepted his first production—a kind of prose narrative based on Longfellow's "Evangeline." When that particular issue of THE JOURNAL left the press of the old Spartan office, and this "Frosh" got his hands on one, he hiked to his lair in the old alumni hall, fastened the door on his roommates, and stretched out on his stomach. He clutched THE JOURNAL, and, finding the page on which his contribution appeared, pored over it for hours. Pity indeed he did not pour over his studies with the same interest and enthusiasm.

"COLLEGE SPIRIT"

(Continued from Page 9)

More mature, more sober, possessed of more initiative, the modern college student certainly is, compared with the Wofford student of my day or of Dr. Wright's later day. His interests are wider, his life more comfortable, and, possibly, he is happier. Phonograph records bring him more good and bad music; he attends more movies and fewer stage shows. This I judge, not only from observation as a college teacher, but from opportunities arising to the parent of three children who have passed through college, and of one daughter still in high school. All four children, like other students, I am convinced, have been better fitted by their education to go out into a realistic world and fight their own battles than I was at a corresponding age. Unlike Dr. Wright, I did not graduate into war or into a training camp. My hard knocks I had to take from other quarters. They came as a matter of course.

I am not belittling the modern college student or bewailing the fact that things are not as they used to be. There were giants in my days—one of them, Dr. Carlisle, an old man, and another, Dr. Snyder, then a young man, but the most beloved teacher of my class. Yet I have no doubt that other giants have sprung up since then. But if the present generation of college students has put aside all childish things, is more devoted to learning, more willing to read good books, more intellectual in the best sense, than were those before the last World War, I have been blind to the signs of progress.

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Editorials

CHRISTMAS, 1940

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

In a diseased world in which the sign of the sword eclipses that of the cross, these words take on greater significance than they have had since first uttered by the heavenly host at the birth of the Prince of Peace over two thousand years ago.

Ironically, messages of friendship and good will cannot be delivered during this joyous season to Palestine, the birthplace of Jesus, and throughout the world, mad demagogues dare to flaunt the doctrines of Him who taught that all men are brothers.

Although certain economists have expressed a similar idealistic plan, it was He who first envisioned a "united states," not of one continent, but of the world; a world large enough to accommodate all peoples, regardless of conflicting cultures and creeds.

Christmas, 1940, brings a different story to us in America. It is as if this nation were not a part of the belligerent world. Basking in the greatest prosperity since 1929, Americans look forward to a jolly holiday season characterized by its familiar and unique traditions that help to make life more worth living.

Again we can shout a "Merry Christmas" to our friends, knowing that the joy and happiness of that commemoration will not be disrupted at any moment by pagan bombs dealing death to the innocent and guilty alike. Thankful Americans will continue to worship the Messiah in their own ways, and sing the beloved carols of the ages without molestation.

In spite of a bizarre commercialism that tends to obscure the true meaning and purpose of Christmas, let us praise Him whose birthday we honor with the hope that in the end peace and good will shall descend upon all nations.

Let our main purpose be the making of a real Christian Christmas.

TWO DEANS—TWO GENERATIONS

We take this opportunity to salute the recently appointed Dean LeRoy Cox, and "Dean" DuPre, whose resignation does not change his place in the affections of Wofford students.

It was with regret that the student body learned of Dean DuPre's resignation last spring. For several years he had urged the trustees to accept his resignation, but they wanted to hold on to him as long as possible. In June of 1939 his resignation was reluctantly accepted.

However, it is a source of compensation that "Dean" DuPre is to continue with the college; Wofford and DuPre are synonomous, and students present and students past are happy in the thought that in the classroom, on the campus, and upon the streets of the city, his stately figure and inspiring personality are to continue.

Wofford is fortunate in being able to call a successor from her own ranks. Dean Cox, in the short time he has been serving, has met all the exacting requirements of his important position. Like his predecessor, he has in his make-up the ability to command the respect and confidence of the student body.

May many years be the tenure of Dean Cox in the position to which he has been called.

SENIORS TO READ—AND WRITE, TOO!

No longer will Wofford graduates be turned loose on the world to shock their receivers with poorly constructed sentences and worse spelling. At any rate, that is the hope of the faculty, who recently decided to launch a project calculated to make every student a correct user of the English language.

Evidences of the need of such an innovation have been abundant. For example, first letters from college graduates to prospective employers too often have acted like boomerangs for their senders, and untold embarrassment has been inflicted on the college "responsible" for such ignorance. In the future students will know the fundamentals of English composition before they feel a diploma.

Present plans call for an examination of Juniors and Seniors during the regular first period examination. This exam will quizz students on composition and will merely supplement other exams. After this first time, only Juniors will take the test. Students found to be deficient in grammar will have a special class, and may withdraw

from the class when they have proved themselves capable of meeting requirements satisfactorily.

Another feature of the worthwhile project is that each professor, regardless of what subject he teaches, will read papers looking for mistakes in grammar as well as mistakes in fact. Bad grammarians discovered in this way will join the class already described.

Similar plans have succeeded in other institutions, and the faculty is to be commended for adopting one here. Its adoption at Wofford will subsequently result in a higher type graduate, better equipped to cope with a world that more and more demands greater accuracy and proficiency.

S.C.C.P.A. AND THE JOURNAL AWARDS

Heartiest congratulations to the officers of the South Carolina College Press Association are in order for having done a hard job well. Their efficient execution of a good program during the annual convention held at Furman University recently left nothing to be desired.

Informative lectures punctuated by enjoyable social periods were well planned. Lander College will be host to the 1941 convention, and the annual meetings of student writers increases in importance and usefulness.

THE JOURNAL was pleased to receive three awards as a result of the association's individual contests. They were for the best play, "Dark Corner," by John Thomason; best feature, "Abraham Wolfe Davidson," by George Beach; and best sketch, "The Seniors May Go," by Owens Wood. THE JOURNAL also ranked third place in the contest for the best magazine.

Possibly the most important business of the convention was a resolution that a division be made in the contest for college newspapers. Hereafter a newspaper will be put in one of two divisions, dependent upon the size of the institution it represents. This should be not only fairer to the entries, but also easier on the judges.

CHECK AND DOUBLE-CHECK

(Continued from Page 12)

repair work done on automobiles lately. Report back as soon as you've found out."

Thinking the boss just a bit "screwy," the two detectives nevertheless followed the directions and returned an hour later with their reports. When they had concluded, he studied thoughtfully for a moment and then raised his head.

"That's good work, boys," he said. Now, go out and bring in Ben Stokes. I want to talk to him."

Stokes, owner of "Stokes' Special Service" garage, was brought protestingly to headquarters.

After listening to his voluble protests in silence, Sergeant Crane interrupted to ask, "Stokes, where were you last Wednesday night?"

Reddening, the garage owner fell silent, until the officers repeated the question.

"Well, I suppose there's no reason why I shouldn't tell. I was out at the Lucky Chance casino for a little game—and I have plenty of witnesses who can prove that I was there practically the entire night, too!"

Ignoring the implied challenge, the officer reached forth his hand. "Let me see your fountain pen, Mr. Stokes."

With the pen, he retired to his laboratory to return in a few minutes with a triumphant smile on his face.

"Stokes," he announced, "I'm arresting you on charges of forging seven checks for a total of more than $14,000!"

"You're crazy," blustered the garage owner. "Why, you can't pin a thing like that on me!"

"No?" retorted the officer. "Then listen: You had access to the signatures of both Mr. Morgan and Mr. Abbott because they're customers of yours. You traced those signatures upon blank checks and then filled in the amounts and dates. But you made several mistakes.

"I know the checks were traced, because they are exactly alike and also there are particles of carbon beneath the ink on the checks. I know it was your pen, because the ink you're using has particles of motor oil and gasoline in it—and the ink on the checks has those same foreign substances. Then, when you gave your alibi for Wednesday night, you unknowingly furnished the last link I needed in a case against you—a motive. You needed money for gambling, didn't you?"

In the face of such evidence, Stokes' bravado broke down.

"It's true," he admitted, "but I didn't want to forge those checks. I had to do something—I owed $10,000 to those crooks at the gambling casino and they were threatening to take my garage if I didn't redeem those I. O. U.'s.

"I knew Morgan and Abbott had plenty of money, so I picked on them. Every time I went to the bank, I would change my clothes and attempt to change my looks as much as possible so that you would think there were several people mixed up in the business when you found it out.

"But I didn't dream that you could prove anything just by the ink in my fountain pen, or some little bits of carbon on a check."

WHY POETRY?

(Continued from Page 4)

Finally, the reading and writing of verse ought to be attempted. But not enforced, like an ordinary school-book exercise, because the art of voluntary acceptance arising from pleasure alone can make poetry come alive to the individual. Without the initial stimulus of enjoyment, any amount of reading would be wasted. But this fact argues all the more for its presentation early in childhood before the conscious power of choice is felt.

> How love came in, I do not know,
> Whether by th' eye, or ear, or no:
> Or whether with the soul it came,
> At first, infusèd with the same.[8]

Such a reaction will possibly take place as a result of an early introduction to poetry. The child, if it is normal, naturally wants some rhythm: the rhythm of movement, music, colors, or words. The substitution of word-rhythm for body-rhythm is entirely possible as soon as the ability to recognize stresses in words is developed. The length of a poem has little to do with its worth. We must find other standards than the mechanistic and scientific to measure it by. And we must be careful to avoid a harsh and unyielding attitude to irregularities of form; on the other hand, however, we must not vegetate among the delightful Lydian airs until our taste for the stronger Doric music is spoilt. But the search for standards may well become the most important thing for the average reader of verse to consider, because the exploration leads him into all the many fields of man's knowledge and experience: the emotions, his history, language, customs, philosophy, religion, and adventure. And then he will return unsatisfied with his scale at last. Eugene Gant, the hero of Thomas Wolfe's epic narrative *Of Time and the River*, turned to those poets "who wrote not of the air but of the earth, and in whose verse the gold and glory of the earth is treasured—their names are Shakespeare, Spenser, Chaucer, Herrick, Donne, and Herbert."

"Their names are Milton (whom fools have called glacial and austere, and who wrote the most tremendous lines of earthly passion and sensuous magic that have ever yet been written), Wordsworth, Browning, Whitman, Keats, and Heine—their names are Job, Ecclesiastes, Homer, and The Song of Solomon."

Two quotations, one from Milton, and one from *The Song of Solomon,* should suffice to show that Wolfe's critical judgments are justified. In Milton we see

> . . . a Cherub tall;
> Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
> The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
> Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
> With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
> Seraphic arms and trophies; all the white,
> Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds.[9]

And in *The Song of Solomon,* a tribute to the poet's love:

> How neatly you trip it,
> O princess mine,
> Your thighs are swaying like the links of a chain
> That a master-hand has moulded;
> Your waist is round as a goblet (ever be it filled!);
> Your breasts are like a pair of fawns, twins of a roe-deer;
> Your neck like an ivory tower,
> Your head like the pools at Heshbon, by the gate of that populous town;
> Your nose like the tower at Lebanon that faces Damascus;
> Your hair as glossy as purple—its tresses hold captive your lord.[10]

Perhaps the man in the street will never come to love all of the world's best poetry, or even begin to choose his authors with care. Perhaps he will find its vocabulary hard, its carry-over of experience meagre. If after a fair trial of poetry, he still finds it meaningless, he should kiss the Muses goodbye. But poetry is too important to neglect, simply because one has unexplained fears that it is silly or weak. The greater English universities have always known how to cultivate a love for poetry: they turn the student loose in a large, select library which is conveniently adjacent to the student's rooms, which, in turn, are near a slowly-flowing river and a patch of green turf, the whole overarched by a blue sky. And the soul of poetry somehow works itself out in the tranquil surroundings of earth and sky—but the free spirit of poetry is ever embedded in the spirit of man.

[8]Herrick, "On Love."

[9]*P. L.* I, ll. 534-540.

[10]VII:1-5.

ENGLAND

Thou mighty island, cradle of the great!
Thou seat of Rugby, Oxford, and the Thames;
From thy broad sweeping meadowlands there stems
A breed of noble men, endowed by fate
To toils of guiding majesty and weight.
No peril but disuse of powers hems
Thy sagest choice of seeking after gems
Of peace in plenty and the ideal state.

Escutcheon of the fair; the blooming bower.
A trip from Bath to Tintagel and back;
A salty spray at pointed Beachy Head.
The shield is peltered; clouds of conflict lower
From green to purple, then to darkest black;
But thou art safest with thy hallowed dead.

—*George Beach.*

THE JOURNAL FORUM

A PLEA FOR LATIN AT WOFFORD

By C. M. Boggs

No Latin classes at Wofford this year! So runs the headline. And so it ran last year. These are the only years since Wofford opened its doors in 1854 that Latin classes have not been held. It has been eighty-five years since students, clad in tight-fitting garments and stiff collars, sat in Latin classes. Now they wear loose-fitting slacks, open-necked shirts, and attend no Latin sessions.

When first offered in 1854, Latin was required of all Freshmen, and Latin composition was required throughout the entire four years. In those days, in order to be well educated, a person must have a knowledge of Latin. Thus the need for requiring all new men to enroll in Latin courses.

It was not until the year 1876, twenty-two years after the college was established, that seniors were allowed to omit Latin as a prescribed subject. Latin must have begun to decline at this time; a decline brought about the change in the senior's curriculum. And until 1882, when English was placed on equal rating with it, Latin was the leading language. So our own language arises to compete with Latin for the top place in the language division.

Since 1876 Latin had been offered only to those in the first three years; however, in 1902 it was again offered as an elective to seniors.

Latin has had a glorious past at Wofford College during its eighty-five years. Though it is still offered, not enough students have been interested to warrant a new class.

After holding a high place in education for eighty-five years, what factors could have brought about its gradual downfall? Latin began to lose its "place in the sun" soon after French, German, and Spanish were placed in the college curriculum. High schools began to discourage the taking of Latin, for they realized that the majority of students regarded it as a "dead" language. As a result of the high school's attitude toward Latin, students entering college did not enroll for the Latin course, and Wofford's Latin classes began to diminish in enrollment.

Interest in Latin culture is being preserved through studying its literature in translations. Many fine stories, exploits, and poems were written during the flourishing days of the Roman Empire, and we can make Latin writings our own by reading translations. Dr. Kamp, who recently spent three days on our campus, is having a large degree of success at Hendrix College, Conway, Arkansas, in teaching Latin. By the small crowd that attended his lectures it is evident that the interest in Latin has almost faded from the campus.

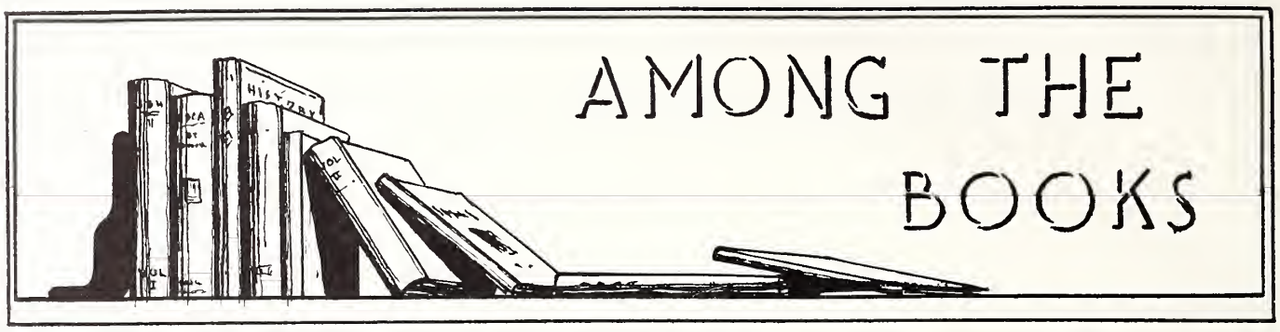
In order to revive interest which has waned, some method must be found to present the fine customs, experiences, and great lives of noble Romans and the Roman people to those few people who are interested in delving into the history and literature of the ancient Roman world. After these have been spurred on, they will in turn interest others in the ancient culture. By this process a new interest could be stimulated. But it would not come at once. Only as more were enticed to study the art and lives of the Romans would it gradually spread. It would take years, but a new vital interest would have been kindled in the minds of intellectual people, which could only be satisfied by reading everything that they could find regarding the Romans. Clubs could be formed to revive the lost culture of the Caesars. If something is not done soon, Latin, which has been superseded by other languages and an enlarged curriculum, will probably never rise again to the high place in education that it once held.

To the Muse of Pedants

Intone of men too wise to think,
  Secure from life and lasses,
Who thrive on theses dull and dry—
  Decline to call them asses!

Present no men with features queer,
  For such is not the case—
The pedant virus strikes the brain,
  It need not mar the face!

—*John Thomason.*



Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—BACON.

Pietro di Donato. "CHRIST IN CONCRETE." New York: Babbs-Merrill Co., 1939.

Christ in Concrete is an excellent novel, but for a "first" book it is remarkable. The author possesses genius, and we hope it will not be aborted by sudden fame. This book is no amateur's feeble searching in the dark; the author knows what he wants to say and says it with dramatic power.

This novel defies definition; it is at once realistic and impressionistic. It ignores the rules as many modern novels do. For example, the action begins without prologue and ends without epilogue. The scenes are related but are not joined by prosaic summaries of events. di Donato unhesitatingly drops straight narrative for "stream-of-consciousness" at any time. He writes terse English, often dropping articles and superfluous, though grammatically necessary, words.

Christ in Concrete is a chunk, rather than a slice, of life. The characters are immigrant Italian bricklayers. The scenes are laid usually on their jobs or in their tenement homes. The novel is built around the theme of Geremio and his family, although the oldest son, Paul, is the chief character. The action centers around Geremio, the foreman; Paul, the fifteen-year-old bricklayer; Annunziata, deeply religious mother and wife; Nazone, Paul's cherubic god-father; and Louis, Paul's atheist, Russian friend.

One of the most terrorizing narratives in modern fiction takes place when "the job" collapses. Workers are smashed, buried under debris, splattered on the ground, and suspended in mid-air garrotted by planks. Geremio, neck-deep in tons of hardening cement, desperately tries to gnaw himself an air hole through a board. His teeth snap off at the gum, and he keeps on gnawing. His frenzied mumbling of prayers and curses, as death nears, is awe inspiring. This scene resembles Faustus' last soliloquy in Marlowe's drama, *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus.*

Another startling scene is the description of Nazone being shoved from a swinging scaffold six stories up. The suspense while awaiting his fall tightens the muscles to the breaking point.

Throughout the book there is a great deal of amazingly vivid "stream-of-consciousness," which is reminiscent of the grandeur of Thomas Wolfe. The incidents at meal-time on "the job" remind one of the comradeship of men who have worked and sweated together: carpenters, bricklayers, road men, and farm hands.

Tragedy is so commonplace in the characters' lives that no one, not even the author, makes much fuss over it; these people struggle to eat, not live. They naturally realize their hard lot, but very rarely use it as a point of departure for attacks on our social and economic set-up. Therefore, di Donato does no preaching, sticking strictly to statements of action. When a number of workers are killed in a collapse caused by the scanty use of cement, the author points no moral; the members of the deceased's family accept it as a part of life.

Christ in Concrete is simply and roughly drawn because its characters are child-like and elemental in their love and work and play. Characterization is direct, rather than psychological. There is plenty of conflict, but nothing conclusive ever happens; the end leaves the reader unsatisfied, just as the lives they lead must leave these people.

Di Donato wields a boisterous and stylistic pen, and, it is hoped, a prolific one. He may be a one-book writer, but judging from *Christ in Concrete* it is apparent that his material deserves further development and di Donato has proved that he can treat it.

—*John Thomason.*

Upton Sinclair. "WORLD'S END." Literary Guild, 1940.

Out of this novel steps a young man, Lanny Budd, son of a famous American munitions maker. Lanny spends the greatest part of his adolescent years traveling in Europe with his beautiful and impulsive mother.

Because of her position in society, he moves among the important people of two continents and quickly develops a shrewd insight into the minds and ways of men. Fate and association with his father's nefarious business take him into the inner sanctums of Versailles where he becomes one of the young secretaries at the Peace Conference. While in this position he opens the doors of the conference rooms and amplifies the work of the diplomats which is usually hidden from public view. He also relates the visits made by President Wilson to this conference. He becomes entangled in the web of the munitions king, Zaharoff, and resigns his position at the conference only to go with his mother to the beautiful shores of Italy where he waits the "world's end."

Without any question, this is as great a novel as it is a record of a tragic era; a book to be read and remembered.

—*Robert Bame.*

Ethel Vance. "ESCAPE." New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1939.

One of the best "thriller" stories about Nazi Germany is this absorbing novel of Ethel Vance. In spite of the fact that the story might be a little fantastic, the author has woven a tale that is held together by its ever increasing fire of suspense.

It occurs to the reviewer that Ethel Vance weakens the plot in that the doctor in the concentration camp, who is the only link on the "inside" of Germany, based his friendly actions toward Madame Ritter on his sentimental childhood remembrance of a photograph of her.

The plot, however, is fast-moving. Madame Ritter, a retired foreign-born actress, returns to her homeland to liquidate an estate. She is apprehended by the authorities and placed in a concentration camp. Not hearing from her, her son sets out to find his mother. A long chain of events brings him in contact with the doctor, who proposes to help Madame Ritter, already an invalid, escape. He proposes to give her a specific amount of digitalis, thus making her seem to be dead.

This done, and with a constant fear of being suspected, they manage to escape, hold a mock funeral, and later cross the border on a borrowed passport.

Although the author may be lacking in some requisites for a good author, she has a warm style of writing. Her chief merit lies in story-telling.

—*Sam Stribling, Jr.*

Richard Wright. "NATIVE SON." New York: Harper and Brothers, 1940.

Richard Wright, Negro author of *Native Son*, evidently feels the need of a complete "about face" in observing racial differences between the whites and blacks. His plan, which appears to me to be a method of slapping back at the white race, is brought about so that a typical ignorant Harlem Negro from the slums comes in contact with white people by securing a chauffeur's position. He takes up communism and finds that he is in good company because his employer's daughter and a friend of hers are both up to their necks in communistic doctrine! Thus the Negro is brought into closer association with white people. His new white friends are very practical in their new beliefs. They take him as their equal, and he dines and wines and converses freely with them.

Accidentally one night, the Negro smothers his employer's daughter after a drunken brawl. Being afraid of more serious implication, he burns the body in a furnace. His crime is serious enough. But the whites would accuse him of rape. To burn the body is his only means of safety.

From this point, Richard Wright loosens his vivid powers of description, producing a full picture of one Negro's attitude toward the social order.

Wright, like so many of his white brothers, has a free style and does not quibble about the best selection of words or phrases. Often the next best obviously serves.

Native Son, in giving us the reaction of a Negro to the white man's world, is rare and invaluable.

—*Sam Stribling, Jr.*

LES CHENES D'HIVER

Les chênes d'hiver sont bien majestueux.
Leurs fourchons gros et nus se tordent au vent;
Ici un empereur romain mourant,
Là, un stoicien, sans voix, sans yeux.
Les écureuils tremblent en glacés creux;
Cet hibou-là clignote horriblement.
Une danse moresque de mort occupe le temps.
Les furies a du faire ces lieux affreux.

On voit quelle force rapace dans la nature
Depouillant rudement comme un avare
La vie, est à présent à pied. L'air
Il-meme, n'est pas trop doux et pur.
La lune de feu est banni pour y voir
La froideur des étoiles lointaines et claires.

—*George Beach.*

SAMSON'S DAY

(Continued from Page 14)

lip-scorcher. Then she dropped it in the dirt and set her foot on it.

Samson was furious. "You ole cat!" he flung. And for a while it seemed that the hastily formed friendship would be dissolved. But Jerry saw her mistake and repented. The next time she smoked, and every time thereafter, Samson got the duck.

Since Mister Dillard had no children, all of his help was hired. There were some forty-odd pickers in the field. Most of them were negroes, ranging from six (Joseph) to sixty years of age. The whites, seven in number, clung together; but the negroes were spread over the field like spilled shot. They were too vociferous and too heterogeneous to remain in one group.

Occasional bits of colorful action offered diversion from the drudgery. Occasionally, with a flurry of limbs and an eruption of trite but effectively administered epithets, a couple of young blacks would crush to the dust. Then both would go for their knives. But usually, to the disappointment of participants and onlookers, a kinsman or an elder would separate the belligerents before any serious wounds could be inflicted.

Sometimes a squealing female would be bourne to the earth by an amorous male attempting to express his affection. Exchange of sound whacks and groan-producing grips between wriggling, lithe black bodies punctuated the hilarious screams of laughter that followed. The male would soon make the conquest and the giggling pair would rise and go back to their work. Thereafter their expressions of affection would be somewhat gentler.

At noon the workers emptied their pick-sacks and started toward the farm house. A job in the cotton fields did not include dinner. Hence, each picker brought his own food for the noon meal. They gathered around the well, where there were several buckets with dippers. Some had their own tin cups, but most of them drank from a dipper. The whites had a bucket of their own, and their fare was in general the same as that of the negroes. The menu ranged from pecans to blackberry jam, but the staple seemed to be pork and beans eaten with giant biscuits an inch-and-a-half thick and four inches in diameter. There were several large pones of cornbread of two-inch thickness. And there were no eating utensils.

Samson and Joseph had two large baked sweet potatoes, two giant biscuits, two more with jam, and a can of pork and beans. Mister Dillard supplied a communal can-opener, which by the time it reached Samson was slippery with a mixture of tomato beans-sauce and potted meat. Samson clumsily opened the can and dumped the contents upon a piece of brown paper sacking. Then he rinsed the can and filled it with water. He and Joseph ate in silence, scooping up little piles of beans with broken biscuits. They alternately drained and refilled the can. When they had finished, Jerry offered them a piece of cake for dessert. It was promptly devoured without audible thanks.

After eating, most of the negroes sprawled on the ground under the shade trees. Lovers paired off, old men slept, and the women prattled noisily. Samson and Joseph ambled quietly away from the group. Samson had made a discovery that morning. There was a row of hen nests built onto the back side of the barn. And eggs were worth two cents apiece in trade. Samson led Joseph over to look at the mule, who stood quietly munching a bundle of oats. Then the two moved toward the barn, ostensibly interested in nothing. Samson picked up a corncob and hurled it skyward. Joseph aped the act. Samson took out his knife and began whittling a stick as they passed behind the barn. There were only four eggs in the nests. The two rapscallions quickly deposited an egg in each front pocket and resumed their seemingly aimless wandering. No one saw the treachery.

At one o'clock the pickers began to stir. It was time to go back to work. Lulled by food and heat, the negroes moved lackadaisically, like drugged snails. Samson and Joseph did not rejoin the group until they had concealed the eggs under their little pile of cotton. They set to work with a feeling of satisfaction.

The afternoon was a very warm one, and the cotton-pickers clamored for water. Samson and Joseph joined the water boys, although neither of them could carry a full bucket. After spilling water on himself from the waist down, Joseph gave it up. Samson carried several gallons before he decided to knock off for the day. Then the two of them set out for Mister Dillard's pasture, which they had never explored to their satisfaction.

There was a small brook running through the middle of the pasture. When Samson and Joseph reached it they rolled up their trousers and began wading. They splashed along happily, singing "Git Along, Little Doggie" with variations. Suddenly Samson stopped for an instant, then leaped from the stream, yelling, "Snake!" Joseph stumbled and fell, but didn't stop in his haste to flee the danger. There was a large grey-black water snake coiled upon a bush overhanging the water. It was basking in the sun, dry, contented, and, of course, harmless. But at Samson's shout the snake instinctively snapped its head erect, flashed its bead eyes menacingly at the intruders, and set its black, forked tongue in rapid oscillation. The camouflage was perfect. Samson thought he was facing a serpent as deadly as it looked, and the lust to kill rose up within him. He had often killed weak, helpless things, such as birds and lizards; and he always felt the primitive thrill of conquest when he handled a limp, inanimate

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EXCHANGE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The policy of* THE JOURNAL *in regard to exchange is similar to its stand in the past. Our reviewers do not intend to polish apples for the bouquets other magazines may throw our way. We intend to give frank, unbiased opinion of the magazines received, and realize that we may expect the same treatment. It is to be clearly understood that our criticisms are in no way vindictive, but the honest opinion of the reviewer. If our criticism seems harsh, it is not intended to be other than constructive.*

The *Exponent* (University of Dayton) is a light, deftly written magazine with some real pretensions to style. A boring article, to non-Catholics at least, cannot subdue the two good crime stories, "Destiny's Favorite," and "Letter From the Girl Friend." One envies the Exponentrotter who interviewed Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm girls.

The editor's "Soap Box" is the real focal point of thought. He is angered because the minority parties are slurred in the election fever; he laughs at the word "fifth columnist." To quote, "Anyone who has the courage to expose English propaganda that is leading us into war is a Nazi agent." His long editorial on labor is entirely sound, and holds itself to rigid blocs of facts. So often does the student editor soar into generalities that it is a refreshing experience to note this concrete treatment of a controversial problem.

The Duke *Archive* of November, 1940, is disappointingly slim, and some of its contents are not too well written. The *Archive's* policy (as expressed in the editorial columns) of keeping the magazine strictly a laboratory for undergraduate writers is good, especially because Duke is a convenient ivory tower for graduate students whose "compositions" are mainly academic sludge. The humorous admission that it copies the *New Yorker* is not to be taken seriously, but it has many of that magazine's virtues and faults: playfulness, sophistication, superficiality, and boredom. The fiction in this issue is sketchy and not grounded in real experience. Take "The Shack at Pyro Bluff" as an example of a Frankenstein thriller without the thrill. The story of the scares of three college men is just fantastic enough for Poe, without Poe's art.

"The Petrillos on Dock Street" is a poor attempt to catch the Italian-American at work. In two pages, the word "bambino" is used fourteen times. The author's Italian is just a shade misty; a little polish might help. But as we authors say, *tout s'arrange, hein?*

"Gloriously in Flames" is a story of a psychopathic love between two peculiar people, a boy and a girl, who move uneasily in English high society. Their love for each other is frustrated by their mutual frustration with the world. These three short stories are too far away in space and experience for their writers to control.

A poem, "Revenge," is good:

When daffodils dance madly on my grave
And visitors stoop to read the name upon the stone,
I shall be with you.

Its theme of unrequited love is quite in the vein of *Wuthering Heights.*

The *Carolina Mag* from the University of North Carolina is an excellent magazine; there is a variety of material, readable type, first-class stories, intelligent features, adult editorials, and the make-up is professionally good. However, the policy of the *Mag* seems to be pro-war; an Anglomaniac has been at work on almost every page.

In Adrian Spies' feature, "Democracy in Shirtsleeves," the author graphically presents a man who is deeply interested in preserving American democracy. Dr. Frank Graham, the subject of the article, is painted realistically; the reader almost feels that he knows the administrator. Another feature deserving credit for its well-organized handling of a difficult subject is Barnaby Conrad's "The Great American Goof," an appraisal of William Saroyan.

Fictionally speaking, the *Mag* is barren. Albert Rouslin's "Green Feather" is a psychological study of a writer; the psychology is sound, but the story lacks reality. The *denouement* is almost infantile. Larry Ferling's "Laughing Boy" is a good piece of humor despite the stilted writing at the beginning. "Tommy,"

by Richard Goldsmith, is the best piece of writing in the magazine. Although only a sketch (it may have been intended for a short story), it has unusual touches and an insight into the mind of a person with an inferiority complex.

Besides the editorial policy of unreasoning pro-Britishism, we criticize the lack of poetry. In the thirty-two pages of the literary magazine, the only poetry is some scrappy reprints.

The *Florida Review* from the University of Florida possesses some original humor, as well as some risqué cartoons in the *Esquire* manner. We enjoyed Bill Rega's "Life With Father," but his "When All Around Us," a story of a prostitute robbing a drunk, has no place in a humor magazine. In the first place, the plot is trite, and the whole thing was too morbid. Zach Benton's "Knights Must Fall" is very comical, and we recommend more like it. However, we doubt the wisdom of deserting the literary magazine in order to escape reality. It seems that on a university campus there should be material enough for both a literary and a humor magazine.

The first issue of *The Collegian* (Presbyterian College) is very thin and not up to its usual standard. We may hope that the material will improve with time. The humor pages, "Little Oscar Says," are occasionally funny, but unfortunately Oscar says what a great many other people have already said.

Dorothy Dillard's "Blessed Are the Poor" is full of the beauties of poverty *ad nauseam*. Actually, poverty has no advantages—it does not build the individual or increase his humanitarian feeling; instead it kills initiative and hardens him. Charles MacDonald's "Swaying Trees and Dried Walls" has its points, but not enough of them, and the style is archaic. Although the author inserts an O. Henry firecracker in the tail of his story, he fails to light it. To the betterment of the magazine, Charles MacDonald refutes Miss Dillard's story on the loveliness of poverty in his poem, "And Give Me Gold." His last two lines are self-explanatory:

I've known poverty
And I'll take Hell!

The rest of the poetry is good, but MacDonald's "The Candles" is the best in *The Collegian*.

The Golden Quill (Erskine College) is a noble effort. It contains a good poem which is a reprint:

When girls once went out to swim,
They dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now they have a different whim
And dress more like her cupboard.

The plot of Jean Love's "Homecoming" is remarkably like Owens Wood's "Coincidence," which appeared in this magazine last year. Another short story, Clarence McGowan's "The End of the Hunt," is a whimsical tale of a fox hunt, the point of which we don't get. The best poem, in fact the best selection in *The Golden Quill*, is Eddie Blaskowitz' "Evening":

Day draws her blue robes
Close about her;
Hangs a rope of stars
About her neck,
And pins a bit of moonlight
In her hair.

If space permitted we would like to discuss the truth of the accusations in Jean Love's editorial, "True Literature Isn't Trash." In this biased, puritanical diatribe against realism, Miss Love blasts Tom Wolfe, Erskine Caldwell, Carson McCullers, and others. She is too gentle to mention names, but her attack is based on a false premise, and her opinions are, therefore, worthless.

SHADOWS

Shadows from the pits of hell hold dominion over the earth. Weird, tortured, bent, twisted, fantastic, they dance and play. Laughing, topsy-turvy, ridiculous, they come from the stage of Nature's comedy. From the grave the ghoul shadows, arm waving, formless, muddy, tempest-tossed, arise and haunt each darkened nook. All crowd in upon the soul and tear it with Gorgon fingers; strangle, torture, and warp it. They are gone for a moment as lightning splits the nocturnal sky, but they return with a surge of fury.

Then in the cool night air we can hear a mocking bird in his quest for notes unknown to him. The beauty of his flute-like song fills the night with peace, while sweet symphonic quietude follows each varying movement.

—*James C. Ritter.*

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SAMSON'S DAY

(Continued from Page 24)

body. But he had never killed a threatening thing, and the thought fascinated him. He seized a rock and threw it carefully with all his might at the glowering reptile. The snake slid with a little splash into the water. It sank, rose again, and floated with its belly up. The head was joined to the body only by a thin strip of hide. Samson grinned and yelled, "I got 'im!" Joseph cautiously returned as Samson was attempting to pull the twitching creature from the water. At first he grasped it by the tail with his hand, but the slimy scales slipped from his fingers as the muscles writhed. There was still power in the long black body. Samson finally resorted to a crooked stick, with which he hoisted the slippery creature from the water and tossed it to the bank. It formed an animated S upon the grass.

Samson was gloating. "I cut his head off de fust shot," he said with pride.

Joseph looked intently at the snake. He came a little closer. He was proud of his big brother and a little ashamed of his own fright. "What kine is 'e?" he asked.

"Mus' be a pilot," said Samson. "Pilot" was the name the negroes applied to every snake they couldn't identify.

The dying snake was still wriggling slowly. But its head had stopped moving, and life was slipping away from the body by degrees. Its final convulsions were pitiful, but Samson was glad when the snake lay motionless. "Les hang 'im up wif 'is belly to de sky, so it'll rain," said Samson. He was enthusiastic over the prospect of controlling the elements—and of escaping the cotton field the next day. He hung the snake upon a limb of a small pine. It moved a bit and dropped to the ground. "Dam' you," said Samson fondly. He beat it with a stick until it moved no more. Then he and Joseph left it hanging on the limb with its white underside gleaming in the sun.

Along the creek bank there was a row of persimmon trees, thickly entwined with honey-suckle vines. The persimmons hung like tiny pumpkins, contrasting cheerfully with the dark green leaves. Samson eyed the fruit with gastric anticipation. Leaving Joseph below, he clambered up vines and branches into one of the trees. However, his countenance fell as he felt of the fruit. Ripe persimmons were soft and wrinkled; these were firm and smooth-skinned. But as he tested one with his teeth Samson remembered hearing Ranse say, "'Simmons ain' no good 'till afta de fust frost." Joseph was attempting to climb one of the other trees and did not see the wry face Samson made when his teeth broke into the persimmon. Samson was disappointed in finding the fruit unpalatable, but he saw a rare opportunity in the discovery. He called to Joseph, "Boy, dey's good."

"Th'ow me some down," begged Joseph. "I can't climb dis ole tree." Samson, pleased with the success

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of his ruse, tossed several persimmons at Joseph's feet. Joseph seized one, thrust it into his mouth, and bit hard. The effects were sudden. He grimaced and spit violently, and with puckered lips began hurling swift and furious verbal damnation at the prankster in the tree. And Samson merely collapsed across a limb in a paroxysm of laughter.

There were clouds in the distance and it was still hot when Samson and Joseph started back to the cotton field. It was six o'clock—time to weigh up. The two hurried to their pile of cotton. They didn't want to lose those precious eggs, which they placed in their pockets as before. And then Samson had another idea. "You see a rock?" he inquired of Joseph.

"What you want wid a rock?"

"You'll see," said Samson. He found one and surreptitiously buried it in the center of the cotton pile. He was afraid to use a large one, for the amount of cotton in the heap was not very great. Then he and Joseph tied the opposite ends of the sheet together, and sat down to wait for Mister Dillard, who was coming across the field in the wagon. The rest of the pickers were busy tying up their sheets and did not notice Samson with the rock.

"How do you boys like to pick cotton?" inquired Mister Dillard as he hung their sheet upon the balance.

"We likes it fine," said Samson.

He felt slightly uneasy, but he was relieved to hear Mister Dillard say with finality, "Forty-three pounds. That'll be twenty-two cents." Mister Dillard reached into his pocket for the change. "You boys comin' back?" he asked, handing the money to Samson.

"Yassuh," said Samson, grasping the money eagerly. Mister Dillard went on to another sheet.

Jerry came up to Samson and asked, "Y'all comin' back tomorrow?"

"Yeah, ef'n it don' rain," replied Samson.

"Lawd, chile, what makes you think it's gon' rain?"

"Don' you see dem clouds?"

"Shucks, dey's too far away."

"You'll see," said Samson. "Come on Joseph, le's go." And he and Joseph set out for home. The sun had set, but there was no red in the sky.

Mister Martin's store was a half-mile from Ranse Porter's house. Mister Martin sold gasoline, canned goods, bread and cakes, cold drinks, candy, tobacco, and various other articles so necessary in a country store. And he took eggs for payment. Samson and Joseph entered the store expectantly. They walked over to the candy counter and began looking over the assortment. "We wants to trade some eggs," announced Samson.

"How many have you got," inquired Mister Martin.

"Fo," said Samson.

"Are they fresh?"

"Yassuh. Dey's fresh laid today."

"Where'd you get 'em?"

"Ma gave 'um to us fo cleaning de hawg pen."

"Well, pick out what you want," said Mister Martin.

They laid the eggs on the counter and made their selections. They left the store with a paper sack containing two BB bats, two balls of blow-gum, and four tootsie-rolls. It was almost dark when they reached home, and there was nothing left of the confectioneries except the two balls of blow-gum, which were in safe pockets.

"It's 'bout time y'all wuz gittin' heah," admonished Effie Mae as the two came into the yard. "You been picking cotton all day?"

"Yassum," said Samson. "We nevah quit 'till about six-thuty."

"You ought to 'a picked a heap. How much did you git?"

Samson knew he was in hot water. "We got fawty-three pounds," he said. "Dat cotton sho does weigh light. We picked hard, didn't we, Joseph?" Joseph agreed.

"Why you lazy, no 'count niggers!" railed Effie Mae. "If you's lying to me I'll weah you out. Did he pay ye?"

"Yassum," said Samson. He knew he could trifle no longer.

"Gimmie dat money. You ain' gonna git narry penny of it, neither. Now git in dat house." Samson delivered the money and scampered into the house with Joseph at his heels. They ate their corn-bread and milk in silence. Ranse had not come in yet. When they finished eating, Samson and Joseph climbed into the loft to go to bed. They heard Ranse come in while they were undressing, and they heard him growl when Effie Mae told him of the results of their day in the cotton field. But Ranse was either too tired or too lazy to do more than growl.

Two naked little black bodies lay comfortably upon a straw tick with only a sheet to cover them. They were popping blow-gum. Samson felt almost too good to go to sleep. He felt successful, particularly successful. And he felt even more so when he heard the raindrops begin to patter softly upon the roof.

HIS HAND TO THE PLOW

(Continued from Page 7)

NOAH: Yeah, an' buyin' the boss Coca Colers ever' change he gits.

ROLL: Well, he won't the only one that did that—that strawboss, Cleve Foster, used to buy the "super" a Coca Coler ever' day.

NOAH: Still does, but I don' see that it ever got 'im nothin'.

HOMER: My God! it's startin' to hail!

NOAH (*hurrying to window*): Yeah, it's pepperin' right down, een't it?

ROLL (*pausing to roll a cigarette*): Purty good size, too.

HOMER: Jist look at that stuff bouncin' aroun' out there, big as hicker nuts.

NOAH: Looks like it's goin' to rurn ye cotton, don't it?

HOMER: Maybe it'll stop off purty quick—that 's the way these spring storms do.

(*While they look out, Emma comes in rather triumphantly.*)

EMMA: I tol' ye somethin' would happen to ye crop, Homer.

HOMER: Aw, shut up—I got enough to worry me now.

NOAH (*sitting down beside Emma*): I been tryin' to talk 'im in to gittin' on W.P.A. an' leavin' here.

EMMA: It don't do no good—I've argid with 'im time an' time again, but he won't leave.

NOAH: Well, ye shore keen't make a livin' farmin'.

EMMA: Zactly what I told 'im; I told 'im he'd best sell the place before they take it fer taxes.

HOMER (*still at window*): By God, they een't goin' to sell this place fer taxes!

EMMA: They will if ye don't pay 'em, an' I don't see how ye goin' to with the cotton done rurned.

HOMER: I allus have made a crop an' I reckon I will this year.

EMMA: We'd shore be better off livin' in town with you an' Roll on W.P.A.

HOMER: I een't able to do road work—an' ye don't even know if Roll kin git back on, anyway.

NOAH: Well, I'll tell ye—an' I een't talkin' on hearsay, neither, 'cause I've raised plenty of cotton in my time an' I'll tell ye they jist een't nothin' in it.

ROLL: Ye shore make better on W.P.A., all right.

HOMER: Ye don't make more'n enough to live.

NOAH: But ye know ye goin' to git that when payday comes.

EMMA: An' the hail don't hurt ye none neither.

HOMER: Well, I've allus done purty good farmin' an' we een't goin' to leave till we have to.

EMMA: Might as well—we don't more'n enough to keep goin'.

NOAH: I kin remember one time my young'uns had to drop out o' school because I couldn't buy no clo'es.

EMMA: Me an' Homer used to stay in bed on cold days to keep from havin' to burn any firewood.

NOAH: That time Leoner was bad sick, I had to tear the chicken house down to keep the fire goin'.

HOMER: That was jist bein' triflin'.

NOAH: It might a been, but jist didn't have the money to buy no wood—after that dry year, b'lieve it was '26, I jist quit.

EMMA: We didn't make nothin' that year either—got four bales of cotton, best I remember, but me an' the kids picked one of 'em up around Christmas—pulled up stalk an' all an' picked it out settin' by the fire.

NOAH: Well, I'll tell ye, after I paid my taxes that year—paid my fertilize bill haulin' cordwood fer Jiggs Taylor—when I paid my taxes, I didn't have but 83 cents left—that's all I made that year.

ROLL: Ye shore kin do better on W.P.A.

NOAH: I'll say ye kin. Well, when I got that 83 cents I jist looked at it—then I turned around to my least boy, Buddy, an' I could tell he was about starved—we hadn't et nothin' that summer but fatback an' green beans an' cornbread—then, I jist went down to that Greek's place on Magnolier Street an' spent ever' cent of that money fer somethin' to eat.

EMMA: We've had it worse than that, but Homer won't listen at me when I tell 'im we ought to leave here.

NOAH (*continuing*): Well, when I got home I said to Leoner I was jist be damned if I'd ever raise an-

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other cotton crop. We got off from there 'bout New Year's.

EMMA: That was when ye got that job in the mill, won't it?

NOAH: Yeah, an' I been doin' better ever' since.

EMMA: Ye couldn't a done no worse.

NOAH: I'll tell ye the truth—I'd go to the pore-house 'fore I'd raise another crop o' cotton.

HOMER: Well, ye're jist no a-count, then, Noah.

ROLL: But, Pa, don'che see?—it's somethin' ever' year—too much rain, a dry spell, a hail, boll weevil or somethin'—ye jist keen' make nothin'.

HOMER (*looking out the window*): Oh, my God, I know ye een't got a chance, but I jist keen't leave here now.

EMMA: I don't see why not.

HOMER: Well, I done got my crop in, an' I keen't jist up an' quit.

ROLL: But, Pa, the hail's done rurned the cotton—we might as well quit now.

HOMER: But I been livin' here prac'ly all my life. I jist keen't quit all of a sudden—raisin' cotton's all I know how to do.

NOAH: I don't see why ye couldn't git on W.P.A.

ROLL: That's right, Pa, jist sell the place, or maybe rent it out—an' me an' you could git on W.P.A.

NOAH: Ye ought to do it, Homer.

HOMER (*turning toward the window*): I don't know what to do. Damn! look at that hail jist beatin' that cotton to death!

EMMA: I don't know what we goin' to live on if we don't leave here.

HOMER (*pleading*): I een't never let ye go hungry, Emmer.

EMMA: Well, ye mus' not keer where ye do or not, or ye'd leave here.

HOMER: But I done tolje I couldn't leave 'fore nex' year.

ROLL: But, Pa, if we ever goin' to leave, this is the best time.

HOMER: Look! It's stopped hailin'!

EMMA: It don't matter now.

ROLL: Naw, it's done killed the cotton.

HOMER: I een't so sure—sometimes these spring hails jist hit part of ye farm an' don't tech the rest of it.

NOAH: This 'un looked like a purty gen'ral storm to me.

HOMER: Well, I won't say till I've walked over the place.

ROLL: Me an' you still ought to git on W.P.A.

HOMER: But, Roll, they een't no call to—the crop keen't be all rurned.

ROLL: The hell it keen't! Ever' stalk of cotton's been beat to pieces.

HOMER: It's hurt all right, but I still got good credit an' we own the place.

EMMA: Well, ye better sell it 'fore ye starve tryin' to raise cotton.

HOMER: I een't goin' to do no day labor long as I got my own farm. (*He turns and gazes out of the window.*)

NOAH: Well, Emmer, I 'spect I better be gittin' along.

EMMA: Een'che goin' to stay fer dinner?

NOAH: No, I think I'll go on back—tol' Leoner I'd be back in time fer dinner.

EMMA: Ye know ye're welcome to stay, Noeh.

NOAH: I'd like to, but I'll be goin' before I git caught in another shower.

EMMA: Well, glad ye come out; tell Leoner to come an' see us the first chance she gits.

NOAH: She said for y'all to come. (*He stands, with the left door open.*) Well, Homer, y'all come to see us.

HOMER: Eeen't gone, air ye?

NOAH: Yeah, got to git back 'fore it rains any more.

HOMER: Looks like it's clearin' up some already—well, come back.

NOAH: Well, y'all come. (*Goes out.*)

ROLL: Ma, what ye got fer dinner?

EMMA: I got some more of that side-meat.

ROLL (*after a pause in which both he and Emma stare at Homer's back*): Ma, ye reckin' I ought to git back on W.P.A.?

EMMA: Do what ye think's best. If ye did, ye Pa might leave here, 'cause they wouldn't be nobody to hope 'im none.

ROLL: We shore keen't make nothin' this year.

HOMER (*looking around enthusiastically*): Say, the sun's come out! I b'lieve this storm's done blowed over.

EMMA: Well, I'll warm ye dinner, Roll (*Goes out right door.*)

ROLL (*rolling a cigarette*): Pa, don'che think we ought to give up? We een't goin' to never git out of the hole.

HOMER: I seen worse times than this—besides, the hail's done quit.

ROLL: It'd be a lot easier on us if we got on W.P.A.

HOMER: I don't like that kind of work—I'm a cotton farmer.

ROLL: Ma'd like fer ye ter move away from here.

HOMER (*ignoring his remark*): The sun's done started to dryin' up that rain an' hail. I don't b'lieve it hardly wet the ground good.

ROLL: Naw, I don't 'spect it more'n put a good season in the ground.

HOMER (*the knotty muscle on the side of his face pulsing*): Well, Roll, I guess ye better go up to the barn an' give them mules a little extry somethin' to eat, if we're goin' to replant that cotton safternoon.

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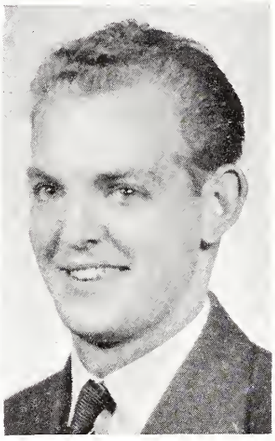
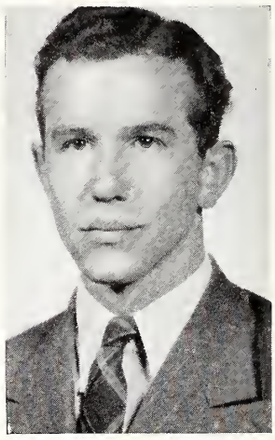


Robert Evans Martin Griner, familiarly known as Bob, is a member of the freshman class and comes from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He is assistant art editor of The Journal and takes great pleasure in any kind of drawing . . . does fine colored crayon drawings . . . which decorate all four walls of dormitory room . . . regular museum . . . charcoal sketches . . . emulates George Petty . . . likes all forms of athletics . . . blonde flash . . . football, track, tennis . . . tall . . . Esquire . . . talks little . . crisp voice . . . typical yankee elisions . . . well liked by classmates . . . prefers dainty young ladies . . . and only one of them . . . does well in school work . . . easy to get along with . . . friendly . . . obliging . . . works fast . . . good illustrator . . . aims to please.



George Reeves, Jr., whose portrayal of Negro life in the South appears in this issue under the title, "Samson's Day," is a commuter and lives in the country near Spartanburg. He writes thoughtful poetry and prefers conventional forms rather than free verse . . . good student . . . transfer from Bob Jones . . . quiet . . . reserved . . . phlegmatic . . . claims to be an introvert . . . interested in mathematics and physics particularly . . . confesses writing is slow process with him . . . names no special hobbies other than writing . . . editor's delight . . . revises tirelessly . . favorite pastime, walking in the rain . . . pet aversion, bad movies . . . black, wavy hair . . . spends lots of time in library . . . never uses a simple word when he can use a "big" one . . . large vocabulary.

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JOURNAL

Volume 51 February, 1941 Number 3

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Deadline for the March issue of The Journal: February 17

TOMORROW FOREVER

George Reeves Tells an Intriguing Tale of a Posthumous Love – a Psychological Story of Balm in Gilead.

THERE was no speed limit on highway 79, and Edward Stanton's foot lay heavy on the accelerator of his '38 Dodge coupe. He liked speed, and he could maneuver expertly at seventy. He liked to concentrate, and at high speeds he could concentrate completely on his driving. Driving at ninety was a game—a dangerous game. "Live dangerously," he had once read. But he never thought of it except when he was driving. He could lose a week's pent-up energy in a mad half-hour of driving on a twisted mountain highway. Or he could soothe his ragged nerves after days of ceaseless concentration, or he could spend the fury of one of his rare fits of anger by driving fiercely, passing every car on the road for forty or fifty miles. But he was speeding now solely for the fun of it.

It was early September, and Stanton was going to his first job as teacher of mathematics in the high school at Chester, South Carolina. He had received his master's degree at the University of North Carolina in June, and he planned to teach a year or two before starting work on his Ph. D. He didn't want to get in a rut. He was going to let his mind graze where it pleased for a while. He was going to live easily, cultivate drugstore society, read *Esquire, Pic, Look, Life,* novels by the dozen, yes, detective thrillers. He was going to play, to laugh, to sing, and to learn by absorption rather than study. And all the while his mathematical concepts would be aging, mellowing, coagulating, gravitating to clarity. He was going to use the old principle of learning to swim in the winter. Of course he knew laws and formulas by the hundreds, but how much did he comprehend? He didn't know. But he would neglect it all, except the geometry and algebra he was going to teach. And he knew he would grow hungry for it, his mind would cry out for laws, theorems, formulas, and principles—those things that help so much in understanding and appreciating *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* or the pattern formed by an exploding bomb. Then he would get out his math books and it would come to him in a clear, straight line. Then he would be ready for advanced work.

It was a warm and clear afternoon. Traffic was thick, and Edward raced joyously with the college boys and girls who were returning to school. Once he was passed by a group of young wastrels in a Buick, but the defeat didn't bother him. He zoomed along, whistling and singing alternately, and feeling a bit like the Devil.

Edward Stanton had never witnessed a serious automobile accident, and a thrill and a pang shot through him when a roadster several hundred yards in front of him suddenly left the road and demolished itself against a tree. A wheel had come off. Edward was the first to the scene. He stopped and got out, tingling with excitement and horror and fear. He rushed to the wreckage and quickly discovered the car's lone occupant, a girl of twenty, lying several feet in front of the twisted

"She started to whisper and he bent closer. Her words were difficult and gaspy, almost inaudible. "I—knew you—would come," she said.

ruins of the vehicle. He knelt beside her, not knowing what to do. She was pretty, but Edward thought she was beautiful. Her features were firmly lined and perfectly proportioned. Her skin was tanned a satin brown, and her dark hair glistened with radiant life. What power there was lying there on the ground! Edward was fascinated in his gaze. But the gash on her head was bleeding profusely, and he knew her body was bruised and broken. He thought of his stupid and tragic neglect of a working knowledge of first aid. But his perturbed thoughts were suddenly arrested by the flickering of her eyelids. Out of bright blue eyes she stared vacantly at him for a moment, then a pained smile creased her paling face. Edward was enchanted by the strange glamour of sudden death. She started to whisper and he bent closer. Her words were difficult and gaspy, almost inaudible. "I—knew you—would come," she said.

There was a pause, and he said, "Yes, dear."

Then she went on, "It had to be—had to be. Kiss me, darling—I love you so." He smiled and slightly raised her head in his arms. He bent and kissed her gently but warmly. She responded with the last of her ebbing energy. Then she relaxed and he thought he heard her murmur, "Forever." She died in his arms.

It had all happened so quickly that it was over before the crowd began to assemble. A man, evidently a doctor, came and took charge, but Edward knew it was too late for medical aid. The state patrolmen and an ambulance arrived almost simultaneously, and Edward wondered who had summoned them so quickly. Again he thought of his own stupidity. But he answered their questions deliberately and intelligently. He was accustomed to examinations. He took one last glance at the body as it was placed in the ambulance. He liked her hair. When he had satisfied the authorities, he drove off as if he were in a dream.

The event seemed unreal. But he was glad she had taken him for someone else and had died thinking she was in her lover's arms. He thought solemnly of death —Death, the plane and level of all humanity. Death, the counterbalance of life. Death is an elephant, torch-eyed and terrible . . .

Edward drove slowly, dazedly, a thousand labyrinthine thoughts entwining his brain. The girl had been identified as Evelyn Robertson, of Chester. Edward wondered what she had been doing alone sixty miles away from home. He thought about the person whose place he had taken, the lover whose world would be shattered perhaps irreparably.

Then a strange and instant thought pierced him, shocked his bewildered brain. Perhaps she had not taken him for someone else! She had seemed totally conscious, without any sign of delirium. Her eyes had been lucid and calm, as eyes usually are in the moments of cold, clear sanity preceding death. And she had looked at him longingly, spoken to him passionately, and had seemed satisfied, as if she had found something she had long been seeking. But what? How? I love you so. Evelyn Robertson, Evelyn Robertson, Evelyn, Evelyn. Beautiful. Sudden death. Fate. Predestination. Love. Blue eyes. In my arms. I love you so . . .

Edward arrived in Chester at sunset. He had been advised to room at the Woodland, a rooming house noted for its good food, moderate rates, and respectability. Edward parked in front of the great old building, a brick structure of fifteen rooms. Everything—the ancient oaks, the large green lawn, the weathered shutters on the windows, the time-mellowed bricks—seemed homelike and inviting. The head servant, a gigantic negress of middle age, appeared and informed Edward that the landlady was ill. She seemed unduly nervous as she explained the rates and showed Edward to his room. Forty dollars a month would be slightly more than a third of his salary, but he thought it would be worth it. For ten dollars a week he would get room and board, steam heat, and a bath to be shared with two other roomers. Edward's room was in the upstairs left front corner, facing the street. A negro hired man named Will helped Edward carry his trunk up. He too seemed unreasonably excited, but he tried to make conversation. "Is you gon' be wid us a while, o' is you jes passin' thu?" he asked.

"I'll be here quite a while, I suppose," said Edward. "I'm going to teach in the high school."

"Oh, so you's a teachah. Well, we sho is glad to have ye. If you wants anything, jes let us know. You ain't from de Nawth, is ye?"

"No. My home is in North Carolina," replied Edward.

"Well, evahbody's welcome heah, but I's always glad to get a fine South'n gentman. I knows you'll like it heah. Dey's jes finishin' suppah downstairs. You can eat whenevah you wants to." The negro seemed anxious to leave, and Edward detained him no longer.

He unpacked his trunk and arranged his belongings within the room. Then he went down to put up his car. When he stepped back into the hall downstairs he noticed hanging on the wall the framed coat-of-arms of the landlady's family. Robertson! The name made sudden contact and sent his senses reeling. It explained the behavior of the servants. He was in the house Evelyn Robertson had lived in. His landlady was Evelyn Robertson's mother. Oh, inexorable Fate!

Edward ate no supper. He lay stretched across the bed in a state of mental exhaustion. The face of Evelyn Robertson was indelibly stamped in his mind. It was the face of a rare and radiant maiden, a magical face. It was a face that had expressed pain and happiness and desire at once. It was a haunting, mystic face, ghost-beautiful. It filled the room like fog. Ed-

(Continued on Page 22)

HOSTAGE TO FORTUNE

By JOHN THOMASON

Robert Hancock Was a Failure, The Victim of Fate's Victory Over Genius, and Here We Have A Stream-of-Consciousness Portrait of His Troubled Mind.

ROBERT HANCOCK was certainly a man worthy of envy. He was a world famous pianist, and his friends privately considered him the greatest since Paderewski. He was well on his way to wealth and the critics promised him a brilliant future. He was young, about thirty-five, and handsome. He sometimes appeared in Winchell, and his photo was often seen in rotogravure sections of the daily papers. He was a celebrity. Yes, Robert Hancock was most certainly worthy of envy.

He was pacing the practice room of his home, nervously smoking cigarette after cigarette. He was dressed in pajamas and a bathrobe; his haggard face was black with a stubble of beard. He glared at his piano and continued walking. The crunch of his slippers in the thick richness of his rug was a reassuring sound. He was trying to convince himself that he was wrong. . . It couldn't be true. . . but he knew that his suspicion was correct, he *was* a failure.

For six months, ever since his retirement, a fear had been growing in him that he was a failure. His sudden cancellation of a concert tour a week before his first New York appearance of the season, had aroused interest. "Ill health," "carrying torch for certain lovely violinist," the gossip columns read; but they were mistaken. Hancock had at last found enough courage to try himself as a composer.

Composer . . . it was a word that his thoughts loved to fondle. It had been the one reality of his life . . . the hope of being a composer. For years he had unwillingly capitalized on his ability as a pianist, continuously promising himself that he would retire to compose—some day. It was a ritual with him to muse on the idyllic time when practice, business-men managers, flattering pseudo-musicians, and everything which the word "concert" connotes would be forgotten.

Years passed and fame became pleasant. He put off his retirement with the excuse that he must have more money. He had been afraid, he now realized, to test his ability as a composer. He had become used to pacifying his rebellious conscience with the salving thought of what he would do some day "when I really have time to compose seriously." He must have had a suspicion even then that he lacked the necessary genius, for it was obvious now that he was a failure.

For six months, six damnably long months, he had sweated at his piano—trying, trying with all his soul to create something that would satisfy him. And he couldn't do it, all his compositions were hackneyed variations of the thousand concert pieces he had played. Concert pieces! He swore at the thought. His mind was no longer his own; it was the storehouse for other composers. His own ideas, if he ever had any, were dead; every theme reminded him of something he had heard or played.

It had been Hell at first because the disillusionment had been hard to face. But now, he could think of it without damning himself. Of course, it still hurt, for he no longer had his false hope to strengthen him.

If he could rest a few years, forget the monotony of his concert days, perhaps? No, he knew that he had done his best in these six months. He was convinced; he couldn't create. He was one of those discontented men doomed to interpret other men's work. He was a medium, a go-between. It would have been more bearable, he thought, if he had taken his career as a pianist seriously, for he was a great pianist. But he had always considered his piano work a substitute, a means to become a composer—some day.

He stopped his pacing to stand before the piano, glancing at a theme he had scribbled out in the heat of inspiration. It was insipid now. It disgusted him when he saw in it the theme of a former concert piece. He turned his eyes away, for it was embarrassing to look at this puerile attempt.

He upbraided himself for not having stuck to composition all along; he might have succeeded. He remembered his student days and the promise his professors saw in him. Then, suddenly, there came a

memory to plague him. . . George, ordinary name for a composer, but George was a great composer, a genius.

. . . . . .

One day George and Hancock had been in Bartlett Hall together; no one was around and the building was quiet. George sat at a piano, picking out a melody with one hand. Hancock was standing behind him. They were friends, both fired with the desire to compose. They swore together at the dull classes in musicology and longed for the freedom to compose. George rapped a chord and looked up at Hancock.

"Wonder where we'll be twenty-five years from now?" he asked, sensing the seriousness that was in both of them.

Hancock considered, "Go to New York and try to compose . . . probably be a couple of half-starved failures."

"Maybe we will fail. . . so what? We want to compose, so why shouldn't we try it even if we do fail?"

"Yes, it's either that, or break faith with ourselves."

"You know," George said, "I've been thinking. When a man is intellectually dishonest, he has committed a crime worse than murder; he has killed his own soul, and his body lives on to see it rot."

"Maybe so, George, but what about the man who tries and finds he doesn't have the ability? What if he really can't produce, then what's the answer?"

"Personally, I'd commit suicide," George answered calmly. "I could never hang around to see my soul rot while I played the hypocrite and taught musicology or voice."

"But if he tries, isn't that enough? And if he fails, why not allow him a chance to be happy?"

"Be happy! Be happy, and a failure. He's better off dead. If he breaks faith with himself or capitalizes on inferior work, he's a prostitute—even more despicable than a prostitute of the body, for he is selling the work of his mind, his very soul."

Yes, that was it. A prostitute. Hancock knew that he had betrayed his art, but at the time it had seemed the only way. He had finished his undergraduate work, and was struggling along on a pitiful scholarship. He knew that he could play the piano and one of his professors had advised him to take up the piano seriously. So, he had borrowed a thousand dollars from a woman's club in his home town, and here he was today, a successful pianist and a failure.

George had stuck to his ideals. He had lived haphazardly, working as part-time conductor, arranger, but never giving up composition. He had turned out a score of piano works and a half-dozen symphonies; insignificant orchestras played them and the critics were full of praise. They never became popular, but a few men, for it is always the few who recognize value, saw in George a genius, the composer of the time. He had originality, spontaneity, and a melodic modernity; he was destined for greatness. Hancock was one of those who knew it. George was his friend. They occasionally saw one another, but the former intimacy was gone, replaced by a formal suspicion.

Hancock, in fits of despair, consoled himself by saying that he was better fed, clothed and housed than George, but there was a peace, a hope in the latter's eyes that Hancock had never felt. Hancock had the satisfaction, perhaps revenge, of introducing George's work to the public. He played his compositions every season, because he knew they were great, and even he could feel a respect for genius.

He tried to rid his mind of these painful recollections. He had to be able to think clearly. His retirement had become a farce. He wondered if he should continue to compose . . . his name would get his compositions played, but the thought of their inferiority prevented him. He could enjoy his retirement on his accumulated savings. He was appalled at the prospect of another six months of composing; his nerves wouldn't stand it.

To think that he had prostituted his art to have money to compose, and now to find that he was a failure. It was ironical. It was tragic, but it had bolstered him for years. He had sneered at George then, for his having taken the hard way; why not sacrifice your ideals and make some money, he had reasoned. He had been smug in the conviction that some day the world would be startled to discover a great composer. Yes, it had been a pleasant and necessary dream, but now that it was gone his life was empty.

He sprawled in a comfortable armchair and desperately tried to figure out what he was to do. He had broken a contract to get his freedom, but now it was hopeless . . . he had to have something to occupy his troubled mind.

One more trial! I'll develop that theme I thought of this morning and if it's no good, I'll quit. It's possible that my judgment is wrong. He fixed himself determinedly at his piano and looked at the keyboard blankly. He pecked out the tune, whistling it as he played. He ran through it again and started to write the notes down. Then he laughed, laughed at his own folly; he knew that he couldn't create, so why was he fooling himself? He was a failure, so why shouldn't he admit it?

He destroyed his illusions entirely in that moment of laughter. He left his bench relieved that he could now forget these six months of frustration. But what to do now? Where? Why? He was undecided. George had said, "Personally, I would commit suicide," and he had agreed with him, he remembered. Hancock wondered if he had really meant it. Kill himself. . . Perhaps he would . . . that would solve the whole

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Dr. John James Tigert Says . . .

By Bernard Cannon

FIRST Rhodes Scholar from Tennessee, All-American football player, teacher, administrator, coach, author, United States Commissioner of Education, membership in dozens of important committees and councils — these and many others have been the distinguished roles assumed by Dr. John James Tigert during his varied and brilliant career. The towering, thick-set educator with piercing blue eyes was on the campus for the installation of a Phi Beta Kappa chapter at Wofford. Dr. Tigert has been president of the University of Florida since 1928.

Dr. John James Tigert

During an interview, lively conversation with Dr. Tigert centered around four main topics: national defense and its effect on educational institutions, football, the liberal arts college, and, of course, the University of Florida. The popular administrator spoke informally, but frankly, with a drawl that could easily pass for that of Bob Burns.

"Since conscription has gone into effect, I have noticed a definite change in attitude of many of the 3,500 students at the university," he remarked. "They are somewhat perplexed and jittery and wonder whether they should continue their courses or enroll immediately in some branch of service."

The president is definitely opposed to college students claiming exemption from conscription, if they use that merely as an alibi. "It is our policy at the university to do everything we can to cooperate with the national program in both facilities and personnel," he said. "If a technical student, a student in the school of engineering, for example, were called to service, we recommend to the government that he be allowed to complete his course, to be of greater use later on when his education is completed. If the student insists on going at once, however, we do all we can to help him, including writing recommendations to the proper officials. Although enrollment increased this year, it would be speculative to prophesy the effect of national defense program on future enrollment."

Dr. Tigert, like John Erskine, who recently wrote an article entitled "Train Conscripts For War — And For Peace," believes that a huge educational program should be set up in our camps throughout the country. The gist of the Erskine article is that a large conscripted army should be trained in things of more lasting value than the art of handling "instruments of destruction." During the last war, Dr. Tigert was a member of the Army Educational Corps, and later served as extension lecturer at the A. E. F. University at Beaune, France.

"Although I have taught at many educational institutions, I have never found enthusiasm to equal that of the doughboys in France after the Armistice; they were really eager to learn and grasped subject matter quickly," he said. Realizing that the boys wanted practical courses that would hold their attention and help in their future vocations, Dr. Tigert gave a series of lectures on history, including such topics as: "The Unification of Italy," "The Influence of France and England on Democracy," and "A Comparison of the Congress of Vienna and the Treaty Conference at Versailles." After they had heard his last lectures on "Who Won the War," some soldiers wanted to hear the series repeated—an indication of their keen interest. All of the schools for the soldiers were well equipped, often surpassing the equipment found in American colleges. Boys were at liberty to choose their courses of study, and everything was offered from mechanics to Latin, from the highly practical to the purely theoretical. The eminent educator believes that a similar educational project should be incorporated in our national defense program, and not as an afterthought as in the last war. Although Dr. Tigert is idealistic, as all American people are, accord-

ing to him, he has been through enough trying experiences to make him temper his idealism with realism. Although his attitude is contrary to his usual optimistic nature, he is pessimistic about the whole war situation at present.

His many experiences in different fields have enabled Dr. Tigert to cope successfully with the manifold problems which inevitably arise on any university or college campus. After all, says he, the primary purpose of operating a university is not to provide positions for the administration or faculty, but to provide for the boys who choose to come there; the students should always be kept uppermost in mind.

Smiling, the liberal educator said, "I won't let the student body argue with the administration, because the students always win!" He feels that as long as there is an efficient student government in the hands of trustworthy student leaders, there is little danger of difficulties not being settled without too much interference from adults. "Ultimately the boys go right," he commented. The genial speaker explained that after graduation students are going to be on their own to "paddle their own canoes." Therefore, artificial restraints of college life should be removed so that students can learn to take care of themselves. "My greatest inspiration in life is contact with boys; to me their interests are first."

"To be great is to be misunderstood," said Emerson, and that maxim seems to apply to Dr. Tigert in the case of the famous controversy about subsidization of college football several years ago. Newspapers often misquoted his statements about the issue. Dr. Tigert believed in subsidization, but only with specific conditions. His object was to abolish all the hypocrisy wherein athletes had to sign disability blanks and officials had to swear that their boys did not receive money for playing. When such practices were finally uncovered and brought to light, authorities never admitted that players received money or assistance of any kind "officially." Hence Dr. Tigert's purpose was to have everything "above-board," and advocated the forthright granting of scholarships.

"Football is a tough proposition, requiring much of a student's time and energy. Players have changed with the game. I can remember when players used to plead with the coach to let them get in the game—they even went to the extent of crying. Now boys come out of the game voluntarily.

"Sometimes when colleges begin to build ever-victorious teams, they are willing to sacrifice scholastic standards. It is not only undemocratic, but also unfair to the students affected to put the athlete in a special 'class.' Scholarship qualifications must be insisted upon in choosing a squad." Dr. Tigert knows whereof he speaks, too, having been head coach at the University of Kentucky after playing three years at Vanderbilt. He was also president of the Southeastern Conference. The educator believes that, in addition to being a good football player, such a student ought to contribute to the welfare of the institution he represents in every phase of student life.

In closing, Dr. Tigert made a plea for the conservation of the factors which individualize the liberal arts college. The greatest peril of the small college, he feels, begins when it tries to "keep up with the Joneses"—the Joneses, of course, being the large state universities. The college of liberal arts and sciences must define and clarify its purposes and objectives, and then capitalize on its unique advantages. He stated that the state institutions, being under the control of the government, must meet demands of the growing commonwealth, whereas the small college can accomplish its objectives without political interference and thus be free from radical or sudden changes in the curriculum.

"The little college is an important leaven in American life," he concluded.

SOCRATES

A cup of hemlock waits the seer today
Who dares to speak the truth alone, aloud,
Against the platitudes, the unkempt crowd
Of palliatives which men hold strong in sway
To shut out quite the cold fresh surge of mind.
A sage is lost in dreaming of the years
Immeasurable in sweetness, loosed from fears
And tortures which we ever changeless find.

—*George Beach.*

He discussed religion when I went to collect his overdue bill.

He rushes in where fools fear to tread.

Engineer C. T. Isley W4HEW Describes a New Radio System, Frequency Modulation

RECENTLY much publicity has been given to a new radio system, FM or Frequency Modulation. The purpose of this article will be to treat this system qualitatively and to present its technical aspects in non-mathematical terms.

First, it is well to consider the essentials of a radio system. There must be a way of converting electro-magnetic acoustic impulses into electro-magnetic waves which may be propagated in a medium without conductors. Electro-magnetic waves can be formed by exciting an antenna with oscillatory current of corresponding frequency—frequency, of course, referring to the number of wave trains or complete vibrations per second. These aforementioned oscillations produce what is known as the carrier. Now, a means must be secured to modulate this carrier.

There are two methods of doing this today. These are: (1) amplitude modulation, (2) frequency modulation. The former system is used principally today, and incidentally, is the only system suited for our present broadcast band. The reason for this will be explained later. The latter system is the one coming into prominence, but is used only on the ultra-high frequencies. The reason for this will also be shown.

The manner in which amplitude modulation is obtained is to change the input or efficiency of the carrier system, changing these in accordance with the frequency and amplitude of the audio impulse. With frequency modulation, the audio impulses are allowed to vary the elements which determine the natural or resonant frequency of the carrier source. Thus the amplitude of the carrier wave remains constant, only the instantaneous frequency changing. The modulated wave is then radiated.

These waves, which are of an ultra-high frequency, are next absorbed on the receiving antenna. These induce currents of corresponding frequency. Obviously, all tuning circuits have a certain amount of relative frequency discrimination. If this were not so, you could not "tune" your radio receiver. To be selective enough, a receiver should possess a band-pass characteristic of not more than 10,000 cycles-second. This is sufficient to care for the audio spectrum which is all the width that the amplitude modulated wave requires, but since the band width of the frequency modulated wave usually has to be about 200,000 c. p. s. to achieve its purpose, it can be seen that such a tuning arrangement would "chop off" a great part of the intelligence of the wave. However, as we advance into the electro-magnetic spectrum, we find that the frequency discrimination of conventional tuning arrangements becomes less. About ten years this fact was not known, and mathematicians proved that a frequency modulation system was an impossibility. This was, of course, true only with the systems of that day. After the wave is amplified and converted into a lower frequency (super-heterodyne principle) by conventional means, it passes into a circuit containing a tube, so biased that it allows impulses of a certain amplitude to pass through it. It is so adjusted that it becomes saturated at the maximum potential of the signal. Since the average amplitude of the signal is constant, it remains in state of saturation. This means any impulse of greater amplitude, such as noises are, would not register in the output.

The next step is to convert the frequency modulated wave into one with amplitude modulated characteristics. This is accomplished with what is known as a discriminator. This consists of a tuning circuit slightly of resonance and a tube which acts as a rectifier (demodulates the wave into audio components). All tuning circuits have peak response when adjusted to their resonant frequency. If one is tuned slightly to one side, a decrease in frequency will cause a rise or decline in potential across the circuit, depending on which side of resonance the circuit is set. It will, of course, be just the opposite with an increase of frequency. Thus there is applied to the rectifier a hybrid wave consisting of both amplitude and frequency modulated components. The rectifier merely allows current to pass in one direction. Hence, the original audio impulses may be taken from the output of the rectifier circuit separated from the carrier.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

R. Carlisle Folger

Mr. Folger was born in Central, South Carolina, August 13, 1887, and entered Wofford in 1905. He graduated with his class in 1909, and became professor of mathematics at Hastoc High School, Spartanburg, meanwhile doing graduate work in economics, history, and English at Wofford. In 1911, he entered the service of Western Union Telegraph Company, Atlanta. After one year he entered Vanderbilt University for graduate studies in the social sciences. In 1913, Mr. Folger reentered the service of Western Union Telegraph Company, Richmond, Virginia, and successively associated with the same company at Philadelphia and New York. In 1933 he was appointed Assistant to the First Vice-President. His chief hobbies are golf and farming.

When he gave his reasons for instituting the Economics Awards made each year at Wofford for the best essays of an economic nature, he stated: "What are the seventy-five or one hundred young men who graduate in June going to do about the vexatious economic problems of our day—such as so-called social security, the free competitive system, distribution of wealth, government in business, taxation that is destroying enterprise, and so on, which their elders seemingly are not solving? Are they going to follow the insincere demagogue and sincere but equally dangerous theorist to cure our economic ills? Have they been trained and stimulated in a liberal arts college to think straight on these questions and form their own judgments? They, as the future business men of the nation, and not the politicians, the theorists and governmental bureaucracies, will repair the damaged business and social structure, and make our country a better place to live and work in. Their years in college are as nothing if they have not been equipped even in some small way to cope resolutely and intelligently with the economic problems they shall presently meet."

The Journal takes pleasure in presenting Mr. Folger to its readers through this letter to the editor.

WHY NOT LEARN AFTER COLLEGE?

By R. Carlisle Folger

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY
60 HUDSON STREET
NEW YORK

R. C. FOLGER
ASSISTANT TO
VICE PRESIDENT

January 22, 1941.

Editor-in-Chief,
The Journal, Wofford College,
Spartanburg, S. C.

Dear Editor:

You will recall that when you wrote to me in late December asking for a contribution to the Journal which would be of interest to college students I replied with the warning that being a business man anything I might offer would likely be a very practical discussion,—a condition which you subsequently accepted.

I did not tell you that my reflections would be embodied in a letter —the convenient medium which business men generally employ—rather than in an article with the customary caption. If it were the latter, the title might be the question: "Why Not Learn After College?" Being the former, it is an appeal, as sketchy as it necessarily must be, to the student to consider learning to be a continuing life process—not only for its own sake but because of the terrifying need for it in a changing and dynamic society. It may not seem fitting to some of you who have struggled or will struggle for four long years to get an "education," and who are wistfully looking ahead to the day when sheepskins may be framed, books closed and classes cut forever, that one should suggest any continuation of the educational process. I should expect, however, that the majority have already resolved to drink deeply and continuously of the Pierian Spring.

The idea is advanced, not because I have any notion that teachers and educators are currently neglecting, or have in the past failed to emphasize the transcendent importance of life-long intellectual activity and development. Those who attended Professor Rembert's classes in my student days at Wofford will long remember with what burning passion he implanted the concept that a college education is an experience, not an end in itself, for stimulating the persistent quest throughout life for knowledge and understanding. I recognize, too, that in college and university circles there is a full measure of urging students to keep on learning, not to mention the activities of many agencies in promoting adult study and education. The idea is proposed in the hope that brief discussion of a few pressing issues and problems which are not likely to be settled within the

lifetime of any of us and to which all of the resources of our minds and spirits must be applied, will quicken the interest and strengthen the resolution of Wofford men to keep on learning after the college sends them out for service to the community.

We are being told daily that more momentous issues than we have ever faced before in our national existence must be dealt with. In his annual message delivered to the Congress on January 6 the President stated that he was addressing the members "at a moment unprecedented in the history of the Union." From all quarters we hear the call to citizens to defend our democracy, to preserve the American way of life. If this be the uppermost issue we may well ask ourselves whether we possess qualities of understanding and knowledge with which to defend it. What kind of democracy do we want and against what must we defend it?

Our continued talk about "defending" will be merely glib declarations and indulgence in shadow boxing if we have no clear understanding of the democratic way that we ought to defend and do not comprehend the restrictions which have already been imposed on it by recent manipulation and alteration of our governmental, industrial and social systems. Furthermore, if national policy carries us to the use of force, as seems likely now, in the defense of freedom, additional far-reaching alterations in the structure of our government and society may be involved. Such changes may persist not only during the period of possible conflict but particularly for generations to come, unless there is an informed and suspicious citizenry capable of determining the limits within which changes may be made wthout establishment of tyrannical government and loss of our liberties.

Too many of us, I am afraid, have forgotten or are unacquainted with the judgments and philosophy of Thomas Jefferson in respect of the kind of democracy a free people should support. It is impossible in this limited space to enumerate his specifications, but we know that his dominant passion was for that system of society wherein there is the largest measure of self-government rather than dominance by government, and that he stood for the supreme dignity of the individual in the state as in Christian ethics the nobility of the human soul is supreme.

Today, when masses of our citizens do not seem to understand the issues involved in the increasing encroachment of government on our economic and social activities, we realize anew the vitality of Jefferson's philosophy of the dependence of freedom and democracy on an educated and constantly alert people. Writing from Monticello on August 30, 1795, to Mann Page, he said:

> "I do most anxiously wish to see the highest degree of education given to the higher degrees of genius, and to all degrees of it, so much as may enable them to read and understand what is going on in the world and to keep their part of it going right, for nothing can keep it right but their own vigilant and distrustful superintendence."[1]

And twenty years later on January 6, 1816, after retirement from forty years' experience in government, he was hammering again on the same

1. Writings of Thomas Jefferson—Ford NY, 1894—Vol. VII, p. 7.

theme, with an added observation which should be of profound significance to us in these perilous times concerning the tendency of "functionaries of government" to "command the liberty and property" of the governed, as follows:

> "If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be. The functionaries of every government have propensities to command at will the liberty and property of their constituents. There is no safe deposit for these but with the people themselves, nor can they be safe with them without information."[2]

Would it not profit us to apply the test of Jeffersonian principles and counsel to the enduring problems created by the governmental experiments of the past decade? If we are determined to keep on searching for information we would by "distrustful superintendence" learn of what is going on and determine whether "functionaries of government" show propensities to curtail our liberties and command our property when unprecedented measures and activities are instituted by them. We would want to determine whether it is wise for a gigantic bureaucracy of commissions, boards, agencies and corporations constituting a government of men rather than of laws to be fastened on our constitutional system. We would want to understand the financial operations of a government which through the device of annual deficits spends vast billions of dollars in excess of its receipts and which has created a national debt unparalleled in amount at any time anywhere, foreshadowing a staggering tax burden on present and future generations of citizens; and whether the money is being wisely spent or distributed for the creation of a vast political machine. We would want to ponder whether the government's excursion into the untried field of social security will destroy the American spirit of individual initiative, soften the fibre of our people and lead to social decay, bearing in mind that the plan involves the placing of more than 52,000,000[3] men and women employed in commerce and industry on accounts to receive payments from the government. We would want to search for information from which sound judgments could be formed as to whether any society is likely to endure as a free people in which its government extends regulation of economic life to the point of paralyzing business initiative and crippling its enterprise system. In short, we would "superintend" all malevolent trends in governmental activities and resolve to defend democracy against the drift to a totalitarian state in which all are enslaved.

Shall the people govern or be governed?

At the outset it was stated that this letter would be an appeal. I trust that many students, especially of the senior class, will accept it as a challenge. To those who will so view it I affirm that there is a practicable way open for them to engage in a community activity that will return rich dividends in joyful living, intellectual development and general civic

2. Writings of Thomas Jefferson—Ford NY, 1894—Vol. X, p. 1.
3. Year-end Survey 1940—Social Security Board, Washington, D. C.

improvement. Before me is a map of the State of South Carolina on which I have spotted the names of thirteen colleges and universities located in eleven cities and communities. Why? Because it visualizes the potentialities of aid and inspiration which if used will enable groups of citizens in cooperation with the colleges and local public school systems to organize and conduct Adult Education Schools, not only for a particular locality but for surrounding localities. As you may know, the Adult Education movement is scarcely more than ten years old, in which time it has spread to many communities. In the small suburban community (pop. 33,000) in New Jersey where I live, a courageous group of 200 citizens met one night seven years ago in our Junior High School auditorium and organized an Adult School. By at first "crawling" before attempting to run, we have grown for the 1940-41 season to 4,500 adult registrants, composed largely of men and women who are college and university graduates, and now offer 60 courses of study! And this in a community where we send 6,200 children to the public schools! We owe a great debt to Princeton University and the members of our own high school faculty for their unfailing cooperation in providing both teaching and lecture staff.

A wealth of information on this continuing phase of the educational process is available to the student whose interest may be awakened by this discussion. The following list of books is recommended:

The Establishment of An Adult School, by J. Keith Torbert, Chairman, The South Orange-Maplewood, N. J. Adult School. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1936, 218 pages.

Adult Education, by Lyman Bryson, Professor of Education Teachers College, Columbia University. The American Book Company, New York, 1936. 202 pages.

Ten Years of Adult Education, by Morse Adams Cartwright, Director, The American Association for Adult Education. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1935. 208 pages.

Mr. Torbert's book is perhaps the most comprehensive treatment of the subject obtainable. It provides full details on organizing an Adult School, planning courses, publicity, finances, etc. Incidentally, the Carnegie Foundation of New York in the decade 1924 to 1934 distributed approximately $3,000,000 in grants to projects of this kind.

In closing, a quotation from Dr. Cartwright's inspiring book is offered:

> "The ambition of democracy is to set men free. The ambition of adult education is the same, to set men free—from governmental oppression, from materialism, from bad taste in living, in music, in drama, in recreation, and most of all, free from the utter drabness of unfilled lives."

Sincerely yours,

R. CARLISLE FOLGER

Shall We Cry "Peace, Peace . . ."

By CHARLES POLK

It's Religious Emphasis Week at Wofford, And the Writer Issues a Daring Challenge to Revitalize Our Campus Through Religion.

What is this strange philosophy that would have us cry, "All is well, all is well," when naught is well? What is this strange attitude that would have us ignore a corrupt and unjust situation, and blissfully assume that all will work out for the best, even though we do nothing to correct that situation? What is it but the old, old doctrine of compromise and appeasement?

This essay is not advocating a declaration of war against the Axis Powers—although the text quoted in the title could well be interpreted as applying to that situation, and to many other situations—but it does suggest that we consider certain vital issues here at Wofford and apply our topic to them.

For example, we are planning to build a greater Wofford. Is it possible that such an aforementioned philosophy can and will defeat our efforts? Let us hope not, but there are certain conditions which must be changed before a greater Wofford can possibly be realized.

Wofford is a denominational college and it cannot compete successfully with state supported institutions so far as financial resources, buildings, and equipment are concerned. Therefore, if we are to attain any real distinction in building a greater Wofford it must spring from the character of our alumni and resident students. We shall not accomplish our purpose unless adequate influences are provided to mould the character of our students in the right channels.

Are we not failing to provide the influences conducive to the highest type of character? If we face the situation realistically and without bias—and this is constructive, not destructive criticism—we must admit that there is a serious bottleneck somewhere. This is not to say that we do not have some fine influences here at Wofford (well above the average of other schools), but it is to say that Wofford does fall far short of having the atmosphere that it should have, because of the very nature of the institution.

The foundation stones of character are morality and religion. George Washington said in his frequently quoted "Farewell Address" that morality and religion are indispensable to national welfare and that morality cannot be maintained without religion. If morality cannot be maintained, even after it has been established, without religion, how can we hope to create morality and character without religion?

In spite of those religious influences already at work here, the general concensus of opinion seems to be that Wofford does not stress, as it should, the necessity of a vital religion. It is not enough to have certain pious platitudes in our handbooks and catalogues. We must vitalize those platitudes and make them live in the life on the campus. It is a great let-down to read about the unique Christian atmosphere at Wofford and then to come on the campus for the first time and see things as they really are. We must admit, if we are honest with ourselves, that Christ is not honored on this campus as He should be. If we want to build a greater Wofford let us not cry, "Peace, peace," but face the situation realistically and honestly and courageously. Let us be sure that the atmosphere at Wofford is made truly Christian.

Next let us see how this delusion affects students individually, for it is here that we are most susceptible to such a philosophic delusion. We can point out the mote in our brother's eye rather easily and readily, but it is difficult to see the beam in our own. This doctrine is dangerous in any aspect of life, but since it is the season of religious emphasis, let us limit our discussion here to its application to the spiritual phase of our lives.

What would be the result if we were to follow this philosophy? First of all it would not let us realize that our need for spiritual health is a basic need, and it would cause us to ignore the fact that spiritual health is *absolutely necessary* to the development of a well-rounded personality.

It would also cause us to ignore the great truth expressed so well by St. Augustine when he said, "Man is made for Thee, O God, and he will not rest till he finds rest in Thee."

It would cause us to fall into the error of those who declare that intellectual education is all that man

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The Remarkable History and Lamentable Death of Napoleon

"Hard to Believe, but True," Explains Leonard Tom, Who Pens an Entertaining, But Somewhat Incredible, Memoir of a "Veritable Feline Billy Rose."

NAPOLEON was beautiful at first glance, but after a while you saw that his head and ears were too big for his slender, black body. However, these deformities were overshadowed by his trim white bow-tie and his dainty white slippers. He was intelligent and blasé. He had the cat's proverbial curiosity, but in addition, he was a showman, a veritable feline Billy Rose.

He had a supercilious walk and a haughty tail, tipped with white. But his eyes were his chief asset: they were deep, frigid, impenetrable, mysterious; they looked as though they had observed the sin of a thousand years. Napoleon had camouflaged, but wicked claws, and he always indulged in hypocritical purring. He endured petting, but it insulted him. He never associated with other cats, except in fights. He was a lone eagle and refused to share the limelight.

He tip-toed triumphantly into a room as if bands were softly playing. He promenaded for a few minutes, but the moment his audience began to lose interest, he became spectacular. With a sudden leap, he landed on the mantelpiece. Attention centered, he picked up a vase in a thoughtful manner. Then, holding it in his teeth, he plunged to the floor. By subsequent trips he cleared the mantel and sat on the rug, stroking his loot like a miser. If his toys were replaced, he was careful to ignore them. During these amazing performances, strangers sat open-mouthed and dared not believe—just as you readers do now.

Napoleon had a strange love for high places, and he never lay on the floor to rest. Outside the house, he lived in the top-most branches of the highest trees. Inside, he sat on the ledge above the front door, or slept on the mantel. He climbed drapes, investigated the highest shelves, and occasionally perched on the roof.

He was by nature a thief. He stole anything that glistened: glasses, rings, coins, watches, and curios were hoarded. If I insisted, he usually returned my watch, perhaps throwing in some recent visitor's change for luck, for he was an adept pick-pocket too. He stealthily placed himself behind his victim and with a noiseless paw dipped into his coat pocket. Frequently he finished his job before he was discovered. With proper training, he would have made a fortune.

One day Jack Barnwell visited me. He was one of those persons who knows everything: he rivalled Napoleon himself in the love of adulation. Jack was dominating conversation and attention until Napoleon showed up.

With his usual ability, he ransacked my guest's coat pocket. Jack was delighted, so Napoleon continued his act. He removed everything but the clock from the mantel-piece and then climbed to his roost over the door. From there, he made a perilous leap to the chandelier, and thence to my shoulder. Jack was beside himself.

Suddenly Napoleon began worrying my wrist watch, so I slapped him to the floor. He huffily walked over to Jack, who began taking off his expensive Bulova.

"Don't do that, Jack," I interrupted, "he might break it."

"Haven't broken anything yet, have you, Napoleon?" Jack said cheerfully and handed his watch to the cat.

Napoleon held it appraisingly in his paws before putting it carefully on the floor. He boxed it about playfully for a few moments and then drum-majoretted about the room, the watch in his mouth.

"You better get it back, while it's still running," I said, but Jack wasn't listening.

With a sudden sneering look at his admirer, Napoleon seized the watch in his right paw and drew back. My heart marked time until he threw it some six feet across the room, where it landed with a crash on the brick hearth. While the deflated Jack investigated the ruins, Napoleon snapped his tail to attention and scornfully picked his way from the room.

His death was brave and glorious; it was as theatrical and spectacular as his career. He was struck by a hit-and-run driver one November night, but with his usual perversity he refused to die. He dragged his crushed body to the highest oak in the yard and climbed it. He settled down to die, stoical as a Roman senator. The next morning he was found stretched out on a gaunt, leafless branch, his eyes evil and mysterious as always, his teeth showing in the suggestion of a cynical grin as he faced the rising sun.

WINGS UNFURLED

By JAMES C. RITTER

A Student Pilot Makes a Three-Point Landing With a Yarn About a Mechanic Who wasn't So Dumb After All

MAYBE Fate ain't a funny thing, or maybe it is. I'm just a "dumb" mechanic around the airport, so I won't go into this matter in philosophy, but I ain't saying I couldn't, mind you! Anyhow, when you happen to know some of the inside rigging of a story, why as like as not you want to tell it, and specially since it's about two bully good fellows.

Yep, there wasn't any doubt about that so far as Ol' Tom went. And there is where Fate steps in. You see, I was his mechanic back in the old 94th in the first war, and he was the best fellow I ever tuned a ship for. Nothing snooty about him, even if he was a flying officer, and a mighty good one.

Yep, I remember the first day he got to the drome from the replacement pool. He was fresh, clean shaven; black hair, and had eyes that God only knows where he got, for they were a peculiar blue—not just a plain blue, but a blue that could show sympathy, patience, and the coldest fighting look that I ever saw. However, you seldom saw that look, 'cause usually they were a blue that looked a hundred years old and reflected the whole world with a kind of easy-going friendliness—or maybe it was his whole face.

Well, he came into the 94th and soon had more friends than there were men in the whole dang outfit, but he had a few enemies who never showed their jealousy to his face. Oh yes, there was reason to be jealous, for he bagged a plane the first trip over. I can well remember how he slipped off the wing of his plane and rushed over the field to help Eric out of his plane. Eric was hit, and Tom was over to him before his own plane stopped rolling.

Later when the fellows gathered around him to congratulate him on his victory he kinda blushed and said, "Aw, he was just a little greener than I was, and if a lucky shot hadn't got his blade. . . ."

I heard several of the other pilots out on that patrol telling about it, though, and they were all of the same opinion. Tom was an old eagle in disguise. That's a funny thing, too, for Tom's eyes did look like they belonged to some old man, there were even some wrinkles in his forehead and around the corners of his eyes, like he was used to using them a lot.

I asked him the next day how he wanted his ship decorated, and he said, "Well, Dick"—he always called me Dick, though I don't know how he ever learned my name, 'cause I didn't tell him. Anyway, he said, "Well, Dick, I tell you what. I haven't decided what to put on her yet, but I'll be down this afternoon and we will fix her up."

Sure enough, he came down, and he was carrying a little case with him. When he opened it up and pulled out some oil colors you could have blown me over with the back wash of a glider. He sat down on a stool and began to paint. Well, he spent several hours, while I kept sauntering by, just to see what he was painting on it. Finally I stopped everything else and just watched. When he finished, he stood up and backed away from it, and turning, said to me, "Well, how do you like her, Dick?"

I stood there so long looking at it without answering that he began to laugh, and slapped me on the back. I managed to stammer out something, I don't know just what, but finally I asked, "Why do you call her 'Lady of Death'? She's too beautiful for that!"

For a second I noticed a rather peculiar look in his eyes, and then he said with a soft voice, "When I started flying this plane, something else had to die. Now that it's dead, death is the only beautiful thing left. Only death can be beautiful."

"War is a damn hell, and I only pray that my son, if I ever have one, will never have to go to war. If I ever have one . . ." He was laughing with a sorta mad snarl, and then his eyes fell back on the spad, and I saw that fighting look, followed by fathomless pain. We both stood and looked, with our own feelings at the picture on the plane's fuselage.

The silence lay around us like oil, so that I jumped when I heard the banging of the supper pan. I often wondered about that, and even when Ol' Tom cracked up on the field after shooting down his sixth "confirmed" victory, and was taken away, I still wondered.

They took him away, and I didn't see him again

until after this second war started. I had gotten up to being in charge of the mechanical end of one of our flight cadet training fields. The promotion had come as the result of long years and hard work. It was mighty slow, but not because I'm *so* dumb, mind you!

Well, I was wandering around the hangars one day, sorta checking my men, when I saw someone that I used to know. Suddenly he looked my way, and a smile sped through his eyes.

"Why, hello, Dick! How are you, old man?"

Not until he said Dick could I think who he was, and then we were pumping each other's hands like American college boys who happened to meet in Hong Kong.

We only had time to exchange a few words of greeting when he was called away, but not before he had made me promise to eat dinner with him that night at his home. It seems that he had married his nurse.

That evening when I reached his residence I met his wife. Suddenly I was again by a new Spad, with a beautiful girl's picture on the side. The face of his wife was looking out at me, and under it was written, in black letters, "Lady of Death." He must have noticed my queer look, for he asked me with a laugh, "What's wrong, Dick? You look like you've seen a ghost!"

"I have—that of an old Spad."

Suddenly, what he had said that day back in France began to make sense in Canada. In another moment we were all ourselves again, and the evening passed with greater speed than most I have known, even when I was asleep. I noticed a number of oils on the wall and casually asked if he had done them.

"No. They are the work of my son. He's coming home soon from England and Europe, where he has been studying."

Two weeks later I happened to see Ol' Tom just after he had finished his day's work with fledgling students. I couldn't help but notice that there was a slightly haunted look in his blue eyes. He told me about it in a very few words. "My son has joined the Canadian R. A. F."

If I hadn't known Ol' Tom so well I might have felt that this was a sign of treason, but I knew that was wrong and so I kept quiet, and watched.

One day about a week and a half later Tom came to me, and asked if I would like to see his son's solo flight. I had asked something about it one day, so I said "sure," and that's why I was watching the next morning as the trainer landed from the last dual instruction flight. Tom climbed out, said something to the boy, and waved him off. Then with apparently no concern he strode off the drome, but he had hardly gotten into the office when he spun and joined me at the window. "How does his mother feel about this?" I asked, to make conversation.

"It cut her up for a time, but now she is really brave about the whole thing. There he goes!"

The plane had gathered speed under full throttle and was shaking its wheels free of the earth. At four hundred feet it circled to the left and made a pattern around the field. The landing was excellent. There was a sureness in the movements of the plane that suggested the father had passed down some of his own ability to the son. I knew that the man beside me would have given his entire life to be going in the place of this boy to fight the invaders from the shore of the mother country, but the brass hats had felt that he would be of far greater service here training others to go. Training other lads so that they might ride a flaming plane down into the channel, and among them was his own son!

The plane had taken off again on its second of the three trips around the field, and the father was standing there, following it as best he could through the mist that hung from rather low clouds. It was about minimum contact flight conditions, and the image of the plane was rather obscure at times. A second time the plane landed, with a delicate precision that testified to the trainer's skill and the student's ability.

The plane skipped along the runway a few times on the third trip before the boy pulled it free, and then it gained speed and climbed for altitude. There was a decided breaking movement in the cloud formation and a space of the blue sky broke through, but at the same time there was a slight precipitation out some three miles from the drome. Suddenly the father gave a stifled exclamation and rushed out of the office. Even to me the cause was apparent. The plane, with throttle back, was just beginning its glide at some four hundred feet, and it was gliding too flat.

Then it happened with breath-taking suddenness. The plane went into a spin. A cross gust of wind must have made the almost stalled plane fall off on one wing, and from four hundred feet that could mean but one thing—No! It had come out! The student with unbelieving calmness had brought it out and was now giving her the gun to bring it into proper position to land. I joined the father outside and was with him when the plane taxied into the parking line. The son slipped out of the seat, and with composure that would have done credit to a hardened stunt pilot, dropped to the ground.

Ol' Tom and I were beside him while he leaned back to pull his parachute from the plane, and as he turned Tom managed to ask without any noticeable tremor to his voice:

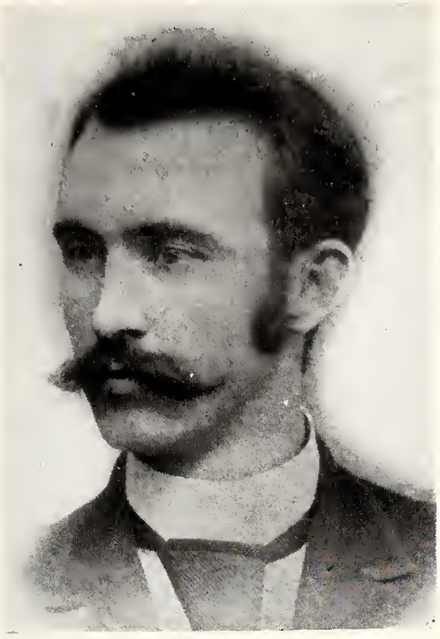
"What happened up there?"

The boy pulled off his helmet and I got my first good look at him. Again France slipped out of the past, and it may have been that more than anything

(Continued on Page 29)

Who Said Men's Styles Don't Change?

Here Is What the Beau Brummell of the Gay Nineties Wore . . .



Dr. Henry Nelson Snyder

Dr. Henry Nelson Snyder, now observing his fiftieth anniversary as teacher and president of Wofford, had this picture snapped while he was instructor in Latin at Vanderbilt University in 1890. In those days the bewhiskered young men wore as much beard as they could stand. Note the sideburns and the roguish-looking mustache. Dr. Snyder recalls that Dr. Clinkscales used to have a red mustache so long that it could be tied around the neck. Students in Dr. Snyder's classroom used to sit and wonder how he could tie a four-in-hand with the left hand, and at the same time be right-handed. At this period it was quite the style to roach the hair back. Because Dr. Snyder was endowed by nature with a cowlick, which made roaching easy, he was the envy of fellow students.

And here is "Jimmy" Chiles when he posed for the photographer in 1900 shortly before his twenty-third birthday. He was a student at the University of Leipzig at the time. Wouldn't the traditional villain have a good time twirling a mustache like the one *Herr Doktor* Chiles carried around on his upper lip! Such a super mustache required a special trainer known as *eine Bartbinde*. Native Germans never shaved, and grew long mustaches in imitation of Kaiser Bill. Pity the boy who couldn't grow such a luxuriant tonsorial adornment during his college days! Other accessories requisite to a complete outfit included a long duster and a white standing collar that met in front. Buttonholes were in the body of the collar. Again we see the wide four-in-hand tie to set off the Esquire of 1900.

P. S. Both photographs are authentic!

Dr. James Alburn Chiles

Editorials

LET'S NOT QUIBBLE OVER HONOR

Before the first term examinations a student body meeting was held, the major business of which was a discussion of the honor system as it is now practiced on the campus. In times past, the student body has become rowdy — to put it mildly — in the face of such heated debate, but the conduct of this particular session was praiseworthy because of its orderliness. Parliamentary procedure was followed, and spokesmen had their say while fellow students listened attentively.

In spite of the fact that many students insist on interpreting the honor system as being essentially a spy system, with the professors having the honor and the students the system, there are more important and far-reaching implications in the honor system provision of the constitution. Parenthetically, it is suggested that every student read the constitution of the Wofford college student body as adopted in 1926 before attempting to discuss or discount any phase of this interesting and informative document. The collegians who framed our constitution must have taken some pains to make it a permanent and an eminently practical document. Certainly more than a decade it has served its purpose well when it has been enforced.

Let's examine the first sentence of article III, section 1, of the constitution which reads: "The Honor System requires that each student shall, in all relations of student life, act honorably." It seems that only at examination time do we become conscious that such a thing as an honor system even exists, whereas nowhere in the honor system article do the words "examination" or "test" occur. The nearest it comes to expressing that is in the phrase "suspicious circumstances." "Cheating" occurs in a succession of equally important words in the second sentence: "Lying, cheating, stealing, or breaking one's word of honor shall be considered infringements of the Honor Code."

The point is this: by bickering and limiting our discussion to the obvious shortcomings of student conduct during tests, we entirely misinterpret the spirit, if not the letter of the constitution. That is not to say that cheating during examinations is to be condoned; on the contrary, it is a vicious practice that must be eradicated. First, however, we must start cleaning house in some of our more secluded nooks and crannies which are, nevertheless, just as dirty.

Reports of downright stealing in dormitories and on the campus are not uncommon. From such misdemeanors we learn that others' possessions must be left alone before we can expect to see stealing facts and phrases from the paper of the fellow in the next seat stop. Then there is that first cousin to classroom cheating—homework paper copying, a childish carry-over from secondary school days. Leaving out any moral or ethical codes involved, what in the name of common sense is learned by mechanical copying? But it is not our purpose here to analyze motives, nor to presume that paper duplicators come to college to learn.

How about that matter of laboratory work, in which students are left largely to themselves to do as they please—need any cleaning out in that corner? Do you read and report honestly on parallel reading, or do you merely scan the table of contents, read a synopsis, and fake the report? Everything mentioned normally comes under the head of an honor system, yet we keep harping on examinations and their evils. Interlinear translations, unpaid debts, petty jealousies, lying—let's sweep out these and all the rest of our dark corners while we are at it.

It would seem that if each student tried conscientiously to carry out the fullest intent of the honor system in every relation of student life, instead of beclouding the issue with non-essentials, conduct during examinations would take care of itself. It isn't human nature to reform suddenly, even for such momentous things as exams!

Not changes and amendments to the constitution will establish more honorable exams, but changes within ourselves. That alone will do it.

Her husband called her "Mrs." in private.

Are you going to hear Mr. Henry C. Wolfe, Lyceum lecturer, Wednesday night, February 12?

He put pacifists and traitors in the same category.

ATTENTION: PUBLICATIONS BOARD

The publications board, which has the responsibility of promulgating the financial policy of the campus publications, might well tackle a matter that must, of necessity, be faced soon. It is this task of securing advertisements for the three major campus publications.

If Wofford were the only educational institution in Spartanburg, the problem would not be so acute, but there are three institutions of higher learning, plus several secondary schools in the field, all dependent upon the same source of support. Each of these institutions has from three to five publications which must rely upon advertising as one cause of income. To say that there are twelve business managers soliciting advertising in the city would be a minimum estimate. In addition, there are football and play programs and tickets which generally carry advertising.

Those who buy space do not consider that such advertising can be justified as profitable, but such expenditure is granted on the basis of loyalty to the institution sponsoring the publication, civic pride, or as a personal compliment to the solicitor of such advertising.

To be approached by dozens of soliciting students in the fall and at frequent intervals thereafter can become quite annoying to business executives. Spartanburg people have always responded readily and agreeably to requests for ads, and will doubtless continue to do so.

But, as stated above, present methods cannot get results much longer. Therefore, a new way must be found. Here is our suggestion: coordinate the business staffs of the three organs; determine the amount of advertising required by the three; prepare a list of prospects; and assign to each business staff certain prospects so that no business establishment will be approached by more than one solicitor.

THE JOURNAL believes this plan is workable—let's get behind it for 1941-42.

SOLDIERS CAN BE GENTLEMEN

The following is an excerpt from a letter by a young woman:

> We arrived safe and sound, notwithstanding the great number of roaring drunk sailors and soldiers who infested the busses all the way to our destination. My friend and I sat very quietly like mice, inwardly storming that we, American citizens, had to put up with drunkards—their alcoholic breaths making the atmosphere reek, and their foul conversations likewise raising quite a stench. For the first time, I didn't care if they got shot to smithereens. The sailors and soldiers certainly must have a miserable existence if liquor is all they have to enjoy.

The quotation is unimportant per se, but it does reflect the frank opinion of a person disgusted by the boorish conduct. Unfortunately, here is another case in which an entire organization is too often judged by the behavior of a few members who are not necessarily typical of the group they represent. Individuals do things unrestrainedly in a crowd that they would frown upon if left up to their own discretion. Furthermore, bad acts are always more conspicuous than good acts and are likely to provoke comment and publicity of an undesirable nature.

Very soon the first infantry trainees under the national selective service program will be scheduled to arrive at Camp Croft, the replacement center located near Spartanburg. It is to be hoped that officials in charge will impress upon recruits the importance of courtesy at all times and in all places. Other cities with camps in their vicinities have realized economic advantages, but certain moral and social effects on the civilian population have been regrettable and irretrievable.

Spartanburg is vitally interested in this great government undertaking, and will render her verdict in due course.

THE BASEBALL GAME

Bodies rank with dirt and sweat; disjointed
Speech with oaths for punctuation—
See them laugh and scowl, hear their piercing
Cheap-tin howls of morbid glee.
The Sons of Mill are playing ball.

Icehouse Dugan's at the bat. Once he's
Struck, and once he's fouled, and now the
Count stands three and two. (A puff of smoke)
There goes the pitch. "Yer out, by gosh!"
The Sons of Mill are playing ball.

Sleepy Bradley, aged thirteen, shifts his
Quid and spits a golden stream of
Bloodhound. Ace MacAllister smacks his glove with,
"Come on boys, let's give 'em Hell!"
The Sons of Mill are playing ball.

Hall slides home, the umpire calls it wrongly.
"Kill him!" "Liar!" "Blind as a bat!" An
Argument, and then a brawl. Sticks and
Stones, flying fists and dime-store knives.
The Sons of Mill are playing ball.

Savage cries—the lust of battle rages.
Cowards slink away, the strong Sons
Stand their ground. They slash and curse and feel the
Thrill of their primeval pride.
The Sons of Mill are playing ball.

—George Reeves, Jr.

TOMORROW FOREVER

(Continued from Page 4)

ward undressed and went to bed. He tossed fitfully for an hour, but finally sank into a wild, nightmarish sleep.

Next morning he rose and dressed mechanically. The face no longer troubled his sleep-drugged senses. His nerves were calm, but he felt no zest in living. He breakfasted with a group of silent, stolid boarders. He was matter-of-factly introduced to the group . . . Fools (he thought), why don't they say something? It's none of theirs that's dead. . . . The silence was unbearable. He excused himself and left before the others were through. He had an appointment with the school board at ten o'clock, and he wanted to look the town over beforehand.

Dinner was served at the Woodland at one o'clock. After a satisfactory meeting with the school authorities, Edward came back at twelve-thirty. It was Saturday and school was to start the following Monday. He approached the house feeling better than he had felt for many hours. But when he stepped into the hall the dampening aroma of the embalmed dead quenched his spirits. He had forgotten about Evelyn. The casket lay in the parlor, on his right. Flowers had been arriving all morning, and there were several visitors talking quietly in the room. Edward didn't fight the irresistible something that drew him to the casket. And there she lay, as beautiful to him as she had been in life. He fancied he heard her murmur, "Forever . . ." He wanted to kiss her. He tore himself away and left the house somnambulantly. He drove downtown, saw a movie, then another movie, then he ate a hearty meal at the best hotel in town. But the thing kept coming back. I love you so. Whom had she meant? But what did it matter? She was dead.

Edward got in his car and left the city. He drove toward Spartanburg, and he drove furiously. The tar and gravel road was treacherous in places, but that was what he liked. Once he took a curve too fast and skidded dangerously onto the shoulders, but he roared on unchecked. He reached Spartanburg in forty-five minutes. He was greatly relieved, but he didn't know what to do with himself. He felt like getting drunk. He wandered aimlessly about, parked and walked, then drove again. He buried himself in the crowds, in the lights and sounds of the city, and finally in the darkness. He spent the night in a hotel and did not return to Chester until Sunday afternoon after the funeral.

School started and Edward settled into his new job. It was humdrum at times, but there were lively hours. In the afternoons he often helped the coach with the football squad, and at night he did as he pleased. He went the rounds with the work-a-day drugstore-barbecue society, and he became known as a carefree young brilliant out for a good time. But he knew it was false. He was seeking an anodyne. Something kept drumming through his head—something strange and haunting. He was still bewildered by the events of the day of his arrival, and he tried to put it out of his mind. But it kept coming back . . . I knew you'd come. Kiss me, darling . . .

Edward spent as little time as possible at the Woodland. The other roomers were a sullen lot, and their company grated on his nerves. He became well acquainted with only one of them, Miss Williams, who taught English in the high school. She rode to school with him each morning, and upon their return in the afternoon they had their meal together. Naturally they came to know each other very well. He had questioned her several times about Evelyn Robertson, but she always avoided the subject. She would say, "She was a wonderful person," or, "Everybody adored her." But she would say nothing further. Everyone knew the part Edward had played, but they didn't want to discuss the matter. He didn't understand the silence. Finally one day, when the two of them were eating together, he got Miss Williams started talking.

"She was a wonderful person," she said again. "She lived all her life in Chester here. I knew her for the last four years of her life—watched her grow from a spirited high school girl into a dazzling young college woman, and all the time she was master of her world. Once she called the principal a 'stupid old milksop' because he reprimanded her for denouncing the efforts of the school dramatic club as 'abominable' in her column in the school paper, and nothing was done about it. All the students walked in her tracks, except a certain highbrow element. They hated her because she laughed at their false superstructure, and got along very well without them. Part of the faculty hated her, too. I think they were afraid of her, because she would expose anything she found to be ingenuine. She was an iconoclast, and nothing gave her more pleasure than to shatter what she called the 'puerile prejudices of idealistic jellyfish.' She had an impetuous, knife-edge mind, and she wouldn't spend long at any one task. She liked action, played a fast game of tennis, and was an expert swimmer. She could outswim every boy in town for short distances. I've seen her leave a group of lifeguards five yards behind. Then she would leap from the pool and stand laughing at them. They worshipped her, just as everyone else did." Miss Williams spoke dreamily, reverently. She paused a moment.

"Did she have a boy friend?" Edward asked cautiously.

"Dozens of them," was the reply.

"I mean—didn't she have a special friend, someone she liked more than the others?"

"No. She liked to be with anyone who was lively and could do things. But she had no one she favored

particularly. I don't believe she was ever in love. She always said she would never fall in love but once, and that would be a violent, passionate and lasting love. She'd say, 'I'll never release him, once I find him.' She knew she was of the type that is humbled by nothing in this world except love. Her favorite book was 'Wuthering Heights.' She said it was the most real story she had ever read."

Edward's brain became a whirlpool again. She *had* found him! And she loved him, for she had quite plainly and sanely told him so. She loved *him,* Edward Stanton, and she would never release him. He could hear again her passionate whispering. He could see her smiling bright blue eyes, and her arms seemed to be clutching him in a death grip. Oh, why had she died? Why? She had been made to live. She *was* life. Oh, why?

Miss Williams talked on, but Edward didn't hear. He sat in a trance. He asked no more questions, and Miss Williams soon stopped talking. She didn't notice Edward's strange behavior, for she was in a reverie of her own. Edward excused himself as soon as possible and went to his room. It dawned on him why everyone had been so silent about it all. Evelyn was their goddess. It was true that they worshipped her. She was master of her world. She was master of her world even after death. He found her haunting face everywhere. He drove down town, and wherever he went, she was there. He went on another frenzied ride, driving like a Jehu. Returning somewhat relieved, he tried to reason with himself. Anything can happen at a time like that, he thought. She would have done the same if I had been any one of a hundred, or a thousand. She had her romantic ideal and anyone could have played the same part I did under similar circumstances. . . . But the thing kept coming back. I love you so. Forever. . . .

Edward Stanton lived in a world different from that of the people with whom he had his existence. He lived with someone not of this world. Evelyn Robertson was dead, but she was with Edward all the time. She was there when he got up in the morning, she dressed with him, ate with him, went with him to school, rode with him, laughed with him in is hollow attempts at joviality; and she was with him at night, she filled his dreams, she dreamed with him. Only for brief intervals could he escape the phantom. He became known as a "queer," and his hastily made friends couldn't understand the change in him. He didn't run with the gang any longer. He was living with a spirit, and the spirit was slowly conquering him. She was master of his world.

Edward had been at the Woodland almost a month when he saw Mrs. Robertson for the first time. She had been ill ever since the accident. Edward met her in the yard as she was about to be taken to ride by Will, the hired man. Edward spoke , and she nodded faintly. She was not so tall as Evelyn, he thought. She was a pale, thin woman of medium height, with dimmed blue eyes, and with hair dark like that of her daughter. There was a weird, longing look in her countenance. Edward understood that.

It was Friday afternoon, and Edward had come in late from school. He had eaten a lunch in town. There was no one in the hall when he entered. The parlor was on his right, the large dining room was on his left, and the kitchen was at the end of the long hall. The other three rooms downstairs belonged to the head servant, to Mrs. Robertson, and to—Evelyn. There were nine rooms for guests upstairs. Edward looked down the hall toward Evelyn's door. Her room was behind the parlor. How often had he looked at that door, wondering, fearing, longing! And now something he couldn't explain drew him to it. He knocked, but there was no response. He tried the knob. The door was not locked. He didn't know that Evelyn had customarily left her door unlocked. Whom or what did she fear? And in deference to her custom the room had been left open after her death.

Edward opened the door and gingerly stepped inside. It was a cheerful room, done in green and white. The furniture was plain, and most of it old. There

were pennants on the wall, and a repeating rifle hung above the doorway. On the dresser there sat a tinted photograph of Evelyn. Edward looked at it, and the blood raced in his temples. He turned away. A scrapbook was lying upon Evelyn's desk. He picked it up eagerly, and spent half an hour turning through its pages, reading scattered bits written about her or that she herself had written. He read carefully the column from the school newspaper in which she had decried the histrionic ability of the dramatic group. And there were newspaper clippings concerning her successes in swimming meets and tennis tournaments. Edward could visualize the action. He could see her lithe and exquisitely moulded body gliding gracefully through the water, or vollying powerfully on the tennis court. Then he could see her smiling after a contest. He slowly closed the book and placed it back on the desk.

Evelyn's diary was lying beside the lamp. Edward was fascinated at the sight of it. He looked at it hesitatingly for a moment, then picked it up and snapped it open. He would have done it even upon penalty of death. He began thumbing the pages, reading rapidly. The entries seemed rather commonplace, and ran parallel to what he already knew of Evelyn's activities. But he was stopped by the following:

> Jan. 6, 1938.—Louis proposed again tonight, for the third time. I couldn't stall any longer, so I said no. He's a nice kid, and a lot of fun, but I could never marry him, or any of the boys I know, for that matter. I suppose I'm just made wrong, but I've never known a man I thought I could love. . . .

Edward read on. The diary was intended for a five-year record, but only about two-thirds of the second year had been completed before Evelyn's death. Edward eagerly read the pages written during the last few months before the tragic event. The accounts were about as usual, but one entry started the maelstrom whirling again:

> August 3, 1939.—Had a wonderful time tonight, until John suddenly asked me to marry him. Why does everybody want to get married? Of course I told him it was impossible. Being in love seems so remote to me, but I know it'll happen to me some day. And I know I'll never love but one man. When I've found him I'll never let him go. . . .

Edward read no further. He slowly replaced the book, and started from the room. As he went out the door he took a last look at the photograph of Evelyn. There was no one in the hall. Edward's brain was racing madly, and suddenly he decided to go home for the week-end. He had been at Woodland for a month and hadn't gone home. It was only two hundred miles —less than a two-hour drive for him. He had a girl, Janet, at home, and he thought it might do him good to see her. They had corresponded only spasmodically.

With haste he mechanically packed his grip and prepared to leave. On the way out he called Will and informed him of his departure. Will watched him drive away and remarked aloud to himself, "Dat man sho' do drive!"

Edward drove like an automaton. Familiar landmarks did not register in his mind. He went through the whole thing again. She had found him. And she loved him, and she would never let him go. Then it came to him in a flash. He said aloud, "And I love her!"

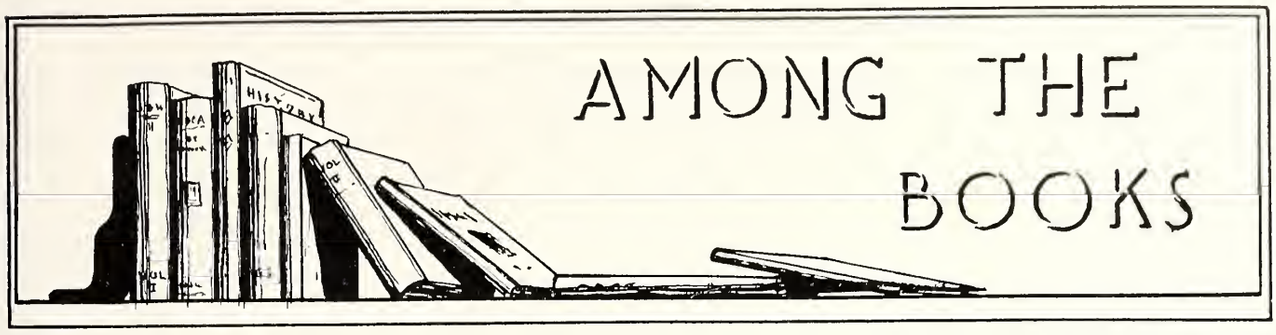
It was the inevitable conclusion. He had known he was falling in love with her all along, and he had tried to fight it off, to put it out of his mind as something absurd. He had not loved her when she was alive. How could he have fallen in love with her after she was dead? But he knew he loved her. It seemed that he had known her always and been with her always and loved her always. She had become a part of him. She would never let him go. He knew he could never forget her. Oh, if she were only tangible! He roared past the spot of the accident at ninety miles an hour.

Edward was half-way home when he decided to go back. He was in no state to visit his home. He was afraid everyone would think him crazy, and he knew Janet would be disappointed in him. He hadn't informed them he was coming, so it didn't matter whether he went or not.

He didn't know what he would do with himself when he got back to Chester, but he drove fiercely. And all the time Evelyn was there, smiling passionately at him and dying in his arms, as she had died a thousand times already. And she was there alive, mentally and athletically, vigorously and dominatingly, alive. She was ubiquitous and omnipotent. She was life and death. She was master of her fate. And she was master of his fate.

Edward's foot lay heavy on the accelerator. In the distance he could see the place where, exactly four weeks before, Evelyn's car had careened from the roadway and crashed into the trees. Although he couldn't see her, he knew Evelyn was there. But as he drew nearer he did see her. She stood beckoning to him. She vanished and reappeared in another position. His brain whirled feverishly. . . . I knew you'd come. I love you so. I'll never let him go. . . .

Evelyn was beckoning, and Edward could only respond. There was no other possibility. Deliberately, without a moment's vacillation, he went to her there among the trees—to be with her forever.



Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—BACON.

Kenneth Roberts. OLIVER WISWELL. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1940.*

Oliver Wiswell is a story of the American Revolution told from the viewpoint of the American Loyalists, who, according to the author, were alternately plagued by the rebels and His Majesty's army. *Time* magazine says "it will start Union Now advocates turning handsprings. . ." This reviewer thinks not. One of the two points the author unsparingly drives home is the muddle-headedness of the English: their bad generals, Howe, Gage, Clinton, and Cornwallis, and their apparently inspired way of fighting every battle wrong. The other point is that the American revolutionists were, on the whole, a scurvy set of malcontents, economically and culturally bankrupt. Steven Leighton, who had spent seven years fighting for the colonies against the British, bitterly expostulated, "You're resented (by the Rebels) if you're educated; if you're rich; if you dare speak your mind; if you dare resent anybody's damned common nosiness! You're resented most of all if you don't keep screaming that Americans are the bravest, brilliantest, honorablest, moralest people in the whole world! Well, that's nonsense!"

Author Roberts emphasizes the plight of the Loyalists: hated by their neighbors, the rabble; inadequately protected by the British.

The book does not intend to "debunk" merely, although it might appear so to the D. A. R. *Time* magazine coyly suggests that the treatment of conventional heroes "may well set the D. A. R. to plaiting nooses." Kenneth Roberts' fame as a writer of American historical fiction is too sure for any suspicion of any kind of "bunk." He owns the largest private collection of Revolutionary War histories in the world, and has made himself famous for his bold treatment of "tabued" subjects. He says himself in *For Authors Only* that painstaking research is the basis for his writing. "If there is anyone able to write effectively of any period in the world's history, including the immediate present, without cluttering his desk and brain with upwards of three tons of assorted reference books smelling faintly of old glue and mouldy leather, I congratulate and envy him. What is more, I doubt that it can be done." Those who admire Kenneth Roberts can be assured that his history is mainly history, not "debunking." By this time, surely everyone knows about Washington and his little hatchet that wasn't there. Buell, the printer-friend of Wiswell, said that "Washington never goes near the Massachusetts troops without gargling his throat with spruce beer and hanging his clothes in a smokehouse when he gets back to headquarters." Benedict Arnold, the blue-eyed swarthy general who is known as a traitor to every school boy, is characterized by Roberts as a high-minded genius who jacked up the British army for its sluggishness. Anyone who is looking for conventional watered-down history in Roberts will be sadly disappointed. Even pussy-faced Benjamin Franklin comes in for his share as an "adroit and unscrupulous government agent" with a delight for forged letters and barefaced lies.

Oliver Wiswell himself is a son of a rich New England lawyer, a Loyalist. Oliver has returned home from Yale to find himself in the throes of an American revolution. His journeys up and down America, to England and the continent, finally fit him for a Loyalist commissioner's job in Canada, reunited with his childhood love, Sally Leighton. Printer Thomas Buell, a bluff but wily jack-of-all-trades, helps Oliver in tight places, after Oliver had saved him from the fury of a rebel mob. Mrs. Belcher Byles, who is forever telling what her husband Belcher told her after they had gotten in bed and put out the light, and Henrietta Dixon, Buell's wife-to-be, provide much trenchant humor.

Oliver takes little part in the actual fighting except at the siege of Ninety-Six, in South Carolina. As he

says, "I couldn't order them (his men) to do some of the insane things that I've seen British soldiers ordered to do."

Author Roberts plays on one theme consistently throughout his work: his hatred of war. It bobs up in all places, in the mouths of Oliver, Buell, Mrs. Byles, MacFreed, Steven Leighton. "I suppose most people think of war as an unending angry conflict between two armies, one made up of soldiers nobly fighting for the right; the other of brutal venal wretches deliberately battling to uphold something they know to be wrong."

"In reality war is mostly waste, idleness, dirt, discomfort, fright, blundering and uncertainty; and well-nigh everyone on both sides spend his waking hours wishing with all his heart he had never let himself be drawn into it." Oliver Wiswell is speaking. In short, Roberts sees the Revolution as a chaotic, incoherent struggle with little definite goal; an angry effort on the part of the rebels to confiscate their wealthier neighbors' property; a struggle in which the gap between the idealistic leaders and the mob was always wide, although the final triumph came for the idealists. Oliver finds hope only in Providence, which moves in a mysterious way, and which, he thinks, may eventually bring good out of evil.

This book might be damning to the author if history didn't bear him out, because it is a powerful, incisive book. One usually finds historical novels interspersed with raw chunks of history, patched together somehow and hung out on a gallows of plot. Novelist Roberts is again disappointing at that point. His book (836 heavily-laden pages) is tightly written, fascinating, sparkling with the American idiom. It is more interesting than nine-tenths of the cheap "historical" novels which have recently deluged the American press and which have become a national fad. If appreciation of literature evolves to its rightful maturity, this book will "go down as great." It deserves to.

—*George Beach.*

*Reviewed through courtesy of the DuPre Book Store.

Henry C. Wolfe. THE IMPERIAL SOVIETS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1940.

The Imperial Soviets is a vivid, clear-cut and an interesting history of Russia under the Communistic dictatorship. Here Mr. Wolfe shows a clear understanding of Soviet policies which is not too common among present day political thinkers. Generally, attitudes toward Russia have been based upon wishful and idealistic thinking, misleading Soviet propaganda, and a not too clear appreciation of the country's position.

Many of the "anti-German" countries, that had based their foreign policies on a false notion of the true attitudes between Germany and Russia saw them crumble with the signing of the Russo-German pact in August, 1939. This pact merely brought to light what had secretly been going on for years.

While Hitler and Stalin were tossing verbal bombshells of hate at each other, there was, nevertheless, a strong undercurrent of close cooperation between the Communists and Nazis. From a military and economic point of view, there are great advantages for both sides in German and Russian cooperation. The military and economic situations of the two countries are complementary. Germany is not able to produce enough raw materials for its own vast industries, while Russia has a great supply of raw materials but limited industries. Germany has well trained, efficient army officers; Russia, an almost inexhaustible supply of excellent "cannon fodder."

It seems that the opportunistic Kremlin has engineered the world into the present war with almost diabolic cleverness. Undoubtedly, the wily Joseph Stalin foresaw the immediate consequences of the ratification of the Russo-German Pact and without question it was a go ahead signal for Hitler. In a few days Western Europe was at war. Stalin's plans were working well. The second "imperialist war" was under way and Russia need no longer fear an attack on Communism from the outside. Russia had merely to wait for its enemies to destroy each other and to emerge the real winner of the war.

Stalin is intent upon prolonging the war. He will furnish the Nazis with materials to keep the war going but not enough to enable them to win. Stalin wants a long war that will bankrupt its participants and cause economic collapse, chaos and social revolution that will be easy "pickings" for Communism. Lenin's dream of a communistic world revolution will then become a fact. The Nazis realize this fact, for they have declared, "If we lose, our defeat will drag Europe down into the abyss with us."

Mr. Wolfe closes his book with this depressing bit of prophecy:

> Inasmuch as Germany's "Samson psychosis" may well spell doom to the Reich and may ultimately destroy the present order in western Europe, it serves the Kremlin's ends. It works against a negotiated peace. It may make Stalin the eventual victor of the "second imperialist war." It threatens to make even a victorious Reich the master of Europe or to incorporate a defeated Reich in the expanding Soviet empire. It promises to answer the question as to which of the two revolutionary imperialisms will gain control of the other.

I suggest to all those who plan to hear Mr. Wolfe at the Wofford Lyceum on February 12 that they read this book before his appearance.

—*C. B. Wall.*

Ernest Hemingway. FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1940.

In my opinion, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is a great novel: it has a great theme, it is written in a style that is unsurpassed, it contains a love story of such sustained interest that one must finish the book before putting it down.

Although Ernest Hemingway has written several good novels, most people think of him in connection with his masterpiece, *A Farewell to Arms*—the thrilling love story of a man and a woman against the background of the great World War. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is another masterpiece. Its background is the Spanish Civil War, and the novel contains a love story equal to, if not surpassing, the one found in *A Farewell to Arms*. However, the love story, important as it is, does not obscure the great theme—that no matter how cruel men may be to one another, all men are brothers, and what affects one affects all.

On the flyleaf of Hemingway's book is revealed the source of the title. Over two centuries ago, the following words were spoken from a London pulpit by John Donne:

> No man is an *Iland*, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the *Continent*, a part of the *maine;* if a *Clod* bee washed away by the *Sea, Europe* is the lesse, as well as if a *Promontorie* were, as well as if a *Mannor* of thy *friends* or of *thine owne* were; any mans *death* diminishes *me*, because I am involved in *Mankinde;* And therefore never send to know for whom the *bell* tolls; It tolls for *thee*.

The leading character in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is an American volunteer, Robert Jordan, formerly a university instructor, who is fighting on the side of the Loyalists. The story opens with Jordan and a companion making plans for the dynamiting of a strategic bridge in the mountains, their purpose being to demolish the bridge at the right time in order to prevent the Fascists from crossing the river with reinforcements. While waiting for this time to arrive, Jordan visits a Loyalist guerrilla band led by Pablo, a ruthless leader, and at this camp he meets the beautiful Maria, a Spanish girl who has been rescued from a horrible Fascist prison train. During these few days of waiting, Robert Jordan and Maria find happiness in a love that one would think possible only in dreams.

The most thrilling chapter in the book is, of course, the battle at the bridge, which Jordan finally manages to dynamite successfully. The story ends—well, you'd better read it yourself.

—*Leslie Infinger.*

Howard Spring. FAME IS THE SPUR. New York: The Literary Guild, 1940.

Howard Spring's *Fame Is the Spur* is a panorama of English political life from the years of security to the present. It is a finer piece of writing than his recently published novel, *My Son, My Son,* and a novel of vivid compelling reality and absorbing interest.

It is a story of John Hamer Shawcross, who was born in the slums of Manchester, and who by hard work becomes a member of the House of Lords. A sabre, as the name implies, is the symbol that leads him to his success. His career symbolizes the rise of the labor party in England. It is because of his work for labor that he finally reaches his own personal triumph. At the crest of his political career, he begins to compromise, and by compromising confuses the good of the people who elected him with the demands of his ambition.

We first see his faults when his stepfather dies. Upon his death, he leaves his mother in poor circumstances and travels into all parts of Europe. His love for her is forgotten until he sees the political advantage of rescuing her from the slums where he had left her. His love for his wife cannot withstand the threat to his position when she arises at a meeting and demands "Votes for Women," though he would go to the prison where she had been confined and take her home. When his son takes up the cause of labor and begins to fight for the ideals that his father has betrayed, he refuses to understand and help. This causes ill feeling within the family. He begins to be proud of his new social position that puts him in contact with people of title. Yet he cannot completely abandon the friendship of those poor laboring people who had once worked shoulder to shoulder with him. His son is killed on a ship bound for France, where the labor party had gotten a firm hold on the government. The span of his life covers interesting years of history—the fight for labor recognition, and the heroic Woman's Suffrage campaign. Hamer Shawcross dies while a member of the House of Lords.

Fame Is the Spur is a story whose rugged, fearless vitality is unexcelled in contemporary fiction.

—*Robert Bame.*

Her eyebrows were exclamation points, immaculate as her clothing.

He was honest because, after all, it *was* the best policy.

HOSTAGE TO FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 6)

problem. He toyed with the idea. He didn't believe he was afraid . . . it would be simple. *I won't leave a note of any kind,* he decided abruptly. Put the pistol right here behind the ear. Simple. Painless. He could return to concert work, but he would always hate it; his hatred was too strong to overcome now. He got up to look for his pistol, when he suddenly wondered why he was acting like an adolescent hero. He owed no allegiance to George's ideas. He mocked himself now for his lack of courage. Did he actually want to live? He knew that he should commit suicide . . . it would be one of the few sincere acts of his life. He felt a deep shame for his cowardice.

But the lure of suicide was gone. He realized that he would go on living, despising himself. His mind turned to concert work. He knew that he could return. The public was awaiting his second debut; at least, *they* called him successful. He cautioned himself that he would no longer have the prospect of composing some day for a stimulant when his disgust at practicing palled him. *But perhaps I can play even better with this nonsense of composing out of my head.* That was nothing but rationalization, and rather cold comfort at that, he sneered at himself.

He walked to the piano and gathered up his labored creations of the last half-year, and carefully locked them in his desk. He sat motionless for a moment, then got up and took all of his compositions out of the drawer. He lit a fire with one and watched it burn, hypnotized. It was painful at first, but as he threw more on the dying blaze he became indifferent. When they were all burned, he walked back to his chair almost contented now that it was all over.

He was mediocre, an interpreter when he longed to be a creator, a pedant of art, an intellectual cheat, a failure, a prostitute. . . He cursed himself with all these, but it was becoming clear to him now that his only escape was the concert stage. This Hell of failure was steadily driving him insane.

He tiredly decided to write his manager to arrange a tour; he hadn't really decided, he just knew that he would. . . *write him tomorrow when I feel better.*

He never remembered how long he lay slumped in his chair, unthinking. He finally roused himself and tried to forget his future. But his old hatred came back when he remembered that he would have to practice incessantly to regain his technique.

. . . . . .

Yes, Robert Hancock was a man most certainly worthy of envy.

SHALL WE CRY "PEACE"

(Continued from Page 15)

needs for salvation. But man needs an education of the heart also, for "Except a man be born again, of the spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God."

It would cause us to deny that there is any real difference between a Christian and one who does not know Christ. But "If a man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature."

It would have us kill the voice of conscience. It would have us ignore the voice of the Spirit of God as he analyzes our character and reveals our needs to us. It would not let us heed the yearning for a higher life. It would cause Christians to be content to live a defeated life, to refuse to consecrate their all to God, to surrender their all to Him.

To fall into any of these errors would be disastrous. Let us not be deceived. Let us not cry, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," but rather let us heed the messages of Religious Emphasis week. May we not be content until we have a vital personal experience of conscious salvation.

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AND "GROWING-UPS"

FREQUENCY MODULATION

(Continued from Page 9)

After all this theory, one might ask what advantages this system has. Probably the most important is relatively complete rejection of noise. Even if noises should escape the action of limiter, they would show with comparative small amplitude. This is due to the action of the discriminator, which effects the greatest change in amplitude in proportion to the greatest increment or decrement in instantaneous frequency. Because of this, and the fact that the wave undergoes little amplitude distortion up until almost the last stage, unsurpassed fidelity of production can be obtained.

Soon this part of the country will be privileged to see how this frequency modulation performs, because a station in North Carolina contemplates establishing a transmitter on top of Mount Mitchell. According to their calculations, this proposed location would cover five states, among them South Carolina.

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WINGS UNFURLED

(Continued from Page 18)

else which showed me the entire meaning of those words his father had spoken some twenty-seven years before as he stood beside that ghost Spad.

"As I came around on my third turn, sir, and I hope that you understand, I saw something that for a moment drove all other things out of my mind. I let my glide get too flat and she dropped off on me and I did what you showed me, and everything came out all right, except that I was too low and had to give it the gun to get into position to land."

"What was this thing that you saw that almost cost you—that almost caused you to wreck a ship, and possibly hurt yourself?"

"A cloud formation, sir. They had just broken, and suddenly I was looking at the most beautiful arrangements of color that I shall ever hope to see. There was a dark purple mass ahead, with lighter streaks running through the top, and on top it was capped by a peak of billowing white. Underneath there lay a veil of gray mist, which dropped lightly down to the floor of the earth. If I only had had my colors along, and could have held that picture long enough, I might have been able to catch some of that beauty which I will never be able to express in words.

"Then suddenly the ground was in front of me and spinning like a top. I pushed forward on the stick. Everything was right side up again, and I knew that I had been foolish. Now that I am in the air force, there will be no time for pictures. Instead of two artists, there may be two aces in the family if I am as lucky over there as I was today."

I tried to break the tension by using the scissors that I was holding in my hand. I had forgotten about them, and now I pulled out Young Tom's shirt-tail and clipped it off. "The drinks are on you, Son, and I'll take a ginger-ale."

But while I was sipping the cool, bubbling drink I had a haunting memory of a face—a face like the son's as he stood beside the ship telling his father about his flight—only it was the father's face as he stood and looked at his plane and said to me, "When I started flying this plane, something had to die. Now that it's dead, death is the only beautiful thing left. Only death can be beautiful." He had been wrong, for he had found a wife, a home, and happiness in a son who had started to carry out the father's dreams of being a great artist. Would not the son, too, find later, as his father must have found, that in war everything is wrong-side-up, and that his sketching was not the foolish thing, but that war that breeds wars is? Would he not discover this if—he lived?

Maybe Fate ain't a funny thing, or maybe it is. I wouldn't know, for I'm just a "dumb" mechanic.

EXCHANGE

WE REPEAT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The policy of* THE JOURNAL *in regard to exchange is similar to its stand in the past. Our reviewers do not intend to polish apples for the bouquets other magazines may throw our way. We intend to give frank, unbiased opinion of the magazines received, and realize that we may expect the same treatment. It is to be clearly understood that our criticisms are in no way vindictive, but the honest opinion of the reviewer. If our criticism seems harsh, it is not intended to be other than constructive.*

Coming to us from "The City by the Sea" is a very pleasant bit of reading in the form of *The College of Charleston Magazine.* Reminiscent of our own ideals of Liberal Art after the fashion of a recent contribution to our own JOURNAL by Dr. Robert Adger Law, the magazine is truly hard to lay aside after one reads John Leland's poem, "Youth," until it has been read in its entirety. The cross-word puzzle effect created by carelessness on the proofreader's part in an otherwise well-written sketch by Marion Hodges is inexcusable—as are the other misspelled words in the magazine. We like the poetry as a whole because it has a touch of realism that is not offensive, and "Cosmology," "Change Partners," and "You Have My Heart For a Little While" all have a delicate bit of wit about them that seems to be becoming rare on some campuses. Our enjoyment of John H. Frieson's "Plea For Willie Brown" is augmented by the fulfillment of our cherished hope that there is still in South Carolina someone interested in preserving the art of writing Gullah.

Although we have heard many of the same ideas expressed before, we like the way Julia W. Boykin in "Wanted—Specialists" lays out her defense of a Liberal Arts Education. After wondering for a while as to the gender of Jody Cronin in "This, That I Can Smile" we settled down to enjoying the other seven or eight pages with a suspicion that Miss Badger no doubt has found herself in the same predicament that we sometimes find ourselves when the "press" is waiting. The humorous play, "Great Caesar's Ghost," leaves the reader wishing that the author had taken time to finish it.

Looking at the *Shako* from The Citadel we get the impression that it is too mechanical in its general appearance. The architectural design on the cover certainly would not harmonize with the ideas of a strictly liberal magazine. Featuring Miss Dorothy Burgess's "In the Morning, Samuel" is an interesting innovation. Incidentally, we think the story is tops.

Several of the officers (not cadet officers) tell in a pleasing manner of their experiences; a good device for soliciting interest of the faculty in the publication.

We were pleased with M. K. Nelson and G. M. Seignious' discussions under the general heading "German Power" because they didn't give us a lot of figures and points on military strategy (which, frankly we expected before wading in.)

William M. Jenkins strikes us as being a Yankee—or at least not from Hugh Belser's section of the country—due to his cynical criticism of Charleston society in "Geechie Girl." "Voodooism," by J. M. Collins, is a good light discussion of Negro superstition.

The "Emotional Storm," by J. H. Wooten, and parts of Harrison's "The Artistic Side of It," along with the more thoughtful bits of verse represent the best of the magazine. "To John," by B. M. Montgomery, and Hugh Beiser's "The Deer Hunt," form a line between the serious articles, and E. H. Bush's humorous story of an attempt of "fifth columnists" to stir up the Indians in the Florida Everglades against the United States. The book reviews are almost in the class with "Emotional Storm."

* * *

The *Silhouette* of Mercer University has an editor who dares to compliment himself on his literary achievements in poetry in the same article in which he finds fault with some of his contributors. (Frankly it seems to us that he is intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity—in other words his readers need to possess an unabridged dictionary.) We like the good humor and originality of the magazine as shown in the poetry and prose, as well as the plot and characters of "Bit of a Bore," by Rosa Lee Jones.

The magazine shows a professional touch which is not at all objectionable in its crossword puzzle (evidently the work of Editor Goldgar) and its critical comments on current movies and musical recordings as well as books. Bailey Phillips is due credit for a fine job on an old plot which he gives a new turn in "Moonlight Sonata."

The fall issue of *The Echo* (Furman University) is the best of the purely literary magazines to come to our attention this year. The material is of varying appeal, but it all is of a praiseworthy nature.

"The Prioress," by Helen Ligon, is somewhat romantic for a present-day public, but it shows that the author has a feeling for character and an ability to create images. The plot is weak, but the story, on the whole, is effective.

"Skin-Deep," by Joel Lawhon, is a rather superficial radio drama of some virtue. The treatment is too jocular for a murder story; however, the author's flippant style would be excellent for a tale of puppy-love. Like too many college stories, this one has an O. Henry finale.

The verse, both original and translated, shows skilled craftsmanship. Don Louthan's verse play for radio, "Libretto for a Dream," is one of the best things we have read recently. The author capitalizes on the unusual possibilities of radio to the fullest extent. It has meat in it. Despite the triteness of the word, we dare call it . . . superb.

* * *

Scripts 'n' Pranks (Davidson College) is an impossible mixture of humor and seriousness. There is a dearth of reprint jokes and a sadly noticeable lack of poetry. Among the humorous features, Elmer Bishop's "What to Give For Christmas" is the best of an otherwise poor lot. "Who Cut the Cheese" is a scandal column of purely local interest; it has no place in a magazine, not even *Scripts 'n' Pranks.*

"Most Embarrassing," by Joe Liles, leads a poor field of short stories; the O. Henry finish is too adolescent. Monroe Bush's "We Shall Live Again" is thoughtful, well-developed, and would be our choice as the best if its subject matter (the Czech crisis of '38) were not stale news today. "True Love," by John McKinnon, deserves comment only because it is remarkably putrid; we didn't know people wrote nonsense like that any more. It is one of those grammar-schoolish tales of I-did-this-and-that-and-the-other-and-then-I-woke-up.

* * *

The November issue of *The Winthrop Journal* forebodes no brilliant future for that publication. The short stories are amateurish, the features unfortunate, the editorials dull, and the illustrations somewhat inartistic. A poem is the magazine's sole redeeming quality.

Dorothea Burgess' "Among the Missing" should have stayed there. The theme, on the war, is timely, but its treatment here is sketchy. "Molecules," by Sadler Probes, is a benighted short story which we ignore out of charity. "A. W. O. L.," by Mary Phillips, is one of those social tales written from a disdainful, superior point of view. It is a good story until the author gets entangled in the action herself. "Misty Road," by Dell Brunson, is a mystical tale in which the author reveals what happens when two Negroes go to Heaven; reads like an eye-witness account. The action is labored, the moral too well advertised, and the dialect atrociously exaggerated.

"Inhibitions Unbound," by Elizabeth Culpepper and Rosanne Guess, is thoroughly enjoyable. It is light, satiric, and modern. Since Winthrop turns out school teachers by the gross, we must take the authors' word for the accuracy of this poem. Space does not permit a reprint of this "Tragedy in Three Acts," but we will quote a sample. Its irrepressible spirit of irreverent comedy is shown in the following lines:

> However, Minnie Lee Twerp, fourth grade, room 10,
> Through the grace of God and the Legislature,
> On eighty dollars a month, was sporting a new hat,
> Scandal red, Belk's Second Floor, two ninety-five.

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THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

MARCH 1941

"Lady, leaf like this costs plenty!"
"But Luckies pay the price to get it!" says Jim Hill, Jr., independent tobacco buyer
"Year after year I've seen Luckies buy the finer, the milder tobaccos and pay the price for 'em, too," says Jim Hill, Jr., of Winston-Salem, N. C. "That's why I've smoked Luckies 5 years and that's why most other independent tobacco men smoke them!"
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THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

JOURNAL

Volume 51 March, 1941 Number 4

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JOSEPH AUGUSTUS GAMEWELL

1850 - 1940

PROFESSOR GAMEWELL was born at Rutherfordton, North Carolina, January 3, 1850, the son of Reverend Watcoat Asbury Gamewell, of the South Carolina Methodist Conference. He entered Wofford College in 1867. He had been a Confederate soldier, though he had not seen any fighting. He was graduated from Wofford College in June, 1871, after a most excellent college record, his special interest being the classics. He later was awarded the degree of Master of Arts by his alma mater. Immediately after graduation he began teaching as the head of the Mount Sterling Academy, Mount Sterling, Kentucky. In 1876 he became Assistant Professor at Wofford. From 1878 to 1881 he was Assistant Professor of English. From 1881 to 1885 he was in charge of the Sub-collegiate Department. In 1885 he became Professor of Latin, a position which he held until his death July 7, 1940.

Professor Gamewell was Secretary of the faculty from 1879 to his death. In 1938, on account of his inability regularly to attend the faculty meetings, he offered his resignation as Secretary, but the faculty declined to accept it, and elected Professor W. C. Herbert as Assistant Secretary. Dr. Gamewell was therefore Secretary of the faculty for sixty-one years. So careful and accurate was he in keeping the minutes that seldom were any corrections necessary.

In 1937 Wofford College conferred upon Professor Gamewell the degree of Doctor of Laws, the only time in its history that it has shown this distinction to a faculty member. Doctor Gamewell was a man of elevated and beautiful character. Though the most kindly and amiable of men, he was firm on any moral issue. No professor was more beloved by the students, and with the alumni his long service gave him a position distinctly his own. He served the college longer than any other man in its history and personally knew every person officially connected with the institution as trustee, officer, or teacher from its foundation. He was a steward of Central Methodist Church for a longer time than any other person in its history.

Though Dr. Gamewell was, so far as we have been able to ascertain, the oldest teaching college professor in the United States, he was not old in mind or spirit. He was to the end an extensive reader of contemporary literature and history.

Dr. Gamewell was an enthusiastic believer in the services to be rendered by the popular lecturer adequately equipped with knowledge and skill in presentation. In 1897 he organized the Wofford College Lyceum. The Wofford College Journal of November, 1897, speaks of "the first of the series of Lyceum attractions scheduled to appear here" as having been given October 21, 1897. The Wofford College Catalogue for 1908-09 speaks of "Wofford College Lyceum —Eleventh Year, 1908-09." There is thus a difference of one year between these two statements. Two explanations are possible: Professor Gamewell in the caption to the Lyceum paragraph in the catalogue of 1908-1909 may have miscounted the years as eleven instead of twelve; or, on the other hand, the "series of Lyceum attractions scheduled to appear here," the first of which actually occurred October 21, 1897, might be considered as a sort of preface to the Lyceum rather than its beginning. The next Lyceum attraction mentioned in the Wofford College JOURNAL is Hamilton W. Mabie's lecture, February 14, 1899. This might be taken as confirming the correctness of the caption in the catalogue of 1908-09 as giving that year as the eleventh of the Wofford College Lyceum. It appears thus that a definite plan for Lyceum lectures was put into operation in the fall of 1897, though perhaps the formal organization of the Wofford College Lyceum may not have occurred until the college year 1898-99.

The following tribute to the work of Dr. Gamewell as the organizer and conductor of the Wofford College Lyceum was read by Dr. A. Mason DuPre at the first Lyceum entertainment in the fall of 1940:

> At the beginning of this Lyceum year it is fitting that we turn our minds to the founder and for forty-two years the director of the Wofford College Lyceum. Dr. Gamewell was primarily a teacher, and in organizing the Lyceum he was merely extending his teaching sphere from the Latin classroom to the entire student body, to the city, and its environment. He read much, magazines and books, especially biography. He was keenly interested in people, in leaders in thought and action, in those who had accomplished something in their own field of action—travelers, explorers, politicians, preachers, reformers, educators, lovers of literature, authors, artists, humorists, "soldiers of the common good."
>
> To him these men were teachers, had a message; he could find a way for them to express it, and in my opinion this was the real motive in

(Continued on Page 20)

OUT OF BONDAGE

Can Virtue Triumph in the Face of Persistent Temptation? Read This Gripping Story of the Eternal Struggle Between Environment and Aspiration

By GEORGE REEVES, JR.

COMMENCEMENT was only a few days away when Pauline Leonard's home-room teacher, Miss Hatcher, asked her to remain after school. Pauline was graduating, and she immediately sensed the meaning of the request. Indeed, she had anticipated it for several days with a degree of dread. Ordinarily she was pleased to talk with her teacher, but she knew that the topic of this conversation would be herself. She remained quietly in her seat while the others chatter-shuffled out.

When the room cleared, Miss Hatcher came over and sat on the top of a desk in front of Pauline. She looked out the window a moment before speaking. "Pauline," she said, "I've kept you in simply because I'm interested in you. You've been a good student during your four years here, and have left a record you may be proud of. I wish we could have more students of your type. I've watched you closely all this year, and I believe you can succeed at almost anything you attempt. But you've never told me much about yourself, and I'm interested in your plans for the future. Where do you plan to go next year?"

Pauline was embarrassed down to her toes. People had talked to her this way before, and it always made her feel rotten all over.

"Why, I don't guess I'll go anywhere," she answered.

"Do you mean—you're not going to college?"

"No'm, I suppose this will be my last week in school," replied Pauline.

"Why, I had never thought of that. Don't you want to go?"

"Yes, I want to all right, but I'm afraid I can't."

"Why can't you? I mean—is it financial difficulty?" Miss Hatcher was beginning to tread difficult ground.

"Well, partly," said Pauline. "But there are other reasons."

"What kind of reasons?" pursued the teacher.

"Reasons that you don't know anything about. I mean—I can't tell you, because you wouldn't understand. Oh, please don't ask me any more about it. I can't go to college, and that's all I can tell you." Pauline found it difficult to control her voice.

"But maybe I can help you in some way," offered the teacher.

(Continued on Page 30)

She left the house with a mingling of excitement, expectancy, and sadness. But she knew she had to go. She was going to freedom.

TIME GRINDS SLOWLY

A Play For Radio

By JOHN THOMASON

(Fade in with the opening bars of Tschaikovsky's Sixth Symphony.)

(Throaty voice, slightly monotone): My name is Rebecca, Rebecca Johnson. I have lived here in this house at 14 Birch Street all my life, for twenty-four years. . . . I was born here, and have never stayed away from it except for a week I stayed at a girls' camp the summer I was sixteen. Yes, I was born here, and I'll probably live here until I die.

For two years now, I haven't left this room. . . . it's dull sometimes, but I always have Ronnie—he's my cat—we live here together, here in this room. When I get tired of reading or am lonely, I talk to Ronnie . . . he's the only person who knows exactly what I think. . . . I tell him everything, for he won't tell.

They don't know why I stay here all the time, never go out of the room, but Ronnie does. They think I'm still sick, but I'm not . . . you see, if I get well, I'll have to leave, so I just let them go on thinking I'm insane so I can stay . . . they don't know why, but Ronnie does . . . we've talked about it lots.

Yes, they say that I'm insane . . . they've said that for two years. They don't know that I know, but I've heard them talking . . . they don't tell me, but I listen to what they say about me . . . I asked Mother one day, but she wouldn't tell me. She was sitting by the fire when I asked her . . . it must have been about a year ago . . .

(Interlude from Ravel's *Bolero.*)

Rebecca: Mother, why do you say I'm insane?

Mother: Why, child, who ever put such a notion into your head?

Rebecca: No one, I just heard you and Dr. Lester talking about it.

Mother: Rebecca, you just lie back now . . . you need to rest . . . Doctor Lester says he's going to let you sit up in a few days.

Rebecca: Well, what is wrong with me?

Mother: I've told you before . . . you're suffering from shock and a nervous breakdown . . . but you're getting along fine . . . you just wait.

(Fade out with *Bolero.*)

That was a year ago . . . they won't say so, but they think I'm insane . . . I'm not really, though . . . I just pretend, so I won't have to leave this room or the house . . . I don't want to leave . . . Ronnie knows why. Every day, after Doctor Lester leaves, I put Ronnie in my lap and talk to him about it . . . he understands.

I can't remember very clearly when I first became sick . . . it was a long time ago, when I was twenty-two . . . I was going to marry Frank . . . I remember that I was very happy . . . it was spring and we were to be married that summer. . . . I still have my trousseau, it's in that closet over there . . . I looked at it the other day, it's getting yellow.

We were going to marry that summer, but all this happened in the spring . . . it was the most beautiful spring I ever saw; the trees, the night, the air were perfect . . . it felt good to be alive.

Frank and I were talking one evening . . . I can still see just how everything looked that night . . . there was golden crust of mellow moonlight over the ground and the trees held it like giant cobwebs. Frank and I weren't saying much . . .

(*Afternoon of a Faun.*)

Rebecca: Frank, do you think you could get me one of those stars, just a little one would do—they look so lonesome.

Frank: Sure, darling, we'll send in our order right now.

Rebecca: Oh, you're laughing at me—I mean it—they look so close, just like you could reach out and . . .

Frank: I know, darling, I feel that way too . . . the halo of spring and cool, delicious night . . . a sliver of moon and a crackle of stars . . . the moonlight trapped in your hair and that soft shadow in your dimple . . .

Rebecca: Kiss me—now—before it all melts.

Frank: You in my arms and the moon on my shoulder . . . Rebecca, we are touching the stars.

(Fade out.)

All that happened two years ago . . . I can't forget it . . it was shocked into my mind, for the next day the papers said that Frank had committed suicide . . . blew his brains out a few hours after he left me . . . I don't remember anything that went on for a long time, but I imagine that's when I had the breakdown.

I hardly ever think of Frank . . . I don't love him now . . . I can talk about him very calmly. . . Right now, I'm not worried or upset . . it seems so terribly far away . . . I do wonder sometimes why he did it . . . they say he was embezzling his company's funds . . . of course, they didn't tell me, but I hear a

lot that they don't tell me . . . they don't think I know much that goes on, but I hear it, hear everything.

Even my mother thinks I'm insane . . . I'm not though . . . Ronnie knows I'm only pretending, but no one else does . . . he knows why I pretend too. If I got well, they'd make me leave, so I just let them think what they want to and they'll leave me alone.

Doctor Lester comes to see me every day . . . he thinks I'm insane, too. . . . I heard him tell Mother one day . . . they didn't know I was listening, but I hear everything they say about me.

Doctor Lester doesn't know why I want to stay here in this room all the time . . . he says I ought to walk about the house some . . . I'd rather stay here and read, look out into the street, and talk to Ronnie . . . he knows why I let them think I'm insane.

I tell Ronnie, because he won't tell . . . I'm in love, so I just sit here and wait till my lover comes. . . . Doctor Lester doesn't know that either . . . he doesn't know that I love him . . . he still thinks I'm insane. Oh, yes, that's why I pretend to be insane . . . if I was well he wouldn't have to come to see me any more, so I pretend to be sick and he comes every day. . . . I love him, so I sit here and wait on him. . . . I imagine what he's going to say before he ever gets here . . . that's what I wait for all day . . . he comes at one o'clock before he goes home to lunch. . . . Ronnie and I sit here and wait for him to come . . . I think Ronnie loves him, too . . . we talk about him every day.

He'll be here in a few minutes . . . it's almost one now. . . . I can see that he loves me too . . . but I can't get well, because he's married and I wouldn't see him any more. . . . But he loves me even if he does think I'm insane—he comes to see me before he goes home, doesn't he? I can see that he really loves me . . . some day, maybe today, I'll tell him that he ought to divorce his wife, because I love him better than she can . . . he would do it . . . I control him. He'll do anything I ask him . . . that new tweed suit, I told him to buy that . . . He loves me and I think I'll tell him today to divorce his wife.

(Slightly longer interlude from Brahms' First Symphony.)

Rebecca: I hear him now. . . . Come in . . . how are you, Doctor Lester?

Lester (friendly, warm tone): Fine, and how's my favorite little patient today?

Rebecca: I'm all right.

Lester: What have you been reading today?

Rebecca: Nothing. . . . I didn't get up until dinner time . . . slept late.

Lester: Rebecca, I'm going to have to tell you again that you must get out of this room . . . leave it, forget it . . . that's what is wrong with you . . . you're locking yourself up. If you'll just get out of this room you can get well and live normally.

Rebecca: I'll try . . . sometime when I feel better.

Lester (after a brief pause): Is there anything you're worried about? Tell me, Rebecca . . . I want to know.

Rebecca (as if dreaming): Yes, there's something I must tell you. . . . I've wanted to for a long time, and now I'm going to tell you. I should have told you long ago. . . . But I have waited. . . . Doctor Lester, I love you. . . . I want you to divorce your wife and marry me. . . . I can tell that you love me . . . every day I can see it when you come in. . . . We should get married.

Lester (worried): Rebecca, Rebecca, what are you talking about . . . stop this nonsense before you become over-excited.

Rebecca (dully): No, I won't stop because it's true. I do love you. . . . You love me, too, but you think that I'm insane . . . but, Doctor Lester, I'm not insane. . . . My mind is as sane and clear as yours. I know that I love you, and I want to marry you.

Lester (anxiously): Rebecca, sit down . . . you're excited . . . stop this.

Rebecca: Oh, I know you—you're afraid—afraid to get a divorce even when you do love me . . . you're afraid to hurt your reputation . . . you don't want to hurt your reputation, but you don't mind hurting me. . . . Oh, can't you see I love you? . . . we must take each other.

Lester: Control yourself . . . you're delirious.

Rebecca: No, Doctor, I'm neither delirious nor insane. I merely know that I love you, love you desperately, and shall always keep you. You may wonder how: well, this is a small town. . . . I can go out and tell everything that has gone on between us. . . . I'll ruin you. . . . I wouldn't mind if you didn't love me, but to be afraid for your practice . . . I'll ruin you, crush you.

Lester: You don't know what you're saying . . . you've got to stop this, do you hear me?

Rebecca: This is not nonsense, Doctor Lester . . . I'm not insane . . . you can see that . . . my mind is clear . . . you know that I mean everything I'm saying . . . you know I'll do what I say.

Lester: Now, Rebecca, since there has been nothing personal between us, no one will believe you.

Rebecca: Oh, yes they will. . . . I shall talk at them till they do.

Lester: Rebecca, I don't want to hurt you, but I shall not allow you to disgrace your whole family.

Rebecca: There's no use to threaten me. . . . I intend to destroy you and you can't stop me.

Lester: I shall be forced to have you sent to the state asylum if you continue to behave in this manner.

Rebecca: But I'm not insane. . . . I've known it for over a year. . . . When I found that I was sane, I pretended to be insane so you would have to keep

(Continued on Page 16)

Presenting

DOROTHY THOMPSON

By BERNARD CANNON

First Lady of Journalism

What a woman! Such is the reaction of those who review the accomplishments of Dorothy Thompson, the only woman in the country ever to make good as a political commentator. One might not always agree with her views and opinions, but one must admire her keen intellect and the way she uses it. As a nonconformist, this attractive, exuberant woman speaks with staccato precision and pulls no punches.

In an interview granted prior to her appearance at Converse College under the sponsorship of Bundles for Britain, the gracious and handsome woman spoke freely and interestingly when she replied to questions. Her quick and brilliant responses astound the interviewer. Like a military strategist, Miss Thompson would pause occasionally to illustrate her ideas and predictions as to the possible developments of the war by drawing a free-hand map.

Dorothy Thompson

She seems to live in an atmosphere charged with world affairs, and she has a sixth sense—intuitive, if you please—when it comes to interpretation of the news. From her world view she has gained knowledge and experience which enable her to express her opinion positively and without fear of successful contradiction.

Writing a newspaper column, contributing to various national publications, and planning radio broadcasts draw constantly upon her physical and nervous energy. One stands amazed at her ability to take it day in and day out and yet appear so nonchalant in the face of it all. One in her position must be able to take adverse criticism and not answer in kind—even when an effigy is placed by well meaning but misguided persons of her own sex, as was recently enacted in Washington.

Because Miss Thompson's political opinions have been so widely advertised and are well known to most readers and radio fans, it isn't necessary to dwell at length on her views. Briefly, she believes that Britain will win this war; "America will see that she does." She feels that for a quarter of a century the United States has refused to accept her responsibility by not exercising her power as the leading democratic nation.

Miss Thompson is thoroughly optimistic over the American people and is confident of their morale. Politicians are her worry, and the activities of some of the congressional committees are discouraging, she remarked smiling.

Characterizing the leaders of the most influential nations of the world today, the columnist spoke authoritatively, since she knows most of them personally.

"Herr Hitler is the most interesting psychopathic case I have ever known. Winston Churhill is one of the most enchanting figures; a happy person who has everything, not from the standpoint of riches, but of achievement and foresight. He says exactly what he

believes." President Roosevelt is the greatest man of the times "because he is so definitely a man of the day in which we live—a man with the most remarkable instinct."

It is particularly interesting to know that Miss Thompson was the product of a Methodist parsonage, the daughter of a traveling preacher. When asked what effect this religious influence had upon her subsequent life, she paused thoughtfully. "It is difficult to say just how, but I was definitely influenced. I learned that success is an entirely different thing from achievement and that money is secondary. Furthermore, I learned never to be afraid of being poor. Youth of today unfortunately does not realize the difference between achievement and success."

A woman, with all of a woman's charms, a woman with an uncanny ability to predict the future, a woman who has the courage of her convictions—this is Dorothy Thompson, a great American citizen.

BALLAD FRAGMENT

"Now why so pallid, sweetheart,
And why so pallid, John?
Now why so wan, my sweetheart,
Prithee, why so wan?"

"I pale with death, my sweetheart,
With death, a pale-white dove.
You gnaw my heart out, sweetheart,
You, my vampire-love."

—*Leonard Tom.*

SALUTE

Why do I curse thee, sweetheart?
The answer's clear and terse:
You don't inspire me, sweetheart,
To write a single verse.

—*Leonard Tom.*

In a Literary Heaven, Such as William Lyon Phelps Describes in "Autobiography With Letters."

External causes will delight Spinoza in his den,
While Schopenhauer in blackest gloom surveys a monstrous pun.
Confucius on a cocoa mat will gravely bow and grin:
"I've been here two milleniums, and know just half the fun."

Good conversation will be rife and Goethe will engage
Our Shakespeare in a royal fray concerning men and times.
The Wolfgang Von: "You're right, good Will, the world is but a stage."
"Not only that, Johann, my friend, a deuced hard place for rhymes."

Mark Twain and Stevenson will roundly talk of many boys
And how they managed to concoct the best of worldly tales.
"I looked and laughed," old Mark will say, "and found a thousand joys."
"And I," from Stevenson, "except I saw more gales and sails."

—*George Beach.*

My Ideal for Wofford

In Connection with the Wofford College Promotional Program to be Launched Soon, The Journal is Pleased to Present Articles by Wofford Alumni Who Express Ideals for Their Alma Mater.

Brewton Berry, '22:

It is to Wofford's credit that she has never professed to be other than a college of liberal arts; and among her alumni are many who love her for that reason, and who hope that such will continue to be her ideal.

But the meaning and content of a liberal education need to be continually examined. Ours is a dynamic, not a static, world. Institutions, as well as individuals, must appreciate this fact of universal and continuous change. Those who cannot do so, or will not, invariably find themselves alone and forgotten. The college of liberal arts, therefore, must periodically take stock of itself, adjusting its content, its methods, and even its objectives to the life about it.

There are certain elements, however, that I venture to suggest are indispensable and eternal. First and foremost, there must be a society of scholars—a company of men, big men, who have a solid faith in youth, in the sacredness of truth, and in the potentialities of the human mind. And second, there must be an atmosphere, thick and contagious, in which the various interests and values are placed in proper perspective, in which the mind is not only allowed to delve and sift and explore, but is encouraged to do so, and in which differences of thought and expression are respected, and not merely tolerated.

Buildings, grounds and sports are important, to be sure. But what the college of liberal arts has to offer a young man is the opportunity of sojourning in the company of scholars, of finding himself, of becoming acquainted with his universe, and of acquiring the knowledge and skills that are necessary for richer living.

A college of liberal arts is a noble ideal, worthy of our support, and desperately needed in the modern world.

Neville Holcombe, '26:

A disproportionately high percentage of the state's leaders are Wofford men. In the ministry, in education, in public life, in the professions and in business, Wofford men are leaders. This is a proud record for any college, and a remarkable one for a college that has never had appropriations from the state, assistance from any foundation, sufficient income or adequate equipment. Wofford has always stood high in those fields in which preeminence cannot be bought.

I do not deeply care for splendid buildings, large enrollments or winning athletic teams. But I do tremendously care for the preservation of the Spirit of Wofford. I want to see the college continue to stand, as it has now for almost a century, as a guardian of the external values.

Freedom of inquiry will find its last home in the private colleges and universities. State supported institutions must ever be subservient to the will of state. The legislature may constitutionally prescribe the curricula for the state institutions. In that one circumstance lurks a danger, particularly in these critical days when we all are at war with a philosophy which holds that the individual exists only to serve and glorify the state. I do not want any political body to supervise the program of my college. By that same token, I want to see the coming campaign succeed in raising sufficient funds to enable my college to compete in resources, equipment and income, at least for a time, with the state colleges.

I do not want Wofford ever to aspire to be a big cosmopolitan institution. I hope it will continue to be a college that teaches truth, integrity and honor—whose proudest boast is that Christian gentlemen go out from its halls to lead the state. That is my ideal for Wofford.

J. Choice Evins, '88:

If I were selecting a text for what I wish to say, it would be that couplet of Pope: "A little learning is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring." For it seems that a broad educational foundation is what is needed today—one with which to build that ability to weigh and judge the numerous problems confronting us.

The small college is in a unique position to meet this need, since it can and should confine itself to those subjects essential to a broad culture rather than to that specialization which narrows the field of vision.

History teaches, for example, that many of the so-

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Angel Kid With Golden Gloves

Jimmy Enters the Boxing Ring to Tell a Corking Good Story About the World of Gloves, Ropes, Bells, and Champs.

By JAMES C. RITTER

SO, I says, yuh want to get in the fight game, huh?

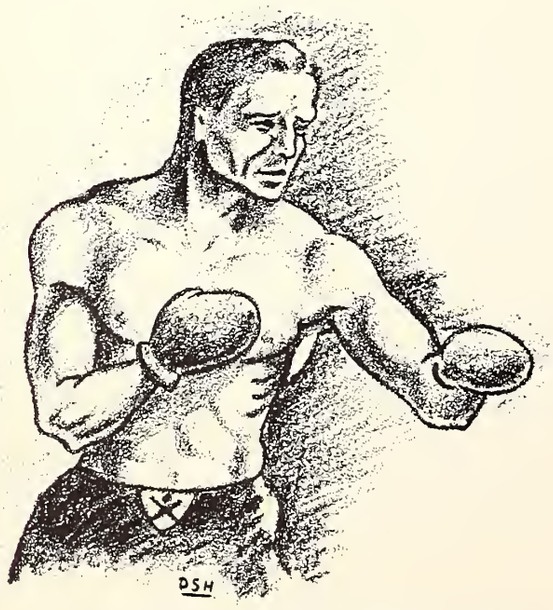
Yep, he says, and I looks him over again. Then I says, O. K. slip on some pillows, and get on de mat. While he's gettin' ready I strolls over to Mike. Yuh remembers Mike de Slugger.

I got a boy here dat wants to be a boxer, I says, so I wantcha to go a few wid him. Let me see what he's got, and I winked as I says dis.

Sure ting, says Mike, and winks back.

Now Mike ain't as fast as he once was, and he ain't got de wind, but he can go like a ball of fire for a few rounds. So Mike gets into de ring wit dis guy, and I sit back to watch de fun.

What-de-heck, I says to meself as dis fellow comes out of his corner, what-de-heck? He comes out wid both hands low, and when he gets tree steps away from Mike he shoves out his left, cocks his right mitt over his heart, and kinda squats. Both knees is well bent, and he has his weight underslung between dem. Mike comes in fast and leads wit a left, and comes over with a right. De old one, two.



Den he fakes with a right, covers up with it and brings in a roundhouse left to de V, which doubles Mike up.

What-de-heck! I says, cause Mike is hittin' air. Dis boy is tree feet away and his feet ain't never moved so's I can see. Mike's face drops like a ton of brick. He drops his guard a little, and sudden dis boy is right in on him with a sweet one-two. Mike's chin drops as he gets one in de V, den he catches himself and starts for dis boy with both fist. But he is just hittin' air as before and I can see surprise all over his face from where I is sittin'—on de floor. I have just fallen off me stool. I can't believe me eyes yet; 'cause dis boy just sails. He don't shuffle, he don't weave, he is just sudden dere, and den he ain't.

Mike gets mad and dats de beginnin' of de end. He tires himself out hittin' air more dan he would hittin' a man. I just sits on de floor and watches. When Mike is good 'n' tired tings begin to happen. Dis kid floats in fast, 'n' nails a couple to Mike's chin. Den he fakes with a right, covers up wit it and brings in a roundhouse left to de V, which doubles Mike up, den he connects wit a bank-nite to de Slugger's chin.

Where-in-de-deuce did you pick up dat flyin' trapeze guy? Mike says to me when he comes to.

He just walks in on me, I says.

Walked in, heck! He floats into me like dis, says Mike.

When I wakes up, Mike is thru dressin' and tells me de next time I puts him up against Buck Rogers it won't be in my gym. I rubs my chin, and wonders what it's all about, and why Mike takes a slug at me. Anyway, he never comes back to me gym to tell me.

I goes out of de locker room and sees dis boy. Where-in-de-heck did ya learn to fight like dat, I says. He looks at me kinda funny and says, O, I just picked it up.

Picked it up, heck, I says, and rubs me chin. Come into de office, we may can talk business, I says.

Right, he says.

I slumps into me chair and nods to de oder chair.

Have a seat, I says.

Tanks, he says, 'n' sits down.

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THE ROMANCE OF MATTER

J. S. Christopher, Jr., Popularly Known As "Doc," Says That There Is More To Matter Than Meets the Eye, and Breaks Up the Atom to Prove It.

WILL it ever be possible to buy electrons, protons, positrons, and neutrons just as we buy laboratory reagents? If this thought ever becomes a reality, it will be necessary to have only these reagents on the laboratory shelf. Because all matter is composed of molecules, and molecules are in turn made up of atoms, whenever a certain compound was needed, it would be necessary only to start with electrons, protons, neutrons, and positrons to prepare the desired compound. Of course, we must remember that the number of each of these determines the characteristics of each separate atom. Thus is determined the compound to be made.

These thoughts are only wild speculations of my own, and at the present they may seem foolish. They might be improbable, but are they impossible? But let's start at the beginning of this scientific romance and see how the improbable sometimes becomes possible.

Matter is anything that occupies space. The ancient Greeks believed this. They, however, speculated further by saying that if one kept on cutting matter up into smaller and smaller particles, the point would at last be reached when matter would be too small to be further divided. The Greeks called this smallest particle the "atom"—literally, that which cannot be cut.

The modern scientist has taken over this old idea of the Greeks, but has added the necessary experimental proof to the old philosophical speculations. As a result, we accept the existence of atoms without further question. Not only do we now know that atoms exist, but we also know that they are not indivisible. Let us review our freshman chemistry a little. Atoms are made up of protons, positive charges contained in the nucleus, and electrons, negative charges that are revolving around the nucleus. Uranium, the heaviest known element, is made up of atoms. Each atom consists of a nucleus containing two hundred and thirty-eight positively charged particles and one hundred and forty-six negatively charged particles. Around this nucleus, ninety-two negative particles rotate. Difficult to conceive, isn't it?

In order to understand the difficulty encountered in the study of atoms, it is necessary to know something of their comparative size. For example, an atom of hydrogen, the lightest known element, has a weight of approximately .000000000000000000000001 gram.

John Dalton, an English scientist, made many valuable contributions to chemistry through his studies of the properties of gases. His greatest contributions were made through his Atomic Theory. By weighing the reactants and then comparing these weights with the weights of the products, he was able to reach the following conclusions:

(1) The ultimate particles of a pure substance, whether simple or compound, are alike in size and shape.
(2) The atoms of an element are indivisible. (This has since been modified.)
(3) The molecules of substances are formed from the union of two or more elementary atoms.
(4) Combinations between atoms takes place in the simplest possible ratio.

Industry in general has learned to recognize the importance of the atom. The reasons for this statement are twofold. First, in the manufacture of iron from the ore, the individual iron atoms are combined with the oxygen atoms and the carbon atoms in the coal or coke combine with the oxygen atoms, thereby liberating the iron. Second, the atom may also be considered as the unit of energy. If anything is more important than the materials, it is the energy to convert these materials into something useful.

X-rays have been used to some extent in studying atomic structure. They were discovered by Roentgen in 1895. Soon after Bragg, an English physicist, and Laue, a German physicist, had completed much experimental work on X-rays, a method was developed for determining accurately the X-ray wave lengths. After the results of this work became available, Moseley, an English physicist, began a group of experiments on the atomic numbers of the various elements. (The numbers suggested by the X-ray spectra of the elements is called the atomic number.) The atomic number also represents the positive charge on the nucleus of an

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War! And Then?

By S. F. LOGAN

The Author Discusses the Trend Toward Centralization of Governmental Power and Challenges the Reader to Preserve the Integrity of the Democratic System.

THE American people, nervous, panicky, fear-ridden for the past few months, are gradually becoming adjusted to the inevitable. We have made our decision. Now we are preparing and equipping ourselves to maintain our position. We are definitely involved in the raging conflict. When the decision began to move closer and closer upon us, as it has moved in the last year, we, as a nation and as individuals, were horrified at the thought of the war touching us; in fact, for months we would not allow ourselves to think about it. Certainly, everyone of us agreed that war was truly hell; that in this enlightened age it was utterly ridiculous to resort to physical combat in order to settle international differences; that, as far as we were concerned, Europe's troubles would remain Europe's own affair—it was none of ours. Then we pulled down our window shades (the Neutrality Act), promptly drew our chairs up to the windows and spent our time peering out from under the drawn shades, watching, waiting, and speculating as to how long it would take the Allies to defeat the arrogant Hitler.

It is an agonizing experience to see a strong man afraid, uncertain, stripped of his ability to act decisively. It is an invigorating experience to witness that same man regain his manhood in full strength and eager to perform the task of the hour. Yes, the American people are curbing their fears; they are turning toward their task with a grim determination that will culminate in tangible results, the like of which no other nation is capable of achieving.

There is one point, which at the present time, we are inclined to think about very little, if at all. *After the war, what then?* Will our social, economical, political institutions be the same? For what are we fighting: to preserve our system as it now is? What has been the trend of the world and more specifically the United States since the middle of the 19th Century in relation to our economic system?

Regardless of who wins the war it is the opinion of many people, substantiated by facts, that the capitalist system as we now know it, a system with a minimum of government interference with private enterprise, cannot possibly continue after the present war. Today, the few surviving democracies cling to this capitalistic system as their policy of economic life. The *laissez-faire* theory of government has been, for the most part, the motivating influence in the democracy. Under this theory the government has control and jurisdiction only over those matters strictly inadvisable and impractical for private interests to control.

There has been a gradual but none the less steady trend toward centralization since the middle of the 19th Century. The Civil War (1861-65) was essentially a struggle of the central government to increase its power. The question of state's rights—whether or not a state had the authority to nullify any law passed by congress or, as a last resort, to secede from the Union—was settled conclusively by the war. Centralization was greatly strengthened with the universal acknowledgement of the power of the federal government as over against that of the states.

Characterized by the growth of huge monopolies such as the Standard Oil Company, the Diamond Match Company, the Carnegie Steel Corporation, the 1880's and 1890's became known as the "jungle period" of American business. It became necessary that such acts as the Interstate Commerce Act in 1887 and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890 be passed. The Interstate Commerce Act was an attempt by the federal government to prevent great companies from forming pooling agreements with competitors to the detriment of both the consumer and other competitors not included in the agreement. The Interstate Commerce Commission has had its jurisdiction and authority increasingly enlarged by Congress through the years. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890 "forbids all contracts and combinations, in the form of trusts or otherwise, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states, in the territories and District of Columbia and with foreign nations." This act has likewise increased in scope and authority as evidenced during the 1890's when strikes throughout the country stagnated business. The Supreme Court then interpreted the Interstate Commerce Act and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act so that it was possible by a court order to prevent strikes, picketing, and boycotting.

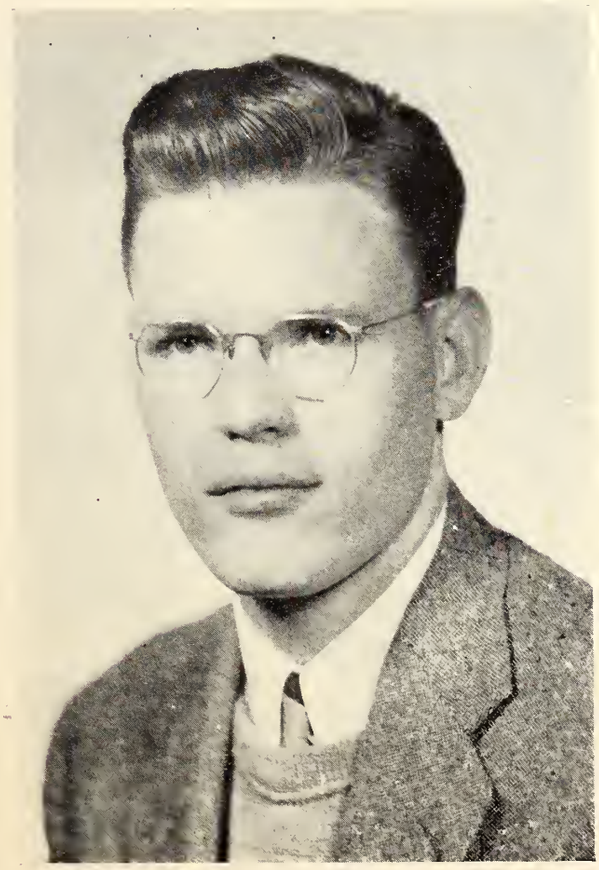
The invention of the automobile at the turn of the century created a demand for government road-building programs as well as increasing the multiplicity of

laws. With the subsequent discovery, invention, or further development, as the case may be, of limitless wonders such as radio, electricity, aeronautics, television, there has come in its trail numerous governmental restrictions and regulations. To illustrate, in the field of aeronautics alone it became necessary to establish in Washington the U. S. Civil Aeronautics Authority which has absolute control over civil aviation in the United States.

With the rapid growth of the country Congress was forced inch by inch to encroach upon private interests. The office of President became more and more assertive as, for example, when "Teddy" Roosevelt, without legal authority or precedent, undertook to settle the mine workers' strike in 1902, intervening in affairs previously regarded as entirely private.

World War No. 1 Brought Changes

The first World War speeded up centralization of power and concurrently increased the power of the executive department of government. Congress gave the President large powers which he exercised to the fullest. Regimentation of the people in such matters as conservation of food, fuel, and war materials was effected. President Wilson assumed control of the railroad lines, principal stockyards, systems of water transportation, and telegraph lines. Labor was forced to abide by the rulings of the War Labor Board. Such acts as the Espionage Act, the Trading-in-with the Enemy Act and the Sedition Act forbid dissent of any sort.



S. F. Logan

After the war and the miserable failure, as we now know, to establish a fair and permanent peace, the nations set about to re-adjust themselves. As a result of this war, the world was plunged into the depths of a depression the like of which had been unknown up to that date. And so in various countries drastic measures of immediate relief had to be found. The dictatorships were direct results of the discontent, demoralization, and the desire for stable government. In Germany and Italy the people turned hopefully to two dynamic leaders who appealed to mob psychology; whose watchword was action, appealing especially to the unemployed and confused; who offered personal, magnetic leadership as over against indecisive movements of the poorly established republics; and above all, leaders who offered defiance to the Allies. Russia, in the meanwhile, accustomed to ill treatment, starvation and hunger adhered fanatically to a leader who promised equality for all. England, with its relief measures much like ours, attempted to alleviate conditions with somewhat the same measure of success as in America. Governments, in an attempt to regulate finance, abolished the gold standard which added to the general confusion and instability. Our economic system seemed entirely unable to cope with the acute situation. In America it was such a system that had allowed 80% of the wealth of the nation to be accumulated by 20% of the people. Desperate, the business world joined in with the people as a whole in demanding of the federal government radically different and urgently effective methods of combating such a condition. The depression, hence, was an active agent in speeding up still further government centralization and control. For example, in 1933 the federal government for the first time in 150 years announced as a government obligation its intention to see that no individual should starve. The care of the unfortunates, who were unable to provide for themselves for various and sundry reasons, hitherto had been considered the problem of the local divisions of government.

President Roosevelt and the New Deal occupied the spotlight. Such means as work relief, W.P.A. grants, P.W.A. projects, distribution of surplus commodities were resorted to in an effort to remedy suffering. The N.I.R.A. had its day. Such measures as the Agricultural Adjustment Act, the Federal Housing Administration, the Social Security Act, to mention only a few, now have become integral parts of the national governmental function. The government

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THINGS IN THE SADDLE

John Thomason Writes An Objective Story of What a System Did to One Man's Pride.

WILSON looked back once when he came out of the mill. Just once. He stopped outside on the platform and tried to get it all straight in his mind. He had a nervous tic of stroking his jaw and he stood there now running his fingers over his wrinkled, leathery face while he looked around; no one was in sight and the rumble of machinery seemed far away. He was still rather dazed, but he didn't believe that he was worried. His pride was hurt a little, he admitted. But it all seemed so natural—almost as if it had happened before. He couldn't get excited over it; of course, he hadn't really expected it, but after all the routine he had to go through it fitted in unnoticed.

He had thought it was a joke at first. He was standing beside a loom when Moss came up. He had just started it up after fixing a breakdown and was waiting to see if it needed any adjusting. That was when Moss had come up.

Moss was a second-hand, a tall, stoop-shouldered man who had myopia. When Wilson turned around, Moss was standing there, looking at him with his great fish eyes. He pulled out his watch and looked at it for a long time thoughtlessly. Wilson waited for the other to speak.

Moss drew himself up. He cleared his throat slowly, turning his head from side to side as if to see Wilson better.

"Mark," he began in a friendly tone; then he changed it, "Wilson, the overseer wants you down at the office."

Wilson grinned. Moss was a great joker.

"What's up, Will?" Wilson asked, wiping his hands on a scrap of cloth. "Finally goin' to make me a second-hand, I reckon."

Moss smiled feebly and looked at Wilson with his queer, dead eyes. Not until then did Wilson realize that there was really something wrong. He watched Moss shuffle off and turned back to his loom.

That loom . . . there was certainly something the matter with it. While he was wondering how he could fix it, he remembered that Moss had told him to go to the office right away. Guess I better go down and get the bad news — reckon I've left old lady Britt's breakdown flag up too long, and she's told Kirby about it again.

He glanced back at the loom as he left; he decided he would have to come back and fix it later. He paused to talk to the loafers around the water fountain before he went on to Kirby's office. When he walked in he still held his wrench in his hand. Kirby, a fat, middle-aged man, glanced at it; Wilson looked down self-consciously and dropped it in his pocket.

Kirby looked rather relieved. He got up and stared at Wilson as though he had never seen him before.

"Wilson, we don't need you any longer," he said simply. He leafed through a pile of papers and handed one to Wilson. "Sign this and I'll arrange for you to get your money as you go out."

No reason. Just fired. Wilson was hurt; all his life he had prided himself that he had never been fired. Usually he anticipated dismissal and quit. But that was when he was young; he had been working here at Piedmont for almost thirty years, ever since it was built. He was a little dazed, but he reached for the slip of paper.

It was a quit slip. It puzzled him. "But, Mr. Kirby, I ain't quit, I been fired." His voice sounded weak and unconvincing.

Kirby didn't answer him; he had no expression on his face.

Wilson thought he wanted him to explain what he meant. "Won't I get no compensation?" he asked dully.

Kirby came to life. He seemed to have been waiting on that. He spoke in a matter-of-fact voice. "You know, Wilson, your boy's got a chance of going up—already a second-hand." He paused significantly. "You wouldn't want to make it hard for him, would you?"

"But, why ye firin' me, Mr. Kirby?" It was the only thing Wilson could think of.

"We're not firing you, Wilson. We just have to lay off a few hands."

But why me? Wilson thought. He guessed they had decided he was too old for the job. He was over sixty now, but he could still do a good day's work, he raged. Too old, yeah, that was it. They had been lettin' all the old ones go here of late.

"But, Mr. Kirby, I've been workin' here at Pied-

mont for, I guess, thirty years. I was workin' here, why I was here when your Uncle Brad was the boss of this weave room."

Kirby didn't answer, because he had sat down again; he was absorbed in a sheet of paper which he held between his face and Wilson. As if remembering something, he grabbed the telephone and Wilson could hear the superintendent's voice booming over the phone. Kirby held the receiver several inches from his ear.

Wilson picked up a stub of pencil lying on Kirby's desk and began filling out his quit slip. He was dazed; no, he was hurt. It had hurt his pride, that's what it was. His pride. Kirby hung up softly and watched him silently, pressing his pink fingertips together methodically.

When Wilson finished filling the slip out, Kirby took it and studied it for a moment. He began looking through a filing cabinet and appeared lost in reading the various cards. When he looked up, he seemed surprised that Wilson was still there.

"You can get your pay in about a half hour. I'll call Hayes right now."

Wilson left. He walked slowly, avoiding anyone who might ask him what had happened in the office. The long, orderly rows of looms zigzagged before his eyes. He stopped at his tool bench and was about to put his wrench up when he remembered the loom he had left unfixed.

Unconsciously he went over to it. He believed he knew what was wrong with it now. He worked ten or fifteen minutes, and Moss walked up. His face was apologetic; his diseased eyes looked hurt.

"I'm sorry, Mark. Didn't have the heart to tell ye myself."

"S'all right, Will. Me an' the old lady kin stay with Harry till I find another job. Been expectin' it a long time anyway," he lied.

Neither spoke for a moment. Wilson suddenly wondered what he would tell his wife. Janie was pretty high-tempered; wouldn't do to come right out with it, "I been fired!" No, she'd be mad for a week. Janie sang in the choir at church . . . it would hurt her pride, his being fired this way. He wished he didn't have to go home until stopping time. But there's nothing to do about it, she's got to know it sooner or later.

"Damn shame! But that's the way it is—when ye git old, they kick ye out," Moss finally said. He shrugged his whole body and kept on looking at nothing. "Guess that's the reason I never did git a better job—I'm too easy on a feller to fire 'im fer nothin'."

Wilson had been working on the loom while they talked; now he turned it on and it ran smoothly. He was fascinated by its beautiful precision. He wiped his hands on his pants' leg with a backhand motion and stuck his wrench in his hip pocket.

"Well, I guess they got to run it that way. Reckon I am gittin' too old fer the job," Wilson admitted.

A glimpse of pain and fear was on Moss' face. "Yeah, me an' you both's gettin' pretty old. I guess I'll be about the next one."

He padded off, his hands folded on the small of his back.

Wilson was sorry for him. He glanced back at the smooth-running loom beside him and smiled; it did his pride good to do a job like that. He locked up his tools and was about to go when he decided to let Harry bring the box home. It was pretty heavy and he felt tired.

He went over to his son's job and found him talking to two or three loom-fixers. He didn't want to tell it before all these people, so he waited around until they left. He tried to talk to a weaver, but he couldn't get his mind on it, and finally just walked off. While he was telling his son everything that had happened he looked nervously at his feet, embarrassed.

"I left my tools over yonder . . . you kin git the ones ye want and bring the rest of 'em home some night."

Harry hadn't said anything. He didn't look at all surprised. He ran his fingers through his hair and said O. K., he'd bring the tool kit home that night.

Wilson wanted to say something else, but Harry was busy and Wilson didn't believe he would understand anyway. He hung around for a second and then left. Harry wouldn't know what to tell Janie either.

He noticed Kirby sitting coolly in his office, tapping a pencil against a wire basket on his desk. From habit

Wilson was dazed; no, he was hurt. It had hurt his pride—that's what it was—his pride.

Wilson walked over to the loom and saw that it was running perfectly.

Reckon my time will be ready by now, he said. He got his hat and coat. As he went out, he could feel the curious eyes of every person in the weave-room following him. He knew most of the people who worked in the room, but now their hundreds of eyes stared at him as if he were an alien. He was ashamed. Looks like they could have waited till stoppin' time to fire me, he thought.

His feet were heavy; his chest was tight. He felt slightly sick at his stomach. It was a relief to escape to the outside. A little cool air tingled his whole body. He stood on the platform and looked about. Everything was painfully vivid; the greenness of the winter grass in the mill yard hurt his eyes; he wondered why he had never noticed the number of cigarette butts that lay around the foot of the platform before. His eyes watered from the glare and he pulled a sweat-rag out to wipe them.

Was he mad about it? he asked himself. No, he was just hurt, maybe still a little dazed. It had happened so suddenly. Then he couldn't pick out anyone to get mad at. It was a circle . . . it was the way things were run. It was the System. He was puzzled.

So he stopped just once when he came out of the mill. He wanted to get it all straight in his mind.

TIME GRINDS SLOWLY

(Continued from Page 6)

coming to see me. . . . Well, can't you see that I'm sane, now?

Lester: Sane? sane, you say. . . . Rebecca, I'll be blunt with you. . . . I thought you might have been cured at first, but I've known for a long time that you were hopeless . . . you haven't pretended to be insane—you are insane. . . . In your present condition it might be the best thing to have you confined in an asylum . . . you're becoming uncontrollable.

Rebecca (desperately seeking a way out): Oh, Frank, darling, kiss me . . . kiss me, again and again . . . oh, the moonlight is so lovely and the stars are down close . . . oh, and I was dreaming that you were dead and I was . . . oh, it's so good to be alive, kiss me once—forever. (She collapses to the floor.)

Lester: Mrs. Johnson! Mrs. Johnson! Oh, Rebecca, my child, I'm sorry. . . . I didn't intend to shock you . . . I thought you had meant all those absurd things . . . I didn't know that it was an illusion.

Mrs. J. (slamming the door and coming in out of breath): Oh, Doctor, what's happened to Rebecca?

Lester: I don't think it is serious, Mrs. Johnson . . . she was thinking about Frank and the past when she fainted . . . you might give her an aspirin . . . it won't be necessary to stay with her . . . she'll be all right . . . when she gets hold of herself, tell her that I hope she gets along well. . . . I'll see her again tomorrow.

(Fade out with Beethoven's Fifth.)

Rebecca: Now, she's gone. I wish Mother would leave me alone. . . . I can't talk to Ronnie when she's here. . . Oh, Ronnie, did you hear him say he was sorry . . . and he held me tight when I kissed him. . . . I do love him—and some day I'll make him leave his wife and go away with me—far, far away . . . we'll all three go and we'll be happy, very happy . . . (Pause.) He does love me, I can tell . . . he said he was sorry. . . . But I'm not insane —I wasn't thinking of Frank at all . . . but he was going to leave me . . . I had to keep him. . . . I must keep him always.

I'll wait a long time before I talk to him about it again . . . I'll wait a year, perhaps longer. . . . I can wait, for time turns very slowly here in this room . . . and I have most of my life before me.

I can wait . . . and he said he was sorry and he's coming to see me again tomorrow . . .

(Fade out with theme from Tschaikovsky's Sixth Symphony.)

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Throw Away the Helmet?

By BOB PURDY

DE-EMPHASIS of Football at Many Colleges Makes Headway This Winter"—thus ran the headline of an Associated Press story released recently to leading newspapers.

More and more we read of the abolishing of football as an intercollegiate sport, and frequently all forms of intercollegiate athletics are abandoned. Invariably these colleges are small ones, and just as invariably the college news bureau states that the former football coach is to be made director of an extensive intramural program.

Among the colleges which have recently given up the ghost and turned to more uplifting things are St. John's of Annapolis, Maryland, which gave up intercollegiate athletics in order that its small student body could concentrate upon "100 classics"; Stetson of DeLand, Florida; St. Joseph's of Philadelphia; St. Edward's of Austin, Texas; Sul Ross Teachers of Alpine, Texas; Oklahoma Baptist of Shawnee, Oklahoma; Olivet College of Michigan; and Guilford College of Guilford, North Carolina. All of these have already given up all sports or are in the throes of the death agony preparatory to abandoning them in the coming season, beginning with the fall sports.

Why is this? Is it because the smaller colleges are interested in education to such an extent that they will brook no interference from other interests? One can hardly say that, for the outstanding number of large schools which are noted for their scholastic standards and at the same time produce winning teams serve to refute such a statement. Is it that the small schools have grown weary of trying to conjure good teams from poor material? Or is it that these colleges are controlled by educational die-hards who insist that the college student's chief exercise be taken leaning over a desk peering intently into a textbook of weighty material?

It is none of these. In the majority of cases these small colleges feel that they are unable to compete with the intensive subsidization programs and methods of other schools, and thereby give up what they consider a losing struggle by doing away with athletics. Advocates of the de-emphasis of football point to the small college and, with much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, cry, "Look at the small college. How can we survive in athletic competition? How can we produce teams to compete with large institutions that are

subsidizing players? How can we help losing games and money at the same time, and end the year with a deficit rather than a surplus? Ah, it is far better that we drop football and other sports rather than lose money every year."

To such advocates can be made only this reply: The colleges of which you speak deserve to lose money and will continue to lose money as long as they schedule games with universities three and four times as large as they are. They are the exceptions to the rule. Small colleges play small colleges, and as a rule each college is on the same financial level with its neighbor. Each has the same opportunities of subsidization as the other. If these little schools are willing to grant scholarships to deserving athletes in return for their ability on the gridiron, you may rest assured that the gate receipts won't suffer. If they are willing to recognize the obvious limitations imposed upon them in scheduling games in that they are small schools, football will continue to be played on a sound financial basis at the majority of small schools.

The recent action of Mercer College of Macon, Georgia, bears out the contention that small college sports will and can survive as long as these colleges remain in their places and do not attempt to play larger schools which admittedly have more money, better equipment, larger squads, and more elaborate scouting systems. The ambitious college which attempts to step up into the ranks of the "Who's Who in Football" teams with wide-awake farm systems and wholesale donation of scholarships can achieve nothing other than a splitting headache and the reputation of being a doormat and a breather for the universities that it plays.

Mercer has de-emphasized football, dismissed its coach, cancelled most of its games with the bigger teams for 1941, and joined with Wofford, P. C., Oglethorpe, Rollins, Newberry, and Erskine in a small college S. A. A. A. A. After a suicidal effort to reach big-time football, Mercer has resigned to the inevitable and concluded that the best place for her is among the smaller schools. Last season Mercer was soundly trounced by Tennessee, Alabama, and other "big-time" teams, in a futile attempt to step out of her class. In this present little conference Mercer will be competing with teams more her equal. As a result the games will be more even, and will draw good crowds without involving the expense necessary to compete with universities, including the large guarantees required by these renowned teams. As it is now, future contests will be what the name implies, and the same fans who formerly attended Mercer games merely to see what the big teams looked like, knowing in advance that Mercer would be at the mercy of her opponents, will come in 1941 to watch and cheer Mercer with the knowledge that perhaps they will win a game. Certainly a better spirit is in the stands and the fans feel more whole-hearted interest in the team when they realize that that team is in its own class rather than being pushed around at will by a superior and bigger team. More pride is there. It is better to be a good team in a small league than a poor team in a large league.

It is absurd to say that small colleges are submerged in such obscurity that the public can never hear of them; just as absurd as it is to say that the gate receipts from small-college football cannot be made to merit its continuation.

Little Newberry College, our next-door neighbor, is an excellent example of the results of a good coach and careful subsidizing. When canny Billy Laval, who has never played a game of college football in his life, took over the reins at the Indians' stronghold, they were just another run-of-the-mill small college which each year put out a mediocre football team. There was nothing noteworthy about those elevens. They won a few, lost a few, and tied a few, and were dismissed by the average sports fan with shrugged shoulders and a lack of interest. Now, after one year under Laval, it is recognized as one of the state's best teams.

Why? Because Newberry officials realized that future football required subsidization to a certain extent, saw in Laval one of the state's outstanding coaches, and were willing to pay him what he was worth for the sake of putting Newberry on the football map. Laval, with a splendid record of past coaching triumphs, having ruled at Carolina and Furman, originating at the latter the famed expression "Furman's House of Magic," has fully justified the confidence placed in him by guiding the Indians to a Little Four championship. Within the next few years Newberry games will be drawing crowds that will enable that college to keep up all athletics as they should be kept, and returns from the investment in Laval stock will be rolling in.

You have to invest money to make money.

And now we come to the school that concerns you. How will this de-emphasis trend affect Wofford? Will we be swayed by the actions of these comparatively few colleges and undo the work recently begun on our football team? I think not.

Two football seasons have now gone the way of all football seasons since the Terrier college decided to grant scholarships to deserving athletes, hired backfield specialist Phil Dickens, and settled back to watch results. And we have gotten results, although they have been necessarily meager ones at first. Last season the stands were filled with space and Wofford students because the athletic program had not yet had time to start working. This season the crowds were larger, although the Standing Room Only sign did nothing but collect dust all year. Next season the Terriers should rank with the top three teams in the S. A. A. A. A. in the matter of games won and lost, and should have good crowds waiting at the gate for most games.

We have experienced, capable coaches and we have

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The Citizen's Appreciation of the Constitution of the United States of America*

By FLETCHER PADGET, JR.

DOES the average citizen of the United States of America appreciate the Constitution? Does he know its value and the rights guaranteed to him thereunder? Does he stop to consider the price at which it was purchased? Is he willing to make the necessary sacrifices in order that these rights may be perpetuated for himself and for his posterity?

Upon the answer to these questions depends whether or not the citizenship of America will be lost and engulfed in the "Isms" that threaten to destroy the democracies of the world, or whether this nation will come triumphant through this period of the world's history which is marked by socialistic, communistic, and individualistic trends of thought and action.

The average citizen of the United States, the man that you ordinarily meet upon the street or upon the highway, does not take the time to consider what the Consitution means to him. He does not know that our Constitution is so constructed that it wraps the cloak of protection as securely around the most lowly laborer and peasant farmer as it does for those who have been fortunate enough to be possessed of fabulous wealth, and, not knowing this, he does not fully appreciate this immortal document. He is too engrossed in his business, in the job of making a living for himself and his family, and in facing the common and everyday problems of his life to appreciate fully the protection provided by the Constitution. He takes for granted the rights which he enjoys and which were guaranteed to him under the provisions of the fundamental law of this land. He and his immediate predecessors are too far removed from the time when these rights were secured. He does not read the history of its making and is unacquainted with the trials and difficulties which the founders of this great republic suffered and endured in order that this great document, with all of its meaning and protection to every citizen, might be made the cornerstone and bedrock upon which this nation was founded.

"The founding fathers of this grand Palladium of Liberty," believed and had faith in the ability of the people to rule themselves. They believed that the people were entitled to a form of government which recognized the inalienable rights of its citizens. They evidenced this thought and ideal by incorporating therein this beautiful sentiment, "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

The keenly intellectual and master minds of those who framed this Constitution were careful to see that the rights of each individual citizen were protected. The right of trial by a jury of his equals, where his life, liberty, or property was at stake, was secured to him in no unmistakable terms. The right to tax him was given only with his consent or the consent of his legally elected representatives. Everything that pertained to his happiness and welfare was left to the voice and consent of him who was governed. There was no place in this instrument for the iron rule of an autocrat or a dictator. What the Constitution has meant to the American citizens since its adoption cannot be estimated. No historian, no economist, and no student of government would even attempt to place a value upon it. It has been a godsend to womanhood, a shelter to the weak, a barrier to the strong, a relief to the oppressed, and a model and pattern for all liberty loving people.

Standing as we do today in point of time, far distant from the adoption of the Constitution, it is difficult for us to understand and appreciate what it cost. If we could go back across the years and stand by the side of the men who took part in the framing of this great instrument, we would better appreciate its meaning. They were fresh from a conflict that was brought about by misrule; they had seen their property taken away from them by unjust taxes; they had been oppressed by overlords and rulers; they had seen their rights trampled under foot with impunity; they had dared challenge the right of a great and powerful nation to impose unjust rules and taxes; they had banded themselves together in a common cause to resist the injustices which were being heaped upon them. They had marched from Lexington to Concord, to Bunker Hill, Valley Forge and Yorktown; they willingly en-

* This is the prize-winning speech delivered by Mr. Padget in 1939 during the nation-wide contest sponsored by the American Legion. The finals of the contest were held in Springfield, Illinois. The Journal feels that the speech is especially timely today, and takes pleasure in publishing it.

dured the hardships of a merciless war in order that liberty might be guaranteed to them and to their posterity. They paid the price in order that man might set up in a new world a new form of government, and time has proven the soundness of their reasoning.

Have the sacrifices of our forefathers been in vain, and will this experiment, which started more than one hundred fifty years ago, be able to stand through all the vicissitudes which now encompass the nations of the world, or will the historians of future generations have to write that the greatest democracy of the world failed? No, the fight and struggle for self-government and freedom must go on. The citizenship of America have taken upon themselves the responsibility of proving to the world that people are able to govern themselves. The privileges of citizenship in a free country are too priceless a heritage to give up. The history of the past with all of its bloodshed, its heartaches, its sorrows, its toils and sacrifices in order that men might be free, demand that this generation and those who come after us shall ever keep alive our form of free government. The Constitution of this country must be honored, appreciated and defended at all costs. The heroes of the past cry out to this generation to save and protect it. Every liberty loving man the world over is working with hope and faith to the end that this Constitution shall be preserved. It is the duty of every individual citizen, your duty and mine, to learn the meaning of the Constitution, its value, and the things for which it stands; thus showing our appreciation to the founders of the Constitution for guaranteeing to the citizens of the United States of America the freedom and liberty that we now enjoy, and for which many of our forefathers paid the supreme sacrifice.

Founded upon a philosophy of free government that was born in the hearts and minds of free man, tested in the trials of peace and war which it has experienced through the years, and solidified by a faith that shall live, this nation will endure. Though the rains of discord and dissension may descend, the flood of "Isms" may come and the winds of adversity blow, this constitutional form of government will stand, for it is founded not upon sands that shift with the ebb and flow of a tide, but upon an everlasting rock.

DR. GAMEWELL

(Continued from Page 3)

founding the Wofford College Lyceum. What varied and wise choices he made: Kennan, Mabie, Briggs, Heilprin, Conwell, Van Dyke, J. S. Williams, Champ Clark, Woodrow Wilson, Bryan, Seton Thompson, Dixon, Wendling, Grenfell, Waterson, etc. He began on a high plane and kept consistently to it. So have we, and are keeping on.

His organization and direction of the Wofford College Lyceum was a great achievement and a distinct service to the college which he loved so much and to the community where he lived so long. That it was a side issue, an extra-curricular activity, does not lessen its importance. His main business was teaching and to this he gave himself whole-heartedly. For sixty-five years he moved on this campus, teaching by precept and example, becoming a part of many students, of many generations of students, and they of him. Wherever were found or are found those who came within the sphere of his influence, there was he and is he today.

For half a century and more,
The feet of boys forever wore
A pathway to the teacher's door.
For fifty years he took his stand,
A Latin grammar in his hand,
And taught the youngsters of the land.
A general, a great divine—
Yes, men whose names with luster shine,
Learned Latin at that simple shrine.
For often here the great began
To dream, to wish, to hope, to plan:
Today was born tomorrow's man.

And so the teacher grew to gray;
And fifty years have passed away,
When someone happens on a day
To pause before the teacher's door—
The threshold that the youngsters wore
A half-a-century or more,
And asks, as that good man appears,
"Are you not weary, tired to tears,
Of teaching Latin all the years?"
A simple answer he employs
To tell a teacher's holy joys:
"I don't teach Latin, I teach boys."

God bless the teacher who can look
Above, beyond the open book;
The one who teaching undertook
Not merely for the Latin's sake,
But for the holy chance to make
Tomorrow's man, a soul to wake;
Whom nothing wearies, naught annoys,
Not teaching Latin—teaching boys.

—*"The Teacher," by Douglas Malloch.*

It is given to some men to live beyond the limit of their natural lives, by projecting themselves into the future through the lives of those whom they have intimately touched and helped. It is such a life as the one we have been thinking of that confirms our faith in the immortality of good influence.

(Signed) D. D. Wallace,
A. Mason DuPre,
Albert Stanbury,
Faculty Committee.

OUR OWN PATSY GARRETT
out in front with Chesterfields
and Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians

Sure an' the Big Parade's to **Chesterfield**

... for Chesterfields are made for smokers like yourself, with the three important things you want in a cigarette... *MILDNESS, BETTER TASTE* and *COOLER SMOKING.* Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos has so many things a smoker likes... *that Chesterfield is just naturally called the smoker's cigarette.*

They Satisfy

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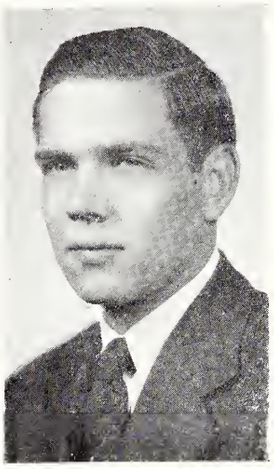
SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL

John Henry, the Campus Sleuth, Comes Across With Another Mystery About Racketeers Who Make a Habit of Holding Up Juke Joints and Roadhouses.

"SAVA JIVE" was throbbing its rhythmic way from the multicolored juke box when the swinging doors of Joe's Tavern burst open and four men stepped inside and hastily surveyed the Saturday night collection of flotsam and "piccolo" addicts congregated in the establishment.

Then, brandishing death-dealing weapons, they each stepped to a predetermined vantage point in the hot, smelly place.

The burly, scarfaced leader of the four lunged across the dance floor to cover Joe, the bar-tender, with a snub-nosed automatic. Joe, who from the moment the swinging doors had opened wide, had sensed danger, was fumbling beneath the counter for his pet "scatter-gun."



John Henry

"Go ahead," snarled Scarface, "get that gun. But if you so much as touch it with one finger I'll put enough lead in you to sink a battleship. This is a hold-up, guy, and we don't want any funny business."

Terrified customers were ordered to line up in front of the bar and put their hands flat upon its surface. Scarface then leaped atop the bar and strode to and fro, issuing orders to his companions.

One skinny, pasty-faced gangster was stationed inside the door, armed with a sawed-off, double-barreled shotgun. The other two thugs began searching the pockets of those lined up in front of the bar.

Rough hands were thrust inside pockets, and contents of billfolds and purses were scattered recklessly about the floor. Paper money, change, watches, and all other types of jewelry were systematically ransacked from hapless victims.

Issuing orders, Scarface carelessly tread upon the outstretched fingers of several victims. One youth attempted to remove his hand from the counter, and was rewarded with a kick in the mouth.

"Try it again and I'll shoot you right through the eyes," threatened one of Scarface's henchmen.

Another young fellow, a college student, cowered back as he was slapped across the face repeatedly by one of the mob.

"What do you mean," queried the gangster, "by trying to hide this $1.66 in your billfold?"

"Well, sir," quavered the young man, "I had that money to pay the college treasurer for some extra work. You might as well have it, though."

Obviously, the gang leader considered the statement an insult. "Give me your gun, Slim," he said; "I'm going to kill this smart aleck!"

But Slim wisely replied, "Wait a minute. Do you think we want a murder rap against us? That's the reason I took the shells out of your gun. You lose your head and want to kill somebody. Come on —we've got the money—let's get out of here!"

Another college youth, Ben Crosby, from his place in the line in front of the bar, suddenly decided that all the guns were empty and he lunged forward suddenly.

A shot from one of the other bandits promptly put him out of commission, his right arm hanging limply by his side. The gunshot seemingly aroused Scarfare, so he gathered his gang and scrammed.

Seconds after the four men had backed circumspectly out of the place, screaming sirens of police cars and ambulances were re-echoing from their parking places in front of Joe's.

An ambulance hastily bore the two college boys away to a hospital, and officers began their investigation.

Despite the fact that the bandits were unmasked, and that ample opportunity was afforded all witnesses to identify them, frightened patrons varied greatly in their descriptions of the robbers. However, the police were able to glean fairly accurate descriptions.

"Sounds like the same crowd that held up the 'Red Owl' last Saturday night," observed one of the patrolmen.

"Yeah, especially that kill-crazy scarfaced guy," rejoined one of his companions.

Joe, the barkeep, reported some $300 missing from his cash register, and the customers, altogether, had yielded some $150 in cash, seven watches, nine rings, and one diamond tie-pin. All in all, the bandits had netted nearly $1,000.

Under his breath, Detective Hayes at the Hillview precinct police station grumbled about the amount involved and the fact that this was the third such robbery within the past month. He made a special penciled note at the end of his report before forwarding it to Sergt. Childs at Sparta central police headquarters—because Hillview, like other precinct stations, was required to report all cases, whether solved or not, to central headquarters each day.

Remarked Sergeant Childs to a group of plainclothesmen gathered in his office: "Descriptions of these men coincide exactly with those of the bandits who have held up some tavern or night spot regularly every Saturday night for six straight weeks. This sort of thing must be stopped before that bloodthirsty leader kills someone. The same gang is responsible for all the hold-ups, or probably a lot more of unsolved thefts.

"Foster, you and West go out to Joe's Tavern and check with everybody in that neighborhood about the car used in the hold-up," he instructed two of his men. "See if you can find the make, color, or license number. It is probably a stolen car, but we will have to check it. Also have the victims drop by headquarters and see if they can spot any of the men in our 'mug' files. Griffin, talk to the precinct detectives who have been working on this case and see if they have learned anything new. Simmons, check the pawn shop reports and see if you can locate any of these watches and jewelry."

With such orders, Sergeant Childs began his blitzkrieg against the Saturday night gang. He began sticking little red pins in a map of the city. Each pin marked the exact spot where a hold-up had taken place, and not only were they marked, but the other crimes of a similar nature in the city were marked in the same manner.

When he had concluded, he scanned the map and observed, "Must be that they are from the Candeen section—as no robberies are reported from that vicinity. They probably are too well known about that section of the city to escape recognition."

Detective Simmons reported no luck in his search for the pawn tickets of the stolen property. Griffin dropped in to report a little progress among the precinct men; but one of the district detectives had reported the number of the license plate of a suspicious-appearing car near the Tavern just before the hold-up. The car was a new Packard sedan, colored green, and bore license plates of D-13-844.

"This car was reported stolen six weeks ago by Colonel Davis, a merchant, in Candeen Heights," he concluded.

Just at that moment, the door was flung open and Foster and West strode in, triumphantly.

"We got the number of that get-away car," they reported. "It's D-13-844, and the lady next door who wrote it down said it was either a Buick or a Packard, colored dark. She said she noticed it when it passed under a street light, because she heard the shot and then saw the car pass in a big hurry."

"We've got a break!" cried the sergeant. "That's the number of Davis' Packard. Go over and talk to him and see if you learn anything new. Check him closely, because he may have just reported it stolen so as not to be involved if the car was captured."

Losing no time, Foster and West headed for the Davis store. Parked in front of the concern was a green Packard sedan of late design, but the license number was RD-684. After taking a quick look at the car, West and his companion entered the store and approached the middle-aged, slightly bald man at the cash register.

"Mr. Davis?"

"That's right," was the reply.

"We're from police headquarters. Is that your car outside?"

Glancing nervously towards the plate glass front, Davis replied, "Uh, yes, but why?"

"Didn't you report it stolen several weeks ago?"

"Well, yes, but the police found it for me a couple of days later."

"Another question, Mr. Davis, and think carefully before you answer this one. Was anything missing from your car when you got it back?"

Davis hesitated a moment and then replied, "No, sir."

"How about those replacement tags you have on the car? When did you get them?"

"Oh, yeah, I forgot. The license tags were gone when the car was recovered. I had to buy some more."

"Does anyone drive your car besides yourself and Mrs. Davis?"

"No, sir; that is, not very often. Sometimes I let one of the boys here at the store run around in it."

"Which one?"

"Oh, no particular one—just any of them that might need it."

"I see. Do they ever drive it on Saturday night?"

"No, sir. Saturday night is one of our busiest nights, and I usually leave the car with my wife all day on Saturday, because I don't even have time to go home for dinner or supper."

"Well, Mr. Davis, we've just been making a routine check-up. If we need you again, we'll call you. Don't leave town without notifying us where you will be."

Back at headquarters, Sergeant Childs listened carefully to their report and said, "Well, Davis may be on

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Editorials

PRELUDE TO ELECTIONS

According to the student body constitution (still in effect), the first ballot for student body and class elections is to be held the last Tuesday in April. Even with the date of elections some time off, it isn't too early to begin thinking about the leadership qualifications required by the various offices on the campus. It isn't too soon to begin to evaluate the persons who are to be chosen to fill these places of leadership.

While the discussion of the honor system and student body constitution is at its height, it is important to remember that in order to function well, any constitution must have back of it men who are capable of commanding the respect and esteem of those whom they serve. Without exception, on campuses where an absolute honor system is enforced successfully, men of the highest calibre hold the positions of importance. They deem it an honor to be elected and feel obligated to represent their institution in the best way, to fulfill the expectations of fellow students.

That is not to say that student leaders on this campus have not been of the best type in the past. Many times they have had superior capabilities; at other times the student body has not been so fortunate, and the whole program has suffered because of inferior leadership. Just as sure as campus elections become a farce, honor and all other virtues fly out the window. No organization can hope or expect to rise higher than its leadership.

If Wofford is to have an honor system of which it can be proud, proper attitudes must be developed—attitudes that frown upon dishonor in any form and condemn the student who dares to flaunt the principles which the student body regards as the highest. Rome was not built in a day, and neither were honor systems on college campuses. However, a nucleus of students can start creating proper attitudes, and honor will become contagious.

Cliques and personal enmities must not enter into the coming elections; candidates should be chosen on a basis of merit alone. THE JOURNAL favors open politics on the campus. "Parties" and factions can either hamper or help a happy outcome from elections. Whatever the process to be used in the April elections, every student should consider it a personal privilege and duty to see that the right men are nominated and elected. That is one way we can begin to cultivate an atmosphere of honor that will permeate the campus.

THE JOURNAL WANTS:

(1) Honor manifested in every relationship of student life.

(2) Coordination of the business staffs of the three campus publications for the purpose of soliciting advertising more advantageously.

(3) More student attendance upon Lyceum presentations.

(4) A loud-speaking system installed in the chapel.

(5) Whole-hearted support of the Wofford College Promotional Program on the part of alumni and students.

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

Modernized dormitories, an enlarged library, expanded laboratory facilities, a student activities building — all these dreams of Wofford men are about to become realities. And they are just a part of the great promotional program Wofford is expected to launch in May to increase the endowment fund and to create a building fund. Since the summer of 1939, the trustees, through a committee on future program, have been developing plans for a promotional program. The campaign has the sanction of both conferences of the state. The minimum financial needs have been set at $517,000.

Wofford has played a great part in the history of education, both local and national. She has served past generations well, but if she is to continue to do her work effectively and efficiently, many innovations and improvements must be made in the way of up-to-date equipment to meet modern needs.

Surely no Wofford man can be satisfied until the financial objective has been reached. Seldom does Wofford set out to enlist large sums of money among its friends. By improving its plant and increasing the endowment, Wofford will not only maintain its traditional lead as an educational institution, but also will become a pacemaker.

Resident Wofford students can help in this campaign by letting the "folks back home" know about it. To give, and to give generously must be our aim if dreams of a greater Wofford are to be realized in the ensuing years.

AUDITING—IT'S IN THE S. B. CONSTITUTION

With attention being focused on the issues arising from the student body constitution and the honor system, we have been curious to find out just how outmoded our present constitution actually is. After reading it carefully, we wonder whether the constitution adopted in 1927 is really so "vague" and impractical, or isn't it just suffering from disuse? If the latter is true, why insist on a revised edition of bylaws? Aren't we blaming the constitution when we have ourselves to blame for not enforcing it?

Just one example. In Article VI, Section 1, there is the clause calling for an Auditing Committee: "There shall be an Auditing Committee, composed of three members. The Vice-President of the student body shall be ex-officio chairman. The other two members shall be appointed by the president of the council from the personnel of the council. They shall make a complete audit of the accounts of the student body, classes, literary societies, publications, and the Block "W" Club at least twice a year—once in January, and once in May—and oftener, if the committee deems it advisable. A complete report of its findings shall be given to the council at the completion of the audit."

There can be no doubt that such a committee has been needed to act and check on the financial operations of all the campus organizations—not just those mentioned in the constitution. The present council has the authority, invested by the constitution, to conduct this audit, and it should feel an obligation to do so. Do organizations, social and honorary, derive all the benefits they should from the amount of money contributed by individual members?

A continuity of the various campus organizations should be provided so that assets could be conserved and "liabilities" be discharged in proper order. The business affairs of campus organizations are not unlike those of commercial concerns, and should be conducted as nearly like them as possible.

THE JOURNAL suggests that two faculty members be asked to serve with the three student officers named in the constitution. Such an arrangement would give the students a majority on the committee. There is a definite urgency for this committee to begin its work now. It is a big job, but one worth all the effort required.

Moral: The constitution isn't wholly inadequate, it just hasn't been given a fair trial.

Plan now to hear Mr. Carl Carmer, author and Lyceum lecturer, April 8.

OUR BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH MANIA

Literary guilds and book clubs have been sweeping the country, and more than ever before, their effect is quite evident in the Wofford dormitories this year. A cursory glance in several rooms of the halls reveals well stocked libraries in rooms where the book club bug has bitten. These literary organizations undertake to select through a board of editors the most desirable books from the great mass of literature turned out by publishers. They claim that the average person is unable to choose the choice literature, and essay to act as a selecting agency, thus saving Mr. Book Buyer a lot of time and effort.

One sociologist writes that literature has gone the way of the theater and become a mob-minded art, because it takes a considerable advertising momentum to give a popular novel a fair chance to become a best seller. But once the book succeeds in winning the popular attention—for a season usually, a very short season indeed—the book rages in the same way as the fashion or the fad. Nearly everyone who reads books reads it; all who talk about books discuss it; the library buys several copies of the book and keeps a waiting list for it. And then the book passes, and nothing brings it back; the several copies gather dust on the public library shelf, for popular favor has left it and never again will it be sought except by the curious student of literary interest.

Such a system has been indicted because it bewitches those readers who otherwise might achieve discriminating and thoughtful reading if only they were not shackled by public coercion. There have been good, bad, and indifferent books in the lists of the best sellers, but always there has been something in them that appeals to the multitude of readers. Think of the great number of books that have scarcely paid for the cost of printing, simply because they lacked that something that a group of editors was looking for that would appeal to the masses.

Book clubs have encouraged the trend toward mass production of books, giving enormous circulation to those selected, nearly all of which have had merely ephemeral interest and have been swallowed up by time as the great multitude of their contemporaries that were not so fortunate.

And now comes a new book club, formed in New York to re-present worthwhile books which have seemingly died of neglect. The Readers Club is scheduled to mail its first rediscovery this month. The purpose of the club is to popularize novels of merit which failed to reach a wide public after their first appearance, possibly because another book was touted in the best-seller lists at the time of publication. It is pointed out that in recent times, two great classics have been recognized only after years of obscurity: Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" and Herman Melville's "Moby Dick."

Doesn't somebody want to prescribe a reading diet?

ABOUT THINGS A-POPPIN'

It is a good sign when an entire campus becomes vitally interested in an important issue, and that seems to have happened in connection with the honor system and the student body constitution. Letters to the editor have indicated that the students want to see the right thing done about these situations and are unwilling to pause in their efforts until they have been settled satisfactorily.

The student council is to be commended for the way it has gone about attempting to reach a settlement. It has shown clearly that it does not intend to "railroad" its plans through, and in this they have been wise. In a series of conferences with a faculty committee, student representatives have been allowed to express their opinions freely pro and con. Doubtless, the results of these meetings will be considered carefully when final action is taken.

The conscientious action of the council has been most commendable, and it is hoped that it will continue its present course until some definite plans have been promulgated.

HEMISPHERE SOLIDARITY THROUGH EDUCATION

To our desk comes the notice that 109 men and women of seven South American countries have arrived to spend their summer in a special six-week "summer school" at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. This is the first organized visit of its kind to a United States University and was arranged by the Institute of National Education and Grace Line. Both the United States State Department and the South American governments aided in the undertaking. The students, who represent several professions, have come to study primarily the English language and the "American Way" of life. The most popular class for the South Americans is a course in Basic English.

Such methods of creating good-will among nations should be extended, for what better way to achieve hemisphere solidarity than through education in an American University where virtually every aspect of American life is presented?

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

Several weeks ago the Art and Camera club exhibited the works of its members in the library. To the pleasant surprise of many, there were several creditable productions: paintings, sketches, photographs, and models. Significantly, this exhibit represented the best efforts of students in a college where art is not taught, but where a small group with similar interests have banded together to accomplish worthwhile achievements. With no outside influence or encouragement to produce works of art, these fellows give expression to their feelings for the fun and "kick" they get out of it.

THE JOURNAL has had the privilege of printing illustrations by several members of this organization and looks forward to using many others.

IDEALS FOR WOFFORD

(Continued from Page 9)

called new social ideas today have been tried by Greek and other civilizations, only to find that novelty was the only claim they had to consideration.

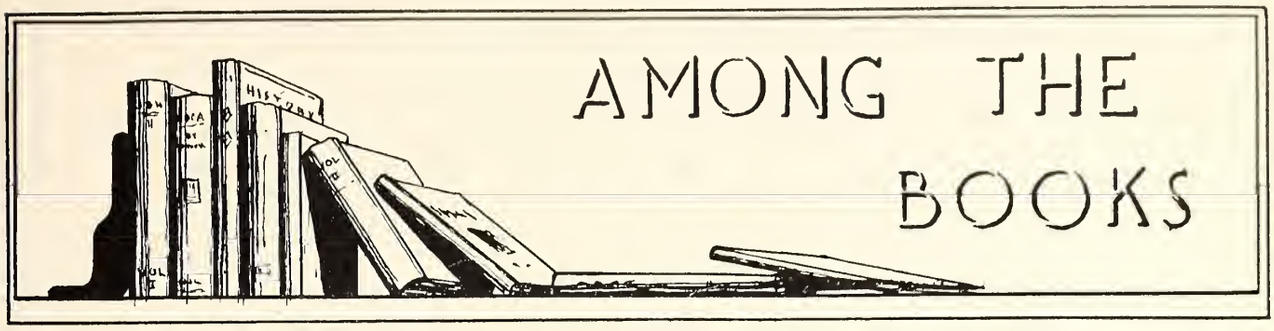
Sound education is the only hope for a democracy, and this can be founded only on a broad foundation which the smaller college should be best fitted to supply.

R. Alex McCullough, '39:

Wofford College is a school on the frontier of education and should continue to serve in the capacity of providing educational facilities for those who wish or need the small college. Every student who applies for entrance at Wofford should be severely tested before admission so that the student body will become more and more select; so that Wofford will rise above its present rating on the yard-stick of colleges which now measures Wofford students just above the half-way mark mentally as compared with all the college students of the United States.

Actually, I care very little about any program except that Wofford produce men worthy of their diplomas. If athletics aid the program, if better buildings make the students work harder, if the endowment must be increased, if students desire more (or less) sporting activities, if more teachers are needed, if the teachers need larger salaries, then I am in favor of doing it all in so far as it is possible. The important thing is a student body searching for something worthwhile—the ability to think rightly and creatively. I favor any honorable means of attaining this goal. The important thing for the college is that the students demonstrate that they are thinking by doing something positive in nature, such as helping out in the endowment program. The college administration should not seek to restrain any student movement which is decent. If the movement is worthy, it will not be stopped. If unworthy of consideration, it will die before its aim is accomplished.

My ideal for Wofford is to see a program of cooperation between students, faculty, and alumni which will help to lift Wofford up the educational ladder and to make every graduate of Wofford more capable of competing with the graduates of any other college in the nation.



Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—BACON.

Franz Werfel. EMBEZZLED HEAVEN. New York: Viking Press, 1940.

The central theme of *Embezzled Heaven* is death. Around this theme is the story of Teta, an old servant, who is trying to insure herself a place, not a large place, but nevertheless a place in God's city of light.

This story begins with a description of the happy home-life of the author; it is so appealing that one desires to know this family personally. As the reader progresses he feels an intimacy with this family, each member takes such a concrete form in his mind that one actually lives with them.

Into the story comes Teta, hard, shrewd, with alleged sins which she confesses at mass every day, and a little of the story of how she has been trying to insure herself a place in heaven. She steals, saves, and embezzles small articles that she may know her heart's desire. Humanly rationalizing her acts of sin as small in proportion to the good that she does with them, she salves her inner soul, until it feels little regret for her failings.

In her attempt to bribe God she tries to make a priest of her nephew, who is a rascal with a cunning brain but no heart. Her search for him, the realism of her mental emotions as she travels from one authentic picture of locality to another, the suspense, and then the bitter end of her search leaves the reader standing with aching feet in the shoes of Teta. Here the story must end, should end, but it doesn't, for Teta starts off anew.

With a group of pilgrims she visits the Vatican, and there the story draws to its end. An end that is death for Teta, but which holds out a promise for her. An end that leaves the reader with a sense that in these hard, bitter, disillusioning times there is yet for man a ray of light, a distant glow of heaven for those that would see it.

It is only when the reader watches Teta die, that he can see the interwoven theme of the story, and how each part of it is essential. It comes more forcibly to mind if we but compare two parts of the book:

> It is contemptible of me, Theo, but I cannot stand it up there. . . I cannot look at him. . . Not because he is my child, but because he is *not* my child. Do you understand what I mean, Theo? The boy lying in that room upstairs is not my son. He is a stranger. . . . He is so strange, so strange, so utterly strange. . . . A few hours have sufficed to make this change in him, so that he can not recognize me, and I no longer recognize him. . . And that is death, senseless, despicable, swinish death. . . I have a queer, even an unpleasant feeling, when I look at him, and I want to go away somewhere, God knows where, only away from here, away from Livia, away from all of you. . .

This is the father of the happy family that we met in the beginning of the book expressing himself after the accidental death of his son. The lost feeling, the haunting sorrow of a fumbling soul is poured out in his words, the same sorrow that is felt by each member of his family, a sorrow without hope.

> Teta knew now that she had received the last sacrament and was fully safeguarded. With an attentive expression, Teta lay motionless and waited. . .
>
> Just as birth is a painful secret between mother and child, so dying is a painful secret between Creator and created. It has been so arranged that we forget the former and are unable to reveal the latter. None the less it was possible to glean some inkling of what happened to Teta before the undisclosed labour of death commenced. The whole of her physical being underwent an agreeable transformation. She imagined that she was no longer stout, short, and old. The signs of age—turned out to be a kind of a distortion, which corrects itself swiftly as if of its own accord. Teta

was clearly aware of the thick mass of chestnut brown hair, loosely knotted, clinging around the nape of her slender neck. It was Thursday, and she was going home. She was not going alone, but had an escort. Whether or not it was the chaplain Johannes, she did not know. Perhaps it was. Perhaps it was not. In any case it was the right person. How smooth and cool her face felt! But her lovely hair was growing heavier and heavier.

"Oh, dear, can this be me?" asked Teta in surprise.

How different the reaction of the cultured, the sophisticated, the learned from that of the poor, ignorant, hard working servant woman Teta! Yet, how essential to the story is the comparison between the two! —*James C. Ritter.*

Hartzell Spence. ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN. New York: Whittlesey House, 1940.

One Foot In Heaven is a true story of a Methodist minister, William Spence, whose other foot was on the ground. A preacher who captured even the Presbyterians in one town, a diplomat always able to mend the inevitable leaks in the parsonage roof, and a man so favored by nature that his women parishioners were sometimes at a loss to know where he left off and God began.

He was a parson with a great sense of humor who not only preached Christianity but practiced it. He never lost faith in his work, his God, his fellowmen, or even more important, he never lost faith in himself. No matter what happened, he went about his ministerial duties as though he enjoyed them. During the war period he was called from his ministry in Omaha to go to Morningside, a Methodist College town, where college youth perturbed by war needed inspirational guidance. He not only helped the students encounter their problems when the campus was used to train soldiers, but he helped those who returned from the battlefield to face tomorrow's problems with spirits refreshed and faith renewed.

He was forever getting himself in and out of hot water. If there was a feud in one of the church societies, he had to make peace without appearing to take sides. His ingenious means of getting people out of these predicaments and getting them to do what he wanted them to do without their knowing it, was a triumph he shared with his wife. She would listen while he was explaining the situation, throwing in a word or two that helped him to see fully all sides of the problem.

Mr. Spence was also an endearing father and husband. He ruled with an iron hand; but he was as pleased as his three boisterous children when the Discipline decided that the movies, and dancing, and even playing on Sunday were not quite so sinful as had been supposed.

Newsweek says of this book: "In its quiet way it is one of the most delightful books of the year. And it's not so quiet at that."

In the mind of the reviewer this is a charming chronicle of a very individual man who, despite triumphs and troubles, managed to keep humor and godliness compatible in his life and his work.

—*Robert Bame.*

Brewton Berry. YOU AND YOUR SUPERSTITIONS. Columbia, Missouri: Lucas Brothers, 1940.

In this entertaining as well as instructive book, an alumnus of Wofford College analyzes some of man's superstitions and explains why man is a superstitious creature. Author Berry concludes that "superstition is but one chapter in the story of man's age-long quest for security." He points out that security will smash man's superstition, where education, prohibition, sermons, satire, and science have miserably failed.

In considering superstitions, one must keep in mind three fundamental postulates of man, according to the writer:

First, "his addiction to logic has been exaggerated." Man is only semilogical. He is dominated far more by habit, custom, pageantry, public opinion, laughter, and vanity than by his own reason.

Second, man is conservative. He is very reluctant to discard any part of his culture that he has acquired with such a struggle, and will even hold in contempt those who propound new ideas.

Third, man is a firm believer in luck. He tends to ascribe all unexpected events to a force that he has labeled "luck."

However, the greater part of this book does not deal with the heavy philosophical aspects of superstition. The author devotes most of the book to specific examples of man's somewhat amusing superstitions. Superstition has invaded almost every field of human activity. As foolish as some of these superstitions may seem to us, it must be realized that they have an appreciable effect on the lives of people.

Of all the superstitions, astrology seems to be the most prevalent. Astrology has even found its way into the White House during the administration of a former president. It is estimated that a thousand professional astrologers practice their art in New York City alone. However, don't be too quick to laugh at these "simple" folk—would you walk under a ladder, willfully break a mirror, cross a black cat's path, or incur the wrath of a ghost? —*C. B. Wall.*

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NO.

EXCHANGE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The policy of* THE JOURNAL *in regard to exchange is similar to its stand in the past. Our reviewers do not intend to polish apples for the bouquets other magazines may throw our way. We intend to give frank, unbiased opinion of the magazines received, and realize that we may expect the same treatment. It is to be clearly understood that our criticisms are in no way vindictive, but the honest opinion of the reviewer. If our criticism seems harsh, it is not intended to be other than constructive.*

The winter issue of *The Concept* (Converse College) is marked by an abundance of naive material. In general, the poetry is prosaic; the editorials are brief, but pointless; the essays read like freshman themes; the fiction is Victorian and "sweet-sixteenish;" and the illustrations are inappropriate. We believe that Converse is fully capable of producing more significant creative work.

The features are too short to be effective, none being over a page in length. "Coventry" is typical of the unrealistic attitude which too many self-styled humanitarians take about the war; we agree with the author that the butterflies in Coventry probably had a devil of a time, but what about the people in Coventry? The theme of this essay is better suited to poetic treatment.

The Concept is infested with a great deal of amateurish poetry. "Alec Templeton," by Mary Lib Pratt, is well-written and the theme is in the best traditions of Eddie Guest. The phrase, "Beauty bare," is reminiscent of Edna St. Vincent Millay's sonnet, "Euclid Alone Has Looked on Beauty Bare." After reading Augusta Beckman's "—And Yet Courageous," we realize that we have met another "social conscience." Luke-warm pathos, as exhibited here, does little to salve the soul of the unemployed.

Fictionally speaking, *The Concept* is superficial. Nancy Lee Anderson's "Black Against the Moon" is above-the-average, but it has too many themes to be artistic; the story should have been developed from the viewpoint of only one of the leading characters. Although without plot or character development, Ruth Rowlett's "Seat of Opportunity" is entertaining; it has the perennial O. Henry fade-out. The space occupied by Barbara Milburn's "About the Terryville Candy Contest" could have been better used.

The special feature, "Who's Who on the *Concept* Staff," is an interesting experiment, but we feel that the explanations of the members' various duties are slightly puerile—we could hear the wheels grind. We look forward to receiving the spring issue of our sister publication.

The Erothesian (Lander College) must have won its award for something other than content or make-up. Judging from the January issue of that touted publication, the Erothesians are resting on their laurels. Mediocre poetry, dull features, self-congratulatory editorials . . . that's the way it runs.

"'This Precious Stone Set in a Silver Sea,'" by Elize Hodges, is a series of quotations from Shakespeare, hung together by the author's comparisons of them to the war. Such rabid patriotism as praised in this essay borders on chauvinism.

"On to Greater Influence," a one-act play about Dr. Lander, by Riley Fickling, is possessed of an ill-treated theme and poor dialogue. "Out of the Air," by Editor Mercy Winebrenner, reads like a radio soap serial—"every cloud has a silver lining." In "Silver Candlesticks," the author, Becky Brown, injects her own opinion too often; she continuously employs such phrases as "horrid woman" and "hateful woman." Villainous Mrs. Kingston's change of heart in the last line of the story is unconvincing. *The Erothesian* is fortunate in having a variety of contributors.

The December *Criterion* (Columbia College) is anaemic. The only material of any consequence is "The Girl of the Period," written by Miss Sallie Simms in 1874; since that distant day, Columbia College literature shows a sad decline. As a result of the brevity of *The Criterion*, stories and articles are as a result sketchy and incomplete.

The short stories are rife with pathos à la Harold Bell Wright; they end, without exception, with the characters triumphant and full of determination. "Leo," a sketch by Lee Doris Blackmon, is unusually prejudiced and unnatural. Marjorie Sprott's "The Nonchalant Tramp," is too much of a muchness. Shades of Horatio Alger!

The winter issue of *The Gateway* (Coker College) is marred by unnecessary proof errors; even the name of one of the contributors is spelled in a variety of ways.

The sole short story, Mildred Box's "Her Man Henry," is capably written and well constructed; it is an old twist on an old plot, unfortunately.

OUT OF BONDAGE

(Continued from Page 4)

"Nobody can help me. But please, let's not talk about it any more. It can't do any good. Besides, what does it matter? Everyone doesn't have to go to college, you know," said Pauline irritably.

"Very well. But what do you intend to do? You have very promising possibilities, and you probably will never realize them fully unless you go on with your formal education."

"I'm going in the mill, and other than that I don't know what," replied Pauline. It was hard for her to shake Miss Hatcher off, but she finally succeeded. She went home with a wistful countenance.

Henry Leonard and his wife, Esther, had lived at Braxton since their marriage in 1921. Henry was a loom-fixer and had worked in the mill for twenty-five years. Esther had worked almost as long, excepting the times she had paused for childbirth. Pauline was the oldest of five children, three girls and two boys. Pearl was thirteen, Ruby was twelve, and the twins, William and Herbert, were nine. The lot of them usually occupied an entire bench at the little Independent Church of the Holy Sanctified Followers of Jesus Christ, in which Henry was the most active lay member. The activities of the Leonard family were centered in this small organization of a hundred members. It had resulted from a "revival" held in the community by a roving free-lance preacher. Many of the villagers had been dissatisfied with their membership in the orthodox churches and were eager to grasp new teaching. And they liked the evangelist, Rev. J. C. Williams, so well that they persuaded him, both with generous offerings and an abundance of fowl and other choice edibles, to remain in the village and build a tabernacle. Henry and his wife, who were then newly married, were among the first to be "converted" and join the group. And they had remained its staunchest supporters for seventeen years. The Leonard family attended every service held at the church, and on Sunday morning each member of the family dropped his weekly offering into the tin plate. The total family contribution amounted to five dollars weekly, and special offerings as the need arose. Henry said the church was "the only one in Braxton that ain't dead." And of course it was the only one in the world that possessed an entirely correct interpretation of the Bible. Hence Henry considered himself and his family very fortunate in their religious life. Scoffers called the group the "Jumpers" or the "Holy-Rollers," but Henry knew that "when ye git filled with the Spirit ye cain't set on a binch like a knot on a log." And the Holy Sanctified Followers heartily agreed.

On Monday after commencement, Pauline went to work in the cloth room at Braxton Mills. Labor was scarce and she was to get full pay while learning. She was skillful with her hands and quickly learned her work, but she found it difficult to accustom herself to the eight-hour grind in the warm, moist, lint-laden air. Nor did she like to share her breath with a hundred others. But she never complained, for she was glad to have the job. Mrs. Leonard, whose health was failing, quit the mill permanently when Pauline went to work. And it was left to Pauline to take her mother's place in helping supply the family income, which totalled about forty dollars per week. Pauline was allowed to keep four dollars for herself each week—more money than she had ever had before.

A month of the summer had passed before Pauline met Wayne Sherman. He was the mill superintendent's nephew, and was spending the summer at Braxton in order to "learn up" on mill operation. He was twenty-one years old, and would be a senior the next fall at the University of Gloverstown. After graduation, he expected to use his uncle's "pull" to obtain a favorable mill position. His father was a cotton broker, but Wayne wanted to own a mill. He was the only child and would have quite an inheritance some day.

Pauline felt little interest in Wayne, though she knew of his presence in the village. But he noticed her because she was pretty, and particularly because she didn't want to be noticed. After some difficulty, he managed to strike up an acquaintanceship. Pauline worked on the first shift, and Wayne would meet her every day and walk part of the way home with her. At first she was diffident, but gradually the breach between them lessened. He offered to take her places in his gleaming new Oldsmobile, but she politely refused, knowing her parents would never consent to her "runnin' around with a rich sinner." They had long intended for her to marry Rev. Williams' son, and they would hear of no other courtship.

She became fascinated with Wayne, and longed to be free to go with him at will. But there was no way.

Finally he became exasperated. "Pauline," he said one day as he was walking home with her, "do you expect to rot in Braxton, without ever leaving your own back yard? You have good looks and a keen mind, but it'll never do you any good if you stay here all your life. Why don't you go to college?"

"Oh, you know I can't go to college," replied Pauline wearily.

"You want to go, don't you?"

"Certainly I'd like to go, but—oh, don't talk about it any more. I can't go, and that's that," she declared flatly.

Wayne didn't mention the subject again until the day before he was to return home. Then he came at her with a bombshell.

"Pauline," he said, "if you really want to get away

from all this, will you—I mean, why don't you come with me to the university?"

"Go with you to the university!" Pauline was dumbfounded. "What—what do you mean?"

"I mean that you don't belong here, and I'm asking you to go away with me."

"Do you mean—marry you?"

"Well—

"Oh, I see," said Pauline furiously. "So that's how you feel, is it?"

"But I didn't mean it that way," broke in Wayne. "I only want to help you."

"No, thanks. I don't need any help. Get away from me. I hate the sight of you," stormed Pauline.

"All right, if that's the way you want it. But you'll be sorry. I'll write and send my address when I get home, and if you change your mind, just send me a telegram collect."

Pauline was rapidly walking away and hardly heard these last words. She was shocked by the suddenness, the strangeness, the lewd implications of the suggestion. It was unthinkable! Yet she knew Wayne was right in that she didn't belong where she was. Miss Hatcher and others had told her practically the same thing. But she herself knew it much better than anyone else could have known it.

And Wayne had offered her a way of escape. But would it really be an escape? Would the end compensate the means? Pauline was shot through with disappointment, fear, temptation, despair, and indignation. She resolved to put the thing out of her mind. She would never see Wayne Sherman again. He would remain simply as a blot on her memory—a blot which would fade with time. "I hate you, Wayne Sherman, and I shall never even think of you again," she lied to herself. The only bright spot in her life had vanished, leaving her numb and miserable.

When Wayne's letter arrived Pauline's first impulse was to destroy it without even breaking the seal, but feminine curiosity caused her to read it. It contained only Wayne's address and a few words urging her to accept the pending offer. But Pauline was adamant. She read the letter with contempt and then placed it away. She intended to destroy it later.

It was two weeks until the beginning of the school year. The Holy Sanctified Followers were having one of their semi-annual "revivals." Each evening at seven-thirty the Leonards drove to the tabernacle in their '37 sedan. They arrived in time to "visit with the brethren" for a few minutes before the service started. Pauline had been attending similar services for almost eighteen years, and she knew precisely what to expect for each moment of the evening. She knew the songs and prayers and phrases of the group by heart. And she knew the cracks, the streaks, the knotholes, and the contours of every square foot of the building.

At eight o'clock the song leader would start the singing. For thirty minutes the congregation would try to keep pace with the frenzied leader and the whizz-bang pianist. They had an endless collection of songs, but the favorites were "Jesus, Hold My Hand," "Turn the Radio On," "In the Shadow of the Cross," "Happy Am I," and "On the Jericho Road." Every third or fourth song, Pauline would have to join the others and clap her hands, stamp her feet, or march around the aisles, while the most fervent of the Followers joined hands and jumped up and down in unison. But on the third night of the "revival" Pauline decided she had endured enough. She stood or sat as the congregation was directed, and she sang listlessly. But she kept her hands at her sides, her feet on the floor, and refused to move from her bench. Henry was one of the best jumpers in the church, and his wife was known for her mighty voice and vigorous bodily contortions. Hence they were astonished to see their own daughter stand placidly in the midst of a spiritual overflowing and seem to be entirely unaffected. She had never behaved in such a manner before. They thought she must be sick. Mrs. Leonard went to her to inquire. "Pauline, what's the matter with you? Are you sick?" she asked.

"No, I'm not sick," returned Pauline.

"Well, what's wrong with ye then? Why ain't ye takin' part in the meetin'? Is the Devil after ye?"

"Yes, I am sick," said Pauline bitterly. "I'm sick of running around like a baboon and yelling like a crazy idiot."

"What do you mean, girl?" exploded Mrs. Leonard. "You're speaking blasphemy! The Devil has done got

WOFFORD BUILDS
CHARACTER
IN ITS YOUNG MEN!

BECKER'S BREAD

HELPS BUILD STRONG
BODIES IN GROWN-UPS
AND "GROWING-UPS"

control of ye! You'd better repent right now. Why, if I said something like that I'd be afraid the Lord would strike me dead on the spot. What have you been doin' lately, girl? Have ye been readin' some more of them ole infidel books?"

"I haven't been reading anything more than usual. I just didn't used to know any better," answered Pauline.

"We got to pray for you right now," said Mrs. Leonard. "You come with me to the altar. I'll git Henry to stop the singin' an' we'll pray them devils out of ye."

"No you won't pray for me. If I need any praying I'll do it myself."

Mrs. Leonard didn't known what to say further. The situation was quite new to her. She had often warned Pauline against letting worldly things interfere with her spiritual life. And she had always forbidden Pauline's taking part in "things of the world." Now she didn't understand what could have caused the sudden change in her daughter. She went after Henry, and the two of them tried their best to soften Pauline's heart; but no amount of threatening or coaxing could move her. Henry sought out the preacher, and soon Pauline was surrounded by a dozen tormenters. Finally she reached the limit of her endurance.

"You all talk to me like I was a three-year-old," she burst out. "I'm no moron. I don't have to have anyone to tell me how to act in church, and whether I'm a saint or a sinner. I'm leaving this church and you needn't try to get me to come back." She broke through the group and walked defiantly down the aisle and out the door.

The Followers were left bewildered. But they knew they must turn the service into a prayer meeting. They could not afford to let the devil win so easily. Under the pastor's direction they gathered around the altar and began their saddened supplication. Henry and his wife rolled on the floor in agony, and a hundred bodies and voices moved in sympathy.

Outside, Pauline walked a nameless and derelict path, and hacked her way through a jungle of mental torture. She was a lonely soul, a lost soul, an incongruous speck held fast by the fetters of crass prejudice and willful ignorance. And she knew no way of escape. At ten o'clock she reached home. The house was locked, but she managed to climb through a window. She switched the radio on and tuned in a swing orchestra. Swing held a fascination for her, chiefly because it was forbidden in the Leonard home. But when the rest of the family drove into the yard, she turned the radio off and picked up a newspaper. She knew what to expect.

After hastening the younger children off to bed, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard started to work on Pauline all over again. Henry began, "Pauline, we had a mighty prayin' over ye, an' I believe we got the vict'ry. Have ye come to repentance yit?" Pauline did not answer.

"Well, speak up," demanded Mrs. Leonard. "Are ye ready to ask fer fergiveness?"

"What have I got to repent for?" asked Pauline.

"You've got a heap to repent fer," replied her mother. "You've grieved the Holy Spirit, an' spoke blasphemy, an' acted like any ole common sinner. We know people can lose their religion, and that's why we're afraid about ye. The devil must have got a special holt on ye some way, 'cause ye never acted this way before. Ye used to be right promisin' in spiritual things. The fault shore ain't been in yer raisin'."

"The only thing I'm sorry about is that I've never done anything worth repenting for," said Pauline.

"What do you mean?" asked her astounded father.

"I mean I've been cooped up like a pigeon all my life. I've never been anywhere or done anything or seen anything like other people do. And then I have to go to the tabernacle and run around and yell like a war-whooping Indian. I'm sick of it, and I'm not going to do it any longer." Pauline paused a moment, but her parents were too awestruck to speak. Then she continued, "And what's more you don't want me to learn anything but reading and writing. You laugh at me because I try to speak correctly and sound my i-n-g's. And you say books are worldly, and won't let me read them. And you won't even talk about my going to college."

"Ye've had a high school education," broke in Mrs. Leonard. "What more do ye want? Why I never got

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to but the seventh grade, and my mother jes got to the third. Ye've had a lot more than we ever had. A woman ain't got no business goin' to college, nohow."

"How long have ye been thinkin' like this?" inquired Henry.

"For a long time," answered Pauline. "I stood it as long as I could."

"It's mighty hard to hear yer own flesh and blood talk this way," said Mrs. Leonard despairingly.

"If ye mean what yer sayin', I'm afraid we'll have to wash our hands of ye, Pauline," said Henry. "If yer gonna act like ye been talkin' ye'll disgrace us before ever'body, after we've done our best by ye all these years. Ye can stay in our house as long as ye don't git downright indecent, but everybody'll know ye've gone wrong. I wisht ye'd repent now."

"Well, if you want to put me out of the house, I guess I can get along. But I've told you what I think and I mean it. It's no good talking to me any longer," declared Pauline with finality. "I'm going to bed."

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard said no more. They knew that Pauline was lost to them forever, and they began to wonder whether the fault could have been partly theirs. They discussed the matter and decided that they were free of all blame and of all further responsibility. With free consciences but heavy spirits they sank into sleep.

Pauline had a small room of her own. It contained only a bed, chest of drawers, bookcase, two chairs, and a dresser. But she liked the room because it had often been very friendly to her—had offered her security and seclusion when she most needed them. She entered the room that night with a feeling of tragic loneliness. Even her books, some of them her best friends, looked drab and hopeless. She undressed and fell into bed.

For a full hour Pauline tossed in the turbulent wilds of her own despair. She did not know what to think or how. She could not escape from her prison or from herself. Finally she stumbled upon a faint beam which might lead to an outlet. What of Wayne Sherman! "I'll go to Wayne," she thought. "That will be better than staying here 'til I wither and die. There is no sin greater than mental and spiritual suicide, and that's what it will be if I stay here. It will be a slow death, too. No sacrifice is too great for freedom. I'll go to Wayne because I have to. Oh, if there was only some other way. But I'm not going to rot here if I have to walk the streets." She got out of bed and began scribbling on a piece of paper. After several unsatisfactory attempts, she wrote:

Dear Wayne.
Changed mind stop will come stop
Pauline.

She had resigned herself to a hellish course, but her soul would be free, she thought. Would it really free her soul? Was one hell any better than another? Pauline didn't know, and she was afraid. She cried herself into a troubled sleep.

The next day was Saturday. Pauline awoke early. The rising sun tossed its rays upon her bed, and gave her a feeling of strength. She thought of her new lease on life, and of Wayne Sherman. Was he a god who controlled her destiny? Did he offer the only possible avenue of release? Then she began to laugh at her own folly and momentary weakness. "I hate you, Wayne Sherman," she said to herself. "I'm no baby, I don't have to look to you for life. I can stand on my own feet. I'll go somewhere and get a job, and I'll read and go and see and do like I please. I'll never ask anybody for anything. I'll save my money and go to school. And I'll learn to live and love it, and nobody can stop me." She was ecstatic with the thrilling discovery of her own power. With derision she tore the proposed telegraphic message into bits.

The mill did not run on Saturday, and the Leonards always made their weekly trip to town on Saturday morning. It was only about three miles to Spartanburg. By nine o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Leonard and the rest of the children were on their way. Pauline remained at home. She had decided to go to Atlanta, and there was no use waiting. She had saved a little money all along—enough to get her by until she could locate a job. She spent two hours stuffing her belongings into the only trunk in the house. Then she packed a handbag with necessities to last until the trunk could be shipped. When everything was ready she wrote a note of explanation and placed it on the table in the front room:

Dear Mamma and Daddy:

I'm leaving for Atlanta. I have some money and I'll find a job as soon as I get there. When I get settled I'll write and send my address. Please ship the trunk to me. I left the money for freight in the top of it. This is the only thing I know to do. I'm sorry. Tell Pearl and Ruby and William and Herbert goodbye for me. I'll come back and see you some day if you'll let me.

Goodbye,
Pauline.

She left the house with a mingling of excitement, expectancy, and sadness. She didn't hate her parents, and she didn't want to leave the other children. But she knew she had to go. She was going to freedom. She was already free! She was a free soul. The world was at her feet. She could make it a heaven or a hell. There were no limits.

The villagers looked curiously at her as she stood beside the roadway, waiting for the bus.

ANGEL KID WITH GOLDEN GLOVES

(Continued from Page 10)

He didn't just pick up dat, I says to meself, and we can take de crown, wit any breaks. I guess I better give him de same per cent I gives to all of de smart guys.

Well, I says to him, we can win de crown if yuh will stick to me.

Right, he says, and we shakes hand, see. Den like de smart bird I guessed he was he says, at what per cent?

Sixty for me until yuh gets a chance at de champ. After dat I gets fifty for a year, and den de regular forty if yuh beats de champ, if not den I gets fifty.

Right, he says, and comes down on me hand like it was a banana. Like a banana, it squshes, and I wonders why I ever thought I had a grip.

I learns right right quick like that he's an edjucated man, and got his degree. I asks him why he wants to get into dis fight racket, and he says dat he wants to put away a little change for a marriage. Den one day he brings his dame around. A cute little trick with one of de nicest voices yuh ever heard. I says something about dat to him, and he tells me dat was what he fell in love wit—de voice, I mean. Naturally I says, how come?

I met her over de phone, he says. I heard some of de fellows talkin' about her, and one day I phone her. Told her that I had heard some boy say dat she wanted to meet me, so I was takin' dis chance to get acquainted. Naturally she don't believe me, but one day I happens to sort of stumble on her, and since den we has been goin' together.

Oh, I says, and we lets de matter drop. However, I begins to guess at someting, see!

Well I books Johnny for his first fight, and he weaves into de guy, gets him a little punch drunk with long lefts and cross rights, den he K.O.'s him in de fourth. De papers didn't have nothing to say about it, but when he meets his second man a week or so later and shuffles into him and took a bit of beating, den crosses him up with a fast change of pace and leaves him cold, den de papers begin to give him a few lines.

I goes to one of me pals on de *Tribugle*, and tells him to watch me man in de next fight. Well, I tells Johnny to give dis fellow de works, and fast. A minute and ten seconds later dis fellow is wonderin' where de birds were singin'. De *Trib.* carries a nice little line on me man and begins to play him up.

I puts de pressure on, and soon Johnny has fought ten bouts, and not a one has gone over four rounds. De other papers begin to notice his perfect form, and de change of pace, and begins to give him a build-up as de next challenger.

Mike Jacobs sees him in one or two of dese bouts, and so I works on him until I has me boy booked wit de champ. Johnny asks me to get a corner seat for his girl, and she sees Johnny in action for de first time. Boy what a fight dat was.

Johnny comes out of de corner weavin' like I tells him, and for about ten seconds he stays just out of reach of de champ. De champ has been waitin', but dis weavin' just out of reach makes him tink Johnny is afraid, and like I tells Johnny he drops his right a little just as he starts to move in. Johnny hasn't used his floatin' way of gettin' in for de kill as yet in any public fight, but now—

Well, Johnny floats in so quick dat nobody knows how he got dere, and de champ don't remember for Johnny hits Jack-pot in exactly twenty-five seconds of de first.

Sure dere was some who thought it was a frame, but when de slow motion pictures are shown, one could see de champ gettin' ready to move in, his right drops, and den Johnny catches him wid a left-hook dat tosses de champs head around like he had a rubber neck. A right follows it up and connects wit de V, which is left open when de champ brings his guard up to take care of his face. One sees de pain dat is

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wrote all over his face, and a left takes his face out of de picture wid a hard one to de chin.

After de slow motions come out I tank goodness dat dey were in close so dat de new champ's footwork ain't seen. Boy! Was I glad, or was I? If dat had come out den it might mean de champ was in for a tough time in his next fight.

We took bookin's for tree fights in de next six months, and de champ took dem in stride. De papers called him de boy killer, but Johnny just went in dere to K.O. de others before they had de chance to get hurt serious.

Someting was botherin' me tho, for de ex-champ was havin' his own pictures made, and he was shootin' Johnny's feet. When Johnny had been de world's champeen for one year, de last bout dat he ever fought took place, and wit de same guy dat he had beat de year before. Lekinsvy was all set wit all de dope dat he could get on me boy, and Johnny was in fine shape.

Johnny's girl was dere dat night, and she must have knew someting was wrong, for she asked me about it every time I climbed out of de ring.

But, I am gettin' ahead of meself. We was down in de lockers and I was ready to tape up de boy's hands when I discover dat dere ain't no tape. I gets mad, and goes cussin' under me breath to de supply room, and asks what in de hell they meant not sendin' me tape. They says dat it was put in de room. I swears at dem for tree or four minutes, tellin' dem what a bunch of no counts they was, and starts back to de lockers wit some tape when I happens to tink of someting.

My knees almost folds up under me, and den I am runnin' like hell. Sure enough, Jack, me helper, is puttin' de tape on Johnny's hands, and Johnny is sittin' sippin' at a lime-juice.

Hell, Johnny, I says, don't drink any more of dat, and knocks it to de floor!

Why, says de boy? Didn't yuh send it to me?

Hell, no, I says! Dat stuff was doped. I'm goin' to see de officials and have dis fight called.

De devil you preach, says Johnny, and den he says. Do you tink dat Lekinsvy is in on it?

I don't know, I says, but if he waits for yuh to come in he is sure to be, cause he knows dat your timin' will be off.

Den, says Johnny, let me fight de first round, and if we figure he's in on it, I got an ace up me sleeve. If not, maybe it will work anyhow.

Before I can say anyting more we get our call and go up to de ring. De crowd was out to see blood dat night, and they sure got plenty, and all from Johnny.

Johnny gets a sweet right to de nose in de first dat causes it to spurt, and he seemed to be a little off in speed. I could tell de dope was workin', and I noticed dat Lekinsvy seemed to be waitin' for it to take effect. He didn't want to step into another of Johnny's killers.

What do yuh tink, says Johnny when he comes back to de corner after de first round?

I tink, I says, dat I'm goin' to call dis fight now.

Like hell, says Johnny, what I means is, is he in on it?

Damn it, says I, I know dat yellow skunk is in on it.

Good, says Johnny, and remember if yuh throw dat towel I'll lick de devil out of yuh. I got an ace up me sleeve.

Sure, sure, I says, but I was tinkin' dat I wasn't goin' to see Johnny's face cut up for nuthin'.

De second round was worse, and I had me hand on de towel several times, but Johnny always seemed to catch me eye, and I couldn't throw it in.

De third round I could see de affects of de dope quite plain, but de crowd tho't dat it was some of de other fellow's punches. When Johnny comes back he winks at me and says, dis is de round for de killin'.

Your killin', I says, but he shakes his head and says, I got an ace.

Johnny comes out of his corner slow, and de ex-champ meets him over half-way. He gets in a punch and I could of swore dat Johnny rode it, but Johnny was down on de mat takin' de count. I had de towel in me hand but Johnny looks at me and I sees him shake his head as he gets up on nine.

De boy's guard had dropped low, and de wobble of his knees seemed to be de only ting dat saved him.

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for de yellow skunk got in only two light licks—de third, 'n' Johnny fell.

I had me hand drawn back to throw de towel when I sees Johnny wink at me, den he staggers to his feet on de count of tree. Hang! I says to meself, why-in--the-hell didn't he rest de other six seconds, and den I shut me eyes for Johnny got a light left, and staggered back from it wid both mits hangin' at his side. De champ had sized him up and was movin' in for de kill.

Sudden dere was a hush, den a burst of yellin' like I never heard before. Jack was slappin' me on de shoulder and sayin': He done it! He done it!

I opened me eyes, and almost fell over backward for dere in de neutral corner stood Johnny wid de champ on de floor takin' de last two seconds.

. . . Nine—ten!

Golly! What yellin' yuh never heard before.

When I got Johnny into de locker I asked him what happened.

Well, he says wid a laugh, I figured dat Lekinsvy would try to get in several good blows before I got too groggy from de dope so that it would look natural. I managed to ride dem, and to fool him into tinkin' dat I was almost about to pass out, but I hadn't drunk much of dat stuff. Like I figured, he came in for de kill tinkin' dat I was almost gone, so he really had no use to guard. Wid his guard wide open he was a sucker for one of dose from-de-floor jaw-breakers dat I got on de way just before he started wid his roundhouse. I beat him to it, 'cause he wasn' expectin' it.

Wid a head like yours, I says, you will be able to keep de crown for a long time.

Ladys can't wear dat crown, can they? he says.

No, I says, and I knew what was comin' den, but I was glad, for de fight game is no place for a swell guy like Johnny.

I'll be waitin' for me invitation to de weddin' and I wants to be de godfather of de first young champ, I says, and Johnny smiles and says to his girl:

Dat will be O.K. wid us won't it, Ethel?

THE ROMANCE OF MATTER

(Continued from Page 11)

atom. Physical and chemical properties of the elements are also periodic functions of their atomic numbers.

Most students just commencing the study of chemistry are considerably confused as to the difference between atoms and molecules. Atoms are, according to definiton, the smallest particles of an element taking part in a chemical reaction. Molecules are the smallest particles of a compound that can exist and still retain the properties of the whole. The molecular hypothesis has to do with what the scientist thinks about the molecule.

There are three states of matter, namely, solid, liquid, and gaseous. Some, however, argue for the inclusion of colloids as a fourth state of matter. Again referring to the molecular theory, all matter is composed of molecules, and these molecules are in constant motion. In a solid, the molecules are compact and their motion is almost vibratory. In a liquid, the motion is of a flowing kind. In a gas, the molecules are perfectly plastic, and they move with a great velocity in all directions. Further argument for the proof of these hypotheses may be found in the fact that solids have definite shape and definite volume. Liquids have no definite shape, but they do have definite volume. They take the shape of the containing vessel. Gases have neither definite shape nor definite volume, but expand indefinitely. The physical state of matter is determined by the temperature and pressure to which it is subjected, but under standard conditions, ten of the ninety-two elements are gases, two are liquids, and the rest are solids. (By standard conditions is meant O°C. and 760 mm. of pressure.)

In light of all the advances in science, there are still many theories that have not been proved satisfactorily. The problem of smashing the atom to make the electrons, protons, positrons, and neutrons that I have referred to so frequently in this article seems to me to rest with the amateur chemists of today. After all, they are to become the research scientists of tomorrow.

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WAR! AND THEN?

(Continued from Page 13)

entered the power field through the Boulder Dam project and the T.V.A. Great court battles were fought on the question of the constitutionality of the government's entering the competitive field of private enterprise with the government emerging from battle as the apparent victor. Bureaucracies by the hundreds sprang up curbing and regulating private enterprise. The Civil Service Commission reports that the executive branch of our government now has 1,185,588 employees costing over two billion dollars.

That the President has made his office stronger and more powerful than ever before is another evidence of the trend toward centralized power. The balance of power among the three branches of government, the executive, the judicial and the legislative, has always been the pride of American citizens. In the famed battle with the "Nine Old Men" President Roosevelt lost the battle but won the war. Due to the appointment of liberal men to the bench by a Democratic President the Supreme Court has completely reversed its decision on certain New Deal measures. Just recently the court has reversed its decision upon child labor, declaring that child labor laws are now constitutional.

The influence of the present war on centralization has been tremendous. The Lend-Lease Bill, which Congress has perhaps passed at this reading, is a bill legalizing the stupendous powers which the President claims to possess already. Since he already has these powers there seems to be only one paramount reason for desiring Congress to approve of this measure, that being the necessity of gaining a mandate (go ahead signal) from the people. It is clear that there will inevitably be a continued loss of congressional power with a still further strengthening of the executive power.

Just recently there has been a tremendous increase in the number of governmental employees. The government's power to take over almost all of private industry is evident. At one time the National Guard could be called out only by the state, but the National Guard are today in camps all over the nation. Billions of dollars are being spent daily throughout the world for war purposes. The effort that America is at this moment putting forth is more than was actually put forth when hostilities were declared in the last war. Our taxes are mounting every day and soon personal hardships will be felt. In England the government has gone so far as to conscript labor, a thing which was not done in the last war. A man may not quit his job and move to another place, so the law states, nor likewise can an employer dismiss an employee without the approval of the government. 60% of England and Germany's work is being channeled into war work, while in America 12½% is being directed toward that aim.

The Future Points to Fundamental Changes

When the present conflict is over, as it will eventually be, when the tides of war and destructive hatred have once more subsided, all indications point to fundamental changes in our economic, social and political system. Can a system that has provided for the masses so little comfort, a system that is so inherently weak in its structure survive? Will England and America ever be the same again? What part will labor play in this new order of ours? How will our system differ from the concepts of the German hypnotist? In England, that rock of tradition, one hears reports that there will be great organic changes resulting in an altogether different country from what she was when the war began.

There will be tremendous problems arising after the war. The war has resulted in a radical dislocation of industry; demobilization of the army will not be an easy problem to solve; dismantling of the temporary training camps will be a major task; unemployment will mount and whole cities will die out, economically speaking; and world-wide trade adjustments necessitating governmental control of export and import trade must be accomplished.

Someone has said that the world has been through two dark ages and is now entering the third. Yet the possibilities in the fields of science, of art, of literature, of agriculture, of medicine and even of government are limitless—we have not discovered everything, we have not invented everything—coming generations will laugh at the crudeness of our life. The twentieth century bids fair to be the greatest century since the fourteenth, the period of the Renaissance. There will be an aftermath of this present age. There is a need for all to have optimism and faith. Christianity will play a dominant part as the church, which has stalemated in recent years, will rise once again to the heights of its unpredictable power.

When we consider the origin and history of man we are forced to concede that he has made remarkable progress. We must remember that man is inherently good. There is a promise that some day the need for world organization and union, which is not altogether a Utopian dream, will be recognized by all men; that the task of the world is to provide consumer's goods for all mankind.

This definite trend toward centralization, if not carried too far, is undoubtedly the only method of institutional survival. Regardless of the outcome of the present situation it is the task and responsibility of the citizens to preserve the integrity of the democratic system as we now know it. If it does not survive we have only our own stupidity to blame.

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THROW AWAY THE HELMET?

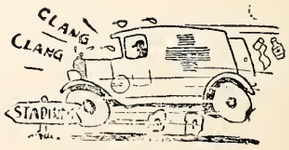
(Continued from Page 18)

that intangible something called SPIRIT to back up future grid teams. Best of all, the Terrier gridders have spirit. Theirs is no commercialized existence, with each block, pass, and tackle measured in dollars and cents. Each shows an interest in the team as a unit representing his school, and this has been a vitalizing force in Terrier football in the past two years.

You may scoff at spirit if you will. You may condemn it as childish exuberance and declare that a team wins not on spirit but ability, that a talented team defeats a spirited team. Quite true, but a team with ability does not beat a team with equal ability and spirit. Have you ever heard of the "Prayin' Colonels?" Back in the days when men were men and welcomed an opportunity to prove it, in the 1900's, Coach Bo McMillan and his "Prayin' Colonels" from Kentucky's little Centre College—with an enrollment today of only 500—astounded the sports world by producing teams which consistently mowed down the nation's top-ranking outfits such as Navy, Harvard, and others in that class. How did he do it, this obscure coach from an equally obscure college? How did his teams defeat teams three, four, and five times as large as they were?

Perhaps that question can best be answered by referring to the prayin' part of their nickname. Before each game and during the half those underdog football players dropped to their knees and offered a silent prayer that they might win for their college. They possessed to a large degree that elusive wraith known as spirit, that compelling urge to win for the sake of the school which drove them to triumphs over teams which they could not have hoped to have beaten otherwise. Surely if Centre College could rise to such towering heights through the proper mixture of spirit and ability, it is not incorrect to say that small colleges in their own class can produce spirited, colorful, and crowd-drawing teams that will be self-sustaining.

College officials with foresight now realize that the current interest in football requires certain degrees of subsidization, dependent upon the size of the institution, if that sport is to survive, and for every college de-emphasizing or abandoning intercollegiate football another pops up with the proper amount of emphasis to insure the life of the pigskin sport in the small college. Throw away the helmet? Not on your life!



SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL

(Continued from Page 23)

the square, but he may not be. That car fills the bill, and he could easily have gotten those replacement tags to use as a blind. We'll check carefully and put a shadow on him."

The rest of the week passed without new developments until Saturday morning, when Sergeant Childs called all his men together.

"Now, fellows, for six straight weeks we have had a hold-up on Saturday night. They have all been pulled by the same gang. It will be almost impossible to blanket the entire city of Sparta, but I am fully convinced the gang operates from the Candeen section. Every section of town except Candeen has been raided at least once, so tonight we are going to surround that section with radio cars and try to catch the gang either going or coming from one of their jobs. Every patrol car in the city has been notified to watch out for a big sedan bearing this license, and as soon as a hold-up is reported the cars equipped with two-way radios will try to surround the vicinity and 'spot' the hold-up car. I'm firmly convinced the gang is using that car for their get-aways, and then hiding it in a garage until they need it again. We will have four cars in the Candeen section from 6 o'clock 'til midnight.

"When a hold-up is reported, double your guard and watch anything suspicious. The gang may not be in a green car and they may not come to the section mentioned, but we can't offer anything better. And one more thing, always be careful."

Some time later, Sergeant Childs and Detective Foster were riding in car 63 when at 9:15 o'clock the radio suddenly blared into action.

"Cars 41 and 44! The Bloody Bucket on Park Drive! A hold-up! Cars 41 and 44! The Bloody Bucket on Park Drive!"

"There they are, on time as usual," exclaimed the sergeant. "I just hope my plans work out and we can stop 'em tonight."

Rainbow Park was part of the district assigned to that particular patrol car, and as the police cruiser nosed its way slowly along the street the officers peered expectantly at each approaching car. As the auto turned down the road past the tennis courts of the park, the lights of the vehicle were reflected on an automobile parked beside the road.

"Neckers!" one officer summed the situation up and gave his diagnosis, and then flung the dazzling white rays of his spotlight on the machine—a green Packard, license No. D-13-844.

"Come on, let's get 'em!" shouted the sergeant, unbuckling his revolver. Foster expertly wheeled the cruiser around and dashed towards the parked car. Both men leaped out and peered inside—to find out that the machine was not occupied.

The sergeant, however, reached inside long enough to salvage a hat, and then said, "You know, he might come back after the hat if he thinks we haven't found the car. Let me hide in the back of the Packard, and you take the patrol car out of sight—but keep close enough to get any of my signals."

Foster drove slowly away, leaving Sergeant Childs huddled in the rear of the car, thinking that the bandits would return.

The very fact of their past successes in the robbery business was an added factor in favor of the police, as old-timers pointed out, "Repeated success breeds carelessness." Also, the gangsters might become worried over the information that modern police could glean from such clues as an abandoned automobile and a deserted hat.

Minutes passed slowly into hours and the sergeant became cramped in his huddled position. He tensed, however, as the lights of an approaching car flashed on his hiding place. From his place of concealment, he identified the car as a late model Ford, but his hopes waned as the car moved on after turning around in the side road.

Another half-hour passed, and he had almost decided to signal his partner, but as he raised up he noticed the same Ford automobile slowly approaching. As it neared the side road, the approaching car turned off its lights and turned towards the Packard sedan.

One of the Ford's doors opened and a bareheaded youth leaped out. As he started towards the hidden car, the sergeant, gun in hand, jumped out and collared him before he knew what was happening. The driver of the Ford began a wild racing of his car motor and attempted to back the car into the main road.

The sergeant fired three shots in an effort to stop the bandits and also as a signal to Foster. Meanwhile, however, the Ford raced away from the sergeant and his prisoner, and as it turned the corner its tires screamed aloud.

Still holding to his prisoner, the officer searched him and found a fully-loaded automatic pistol, a billfold, and a set of keys. From papers inside the billfold, the officer identified the slender, sallow-complexioned youth as Antonio "Tony" Nicholek.

"Well, Tony, it appears that your hat caused you to get in trouble," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked the man, obviously puzzled.

"Why, isn't this yours?" the officer asked. As he spoke, he placed his hat on the youth's head—to find that it fell almost around his neck.

"That's not my hat," he said. "I came back for the car."

"Now, Tony," rejoined the detective, "you're

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caught, and we'll be able to prove that you're one of the Saturday night gang, so you might as well come clean and tell me the truth about the whole organization. We'll get the rest of them, anyhow, so if you want to talk and help yourself it'll be all right."

Tony thought for a period of several seconds, then replied, "Okay, then, Sarge, I'll talk straight. I've never been in anything before, and maybe if I help you in this you'll put in a good word for me.

"Well, here goes: We always left the car somewhere for a couple of hours after we pulled a job, just in case somebody might get the license number. If the police haven't taken it in, I always come back and get it. We kept it in a garage except when we needed it. I came by here about half an hour ago and the coast looked clear, so I got Johnny to bring me back after we had a sandwich."

Screaming sirens preceded two of the "trap cars" as they came to sudden stops near the captured bandit and Sergeant Childs.

"Foster radioed headquarters where you were and we came as soon as we got the call," explained Simmons, the first one to reach Sergeant Childs' side. "He captured that Ford and another of the bandits after it was wrecked against a tree. The guy wasn't hurt much, but he was carried to the General Hospital, just in case."

Back at headquarters, the sergeant breathed a sigh of relief as Detectives West and Griffin reported the capture of "Scarface," along with six other members of the gang.

Reporting regarding Scarface, Griffin said, "He's been identified as the leader in every hold-up, and that college boy swears he is the one who tried to kill him at Joe's Tavern. We're lucky that the ugly menace is behind bars, where he can't kill or injure anyone.

"Tony has been positively identified as the guard in three of the hold-ups, and admits driving the car the rest of the time. There were a couple of extra guys besides Slim and Frank who filled in as needed.

"All of them except Scarface admit their participation in the jobs, and we've cleared over fifty lesser jobs by their confessions."

Smiling, Sergeant Childs replied, "Well, it looks as though this gang is through for good. By the way, Tony also told me where the watches and other jewelry are hidden, and we can get them without any trouble.

"And, while on the same subject, the gang stole the Davis car just to get the license plates from it. They hoped that we would link him with the jobs after tracing the plates. The gang had a grudge against Davis for some reason."

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CAMEL—THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE—

THE WOFFORD

JOURNAL

Commencement

ISSUE

May, 1941

"YOU SAVVY QUICK, SOLDIER!"

DAD ought to know. Look at the wall behind him. Photo of Dad, straight and proud in old-style choker-collar blouse, Sam Browne belt, and second "looie's" gold bars. And his decorations—the Order of the Purple Heart, Victory Medal, Croix de Guerre *with* palm.

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• • •

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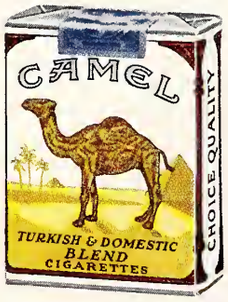

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5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

JOURNAL

Volume 51 May, 1941 Number 5

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Memories of Thomas Wolfe

as told by Fred Wolfe to Bernard Cannon expressly for The Journal

"I'm the baby of the family. People always said I would be a *big* help to my mother when I grew up." Thus would Tom jokingly supplement Fred's introduction of his "kid" brother—younger by three years.

"Other people were Lilliputian in comparison to my brother. Tom was a young Goliath, weighing 265 pounds, six feet-six inches in height, and with tremendous breadth of shoulders. Yet with all of his gargantuan size, Tom carried himself well and moved quickly. He was well proportioned." Fred Wolfe, salesman for an ice cream company, was giving his impressions of his brother, Thomas Wolfe, the great American novelist, who died an untimely death in 1938 at the age of thirty-seven. Though dead, the name of Thomas Wolfe has been immortalized through his works, which include *Look Homeward, Angel, Of Time and the River, The Web and the Rock, The Story of a Novel, You Can't Go Home Again*, and several other titles.

This picture of Thomas Wolfe was made in July, 1937, at the home of his sister, who lives in Anderson, S. C.

Readers familiar with the works of Tom Wolfe will remember that Fred is one of the best characterized persons in several of the novels, especially *Look Homeward, Angel*, which was obviously autobiographical. Rearing back in his swivel chair, Wolfe grinned, "I always get a great kick from reading chapter ten of *Look Homeward, Angel*. Tom really hit the nail on the head when he described me under the guise of 'Luke.' Although Tom and I really loved each other, and would have done anything in the world for each other, Tom often wondered how we could live under the same roof for two days without clashing. I guess it was because of my irritable nature. Then, too, we were so very different: he was the scholar, a voracious reader, while I was the family 'peddler,' more or less disinterested in literary pursuits. He was educated to be the literary man, wherever that education might take him, while my talents lay entirely along commercial lines. Through adolescence I used to give Tom advice about the problems that are bound to come up in any kid's life, but later on, after Tom had finished his formal education, he resented my advice very much.

"As a child, Tom was undoubtedly precocious. His brothers couldn't quite figure him out; he just wasn't like the average run. His mother and father always believed in him, though. Of course, he was the youngest in a family of eight, and, at the time of his childhood we realized neither his genius, nor how far he was destined to go.

"My father was a stone-carver—but most of these autobiographical facts can be found in Tom's novels. Tom drew largely on his family and the people he knew in Asheville for his earliest characterizations. Some of his best characters cannot be traced to one person, but are, rather, composite."

Mr. Wolfe was going back some thirty years to

recollect his earliest memories of his famous brother. He was speaking graphically, as if he were reliving the earlier years of his life.

"Tom entered the University of North Carolina in 1915, at the age of fifteen, and had the theater as his first love. During his four years there, he wrote prolifically. He must have written twenty-five plays during his undergraduate days. Some of the plays were produced by the Carolina Playmakers of Chapel Hill, of which organization he was a charter member under Dr. Frederick Koch. Tom often said that the first money he ever received from his writing was the four-dollar-a-year royalty he later got for *The Return of Buck Gavin,* a one-act moonshiner play produced in 1916 or 1917. Little did he know the amount his later works would bring!

"After his graduation at Chapel Hill, Tom continued to study dramatics under George Pierce Baker, director of the school of drama at Harvard and director of 'The 47 Workshop.' Tom was greatly indebted to the inspiration of Professor Baker. Many times he encouraged Tom when things looked pretty dismal. Tom would try to peddle the plays he wrote by the ream. Sometimes a producer would make the proposition that if Tom would delete two scenes in two acts he would buy the rights to produce. But acting upon the advice of Baker, Tom refused. My brother later said it was the 'closest I ever came to getting one produced; I didn't realize the tremendous increase in cost of production caused by two scenes. I thought there was no limit to writing for the stage and I forgot that actors, as well as others, had to be paid and fed.'

"Tom was not particularly interested in teaching. There were other things that meant far too much to him. But now his family thought that the time had come for him to do remunerative work, so Tom reluctantly laid aside his playwriting and accepted a position at New York University as instructor in English. That was in the fall of 1924. Up to this time, he had been studying at two universities and had traveled abroad. As early as 1923, Tom, unknown to most of his associates, was working on the manuscript of *Look Homeward, Angel.* He taught intermittently at New York University for six years, until 1929. Meanwhile, he would make a trip to Europe every few months. He stopped teaching in 1929 because, for the first time, the returns from his first published novel were sufficient to allow him to do the thing he loved best—writing.

"When the first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel,* appeared, people were somewhat stunned, including the author's own family. The book was so very realistic that we didn't know just how to react. Later we realized that there was nothing in the book that was not true to life. Tom wrote from the pattern of life, and made no effort to paint any milk and honey pictures drawn from the imagination.

"Tom was a dynamic character and worked furiously at his writing. Maxwell Perkins, editor of the book department of Charles Scribner's and Sons, publishers, was a father to Tom, using patience in his dealings with the emotional Wolfe. Incidentally, Perkins is one of the best characters in *You Can't Go Home Again.*

"My brother was always conscientious and sincere in purpose. He wrote thousands and thousands of words in long hand. To him, length was necessary to project his wonderful descriptions. He felt that he had to give full vent to his power of description. When the publisher would tell him that he must delete some thousands of words, Tom would pace the floor at night, trying to compromise, not wanting to leave out any part of the book. Finally, he would end up with many more words than he had set out to delete. The additional writing was so superbly done that the publishers felt obliged to include it.

"Tom said that enough material had been deleted from manuscripts he had submitted to the publisher to comprise just as many more books as were then in circulation. Another book with the tentative title, *The Hills Beyond,* is scheduled to appear next year, published by Harper's. Tom selected the title as one of his proposed novels.

"Tom knew that I was not much of a reader. When his volume of short stories, *From Death 'til Morning,* came out, he sent me an autographed copy with an inscription something like this:

> I am herewith sending you this copy of my short stories which covers the field fairly well, and there are some stories which *even you* will read. If I haven't covered the whole field, and haven't gotten to the episode where the mule kicked over Foster Batterham, I will get to it if you will give me time.

And Thomas Wolfe, one of the greatest poetic-prose writers the world has ever known, would have written many more episodes had not Fate stepped in while he was in the prime of a glorious career.

Those hectic days from the time Tom Wolfe went on a tour through the western states in early May of 1938 for a rest cure—as much as anything else—for a depleted man, exhausted physically and mentally, seem like a nightmare to Fred Wolfe.

"Tom was crazy about trains, and looked forward to riding the real streamliners on his trip west. He was to lecture at Purdue University four days, after which he planned to make a quick three-week tour. Chicago, Phoenix, Portland, and Seattle were on the itinerary. Wolfe couldn't rest, though—he had worked himself to a frazzle. 'Famous American Author Can't Sleep' was the gist of the typical newspaper headline caught from the Associated Press after reporters had interviewed Tom en route. Tom became acquainted with friends in Portland. They decided to prolong the trip

(Continued on Page 19)

THE SEA IS NOT FULL

By JOHN THOMASON

DEATH was in the house. You could feel it . . . smell it. The heavy, nauseating odor of flowers was everywhere, subtle and scarcely noticeable. The silence of death was thick within the rooms. Whispered conversations droned lazily on the air. The tip-toed walking spoke of death.

The sons and daughters and their families were there. The men were chatting about the weather and the prospects of the crops. The women gossiped about the mourning clothes and the wreaths of flowers. The smaller children wanted to play, but the disapproving frowns of their parents prevented them. People were gathered on the front porch and were talking softly.

It was warm . . . and summer and death lay firmly on the house. The odors of the kitchen mixed with the odors of the parlor. Flower and tobacco and cabbage smells mingled unpleasantly. The house was old . . . and the dead odor of its ancient walls and dry-rotten floors were indistinctly present. It was death . . . the haunting, subtle odor of death.

The dead woman's body lay in the parlor. The shades were pulled down and the long cracks in them gleamed with the sun. Houseflies traveled the room tirelessly. A clock on the mantel ticked haphazardly. Piles of flowers were banked on both sides of the room. The room was hushed with odor and silence.

The woman was old and her wrinkled jaws looked uncomfortable with false teeth. Her hair was gray and stringy, pulled tight across her sunken temples. The gray plush of the casket looked soft and cool. Particles of dust were on the glass above her face. There was one clean spot . . . it stood out clearly in the feeble afternoon sunlight. Someone must have touched the glass . . . perhaps, it was a tear.

The room was empty and the dead woman was alone. Her veined hands were folded tightly on her withered breast . . . her mouth was cracked slightly . . . but there was no smile on her lips.

* * *

Her children were together in the back bedroom. They were worried and dry eyed. She was old . . . seventy-six. They had expected it for several years. They sat there . . . the three boys and two girls . . . and waited for someone to start the conversation.

William had asked them to come back here . . . he was the oldest . . . made good money . . . sold building supplies . . . tall, bony . . . his eyes were brown and hazy. They were all waiting for him to speak . . . but he sat on the edge of the bed and tangled his fingers in the tassels of the worn bedspread.

Marshall was sitting beside him, propped up on his elbows. His rough farmer's body looked uneasy in his unpleasantly new suit. He took off his horn-rim glasses and looked at William . . . he wondered why he hadn't said anything.

Leila and Sarah waited for their brothers to start talking. They were both tall and muscular. Their work-worn hands lay unmoving in their laps, folded. Sarah wondered if her husband shouldn't be with them. She wriggled her toes painfully in her tight shoes.

Harvey was seated in a corner to himself. He lived farther away from home than the rest . . . hardly ever got down to Leila's to see his mother. He was studying the room . . . the tattered linoleum rug . . . the stringy curtains. Leila and Joe must be pretty hard up, he thought. The curtains hung limply and the afternoon sun beat dully on the dusty window panes.

William finally spoke. "I don't know . . . maybe this ain't the time to talk about it, but we've all got to get back to our jobs tomorrow, so I figured we ought to settle about Ma's stuff now."

Harvey nodded and his answer sounded as though he had thought about the matter a long time. "Yeah, I think so too . . . It'd suit me all right if you just give what was left after the funeral bill was paid to Leila."

"But we're all her children," Marshall said. "Divide the stuff up even, I say."

William wanted to avoid a fight. "Ma didn't leave much more than enough to pay the funeral bill . . . after we sell the old homeplace they won't be much left, I don't reckon."

Sarah interrupted, "About Ma's furniture, though . . . I'd like to have some of Ma's stuff . . . she always said I could have that chest of drawers."

Leila had waited until everyone had chosen sides. "I don't want no more than my share, but me and Joe has put out a good deal on Ma since she's been sick."

"I thought Ma had some money," Marshall cut in.

"I asked her for some to get medicine with, but she said she didn't have none . . . and they won't none in her pocket book."

Harvey thought of the fifty dollars he had sent his mother the week before but he didn't say anything.

"How much have you spent, Leila?" William asked.

"Oh, I didn't keep no account of it . . . medicine and doctors and all . . . I was up with Ma just about day and night . . . and I didn't have time to keep check of it all."

Marshall was relentless. "Whyn't you let me know if you and Joe needed money so bad . . . I've always sent it."

"You never did in the past."

"That's a lie, Leila. I sent Ma five dollars every month and we all paid you regular to take keer of Ma."

"It won't hardly enough to feed her."

"Then why didn't you let Sarah take her in that time she wanted to . . . it must not have been so much trouble to look after her," Marshall insisted.

"I went through a lot, Marshall . . . you've forgot how contentious Ma was . . . purty hard to put up with sometimes."

Sarah was angry. "This ain't no time to talk like that about Ma."

"It's so just the same . . . she was crabbed . . . I reckon I ought to know . . . I kept her for eight years."

William was oiling the waters. "Sarah's right, Leila. We oughtn't to get into no arguments now . . . I'm willin' to look after sellin' the homeplace . . . and I think it'll just about pay for the funeral."

Leila was indignant. "Sell the homeplace? . . . Me and Joe was thinkin' about movin' down there to farm. I've looked after Ma all this time and I think the homeplace ought to go to me."

"But how we goin' to pay the funeral bill, Leila?" Harvey asked.

"You and William and Marshall all make purty good money . . . enough to pay it . . . I've worried a lot in the last eight years tryin' to make ends meet. It didn't never worry the rest of you any . . . you just shoved her off on me and now you're tryin' to take the homeplace away from me . . . and it's rightfully mine."

"I ain't got enough money to put Ma away . . . we'll have to sell the homeplace," Harvey said mildly. He lit a cigarette.

"It ain't right anyway . . . not after I took Ma in and tried to make a home here for her." Leila was about to cry.

William interrupted Marshall. "Now Leila, common sense will tell you we've got to sell the homeplace, but I think we all agree that you ought to have what's left afterwards."

"But Marshall and Sarah want to even take the furniture away from me and Ma's told me a-many time that she wanted me to have all her stuff when she died."

Sarah was quick in her defense. "Ma said every time I saw her that I could have that chest of drawers . . . and I want it."

"Just take it all . . . take it all . . . none of you treated me like this when I offered to take Ma into my house . . . oh no, it was 'Leila this' and 'Leila that' when you could get somethin' out of me." She was becoming hysterical.

Harvey wanted it to stop. "Now, Leila, don't carry on so . . . I reckon all of us want a little somethin' of Ma's just for a keepsake."

Leila answered breathlessly. "Well, Sarah's got hers . . . the last time she was up to see Ma, she made her give her a set of silver."

Sarah parried. "Well, at least I asked her for it . . . you been usin' all Ma's bedclothes for years and she didn't even know . . . I didn't steal that set of silver."

"I didn't steal nothin' from Ma . . . I needed some of her blankets and I used 'em . . . she never said nothin' about it."

Marshall came in. "I don't reckon she did . . . you had her so cowed that she was afraid to say anything."

"I was good to Ma . . . treated her the best I could . . . cooked stuff she liked every day."

"She used to say to me, 'Marshall, you don't know what I put up with . . . you just don't know.' She used to tell me that every time I come to see her . . . you must a-been purty mean to her, Leila."

"That's a lie, Marshall . . . William, he's just tryin' to get you and Harvey to turn on me, so he kin steal all Ma's stuff."

"Ma always said you was mean, Leila, and I don't reckon she was far wrong," Marshall said, half to himself. "The rest of you kin do what you please, but I'm going to git that walnut table of Ma's . . . she promised it to me."

"Marshall, you'll punish for what you've said about me . . . I deserve this stuff of Ma's and all of you know it." Leila was preaching.

Sarah thought of something else. "It won't so hard on you to keep Ma . . . she said she let you have money every once and a while . . . and you never paid her back."

"That's a lie . . . if I didn't pay her back, it was because I bought medicine with the money."

"She said she let you have fifty dollars at one time."

"I had to have it to pay a furniture installment . . . and me and Joe paid her back too."

Marshall added, "If you and Joe've been so hard put, how kin ye afford that new car out there in the yard . . . I cain't afford that kind and I ain't complainin' about starvin'!"

"The boys bought that car . . . me and Joe ain't got nothin' to do with it."

William broke in. "This ain't gittin' us nowhere . . . I guess we all got to give in some . . . we'll all get somethin' of Ma's and, Leila, you kin have the rest."

Sarah was boiling. "That's the only reason she wanted to keep Ma in the first place . . . she just wanted to get all her stuff when she died."

"I ain't gettin' nothin' much . . . most of Ma's stuff

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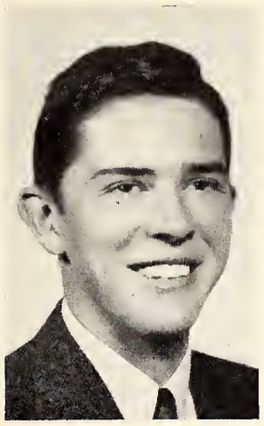
Confusion Among the People

George Beach Discusses Confusion Among the American People As Again They Look Toward Europe and Wonder Whether They'll Go "Over There."



AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Because events are moving so rapidly now, this little article on foreign policy may be considerably outdated at the time of publication. The time of its writing should then be borne in mind. I have quoted the President of the United States, and* UNITED STATES NEWS *verbatim. I have given the essence of President Hutchins' thought in his speech to the country, without using his words at all times.*

UNITED STATES foreign policy may suffer at the hands of its own citizens, according to Dorothy Thompson, who declares that the present war is not a popular one and that if the administration refuses to face that fact, it will be making the mistake of its life. Walter Lippmann, another distinguished interventionist, assures us that we are not rushing into war, but that the horizons of war are closing in upon us, and that we cannot, however we may try, escape the necessity of fighting a "total" war. If Mr. Lippmann is right—and there is adequate reason to believe he is—then the people will have to make up their minds quickly to face the inevitable task of fighting a hard, long war.

The peace aims are not well defined in this war, and of course Great Britain is fighting for her very life, so she cannot, or will not, take time out to declare her peace aims. In her present emergency, this is quite understandable. Americans who have long regarded themselves as citizens of America and not of the British Commonwealth of Nations may be shocked when they realize that their government has committed them to the policies of a great imperialism, but they realize that our government has chosen to defend parliamentary governments, no matter what their policies. Dorothy Thompson, who is now joining in the demand for war aims, has stated what her personal war desires are not; she does not want the following: (1) A reversion to a post-war Britain, imperialistic, and essentially aristocratic, (2) a re-Balkanization of Europe, with its attendant divisions and trade barriers, (3) the destruction of Germany. Her distinctions are really childish in the face of probable world bankruptcy, and world chaos after the war is over, no matter which side wins. But people still evaluate the world of tomorrow in the terms of the world of yesterday, and this tendency makes for stability of thinking, since only a small portion of the world's people really wants a radical change in economics, or political policy.

The President, in one of his addresses to the Nation, asserted that this fight was to establish four freedoms in the world. They are freedom of speech and expression, freedom of worship, freedom from want, and freedom from fear. Then Robert Maynard Hutchins, youthful president of the University of Chicago and a veteran of the last war, attacked the president's policies in his own speech to the Nation in which he asserted that many of these freedoms have not been attained in the United States, and that it would be an anomaly for us to try to carry all around the world things that we don't yet have here. In what may be regarded as a categorical reply to Hutchins, the President said in a later speech, "They (the four ideals) are the ultimate stake. They may not be immediately attainable throughout the world but humanity does move toward those ideals through democratic processes. If we fail—if democracy is superseded by slavery—then those four freedoms or even the mention of them will become forbidden things. Centuries will pass before they can be revived." Thus the President admitted that the four freedoms were not to be looked for immediately, but that the United States would be fighting for integrity of process. This really was not an effective answer to Hutchins, however, who elsewhere in his speech pointed out that integrity of process suffers seriously in a war, and that this time, democracy itself might perish. Colonel Lindbergh then is really not the "Number One Fifth Columnist." It is none other than the President of the University of Chicago, who dared to speak against a war which he was promised would never take place.

The "average" man is likely to be a bit puzzled

about the war, anyhow. Why it is that Great Britain has not declared war on Russia is not apparent, since she is fighting, among other things, for the territorial integrity of Poland, and Russia has gobbled up a fat slice of Poland, besides making an alliance with Germany and Japan, both of which are avowed enemies to any sort of democracy. Also, the democracies have been forced to stand alongside governments which were not themselves democracies: Poland. Greece, and Turkey. Just how much this weakens the morale of people in the United States is not known, since many people really believe that these countries are democracies which respect religion and minority rights. Although the United States papers carried the death notice of Metaxas as "dictator" they did not say that Greece was a dictatorship long before the declaration of war. Of course, the "average" person still believes that Greece or any other nation has a right to determine its policy unhindered by ruthless German aggression. This belief is essentially sound *per se*.

Why it is that the United States must help China fight and still cannot, after several years of open and blood-curdling aggression on the part of Japan, cut off the materials of war to that country is a mystery to many people. Although the argument that such economic pressure would lead to war was convincing at first, it lost weight when direct military aid to China was planned. It seems that it would be cheaper, much cheaper indeed, to cut off aggression at its source than to wait until the enemy war machine is perfected and then stop it at great loss of life. As late as February 28, 1941, and possibly now, American goods flowed to Japan in a steady stream. *United States News* of that date says: "The United States has played at economic war in dealing with Japan during recent months. A virtual embargo has been placed upon aviation gasoline, upon some grades of scrap iron and upon machine tools. There have been other minor controls, but Japan has continued to take great and increasing amounts of American crude oil. She has been buying metals, cotton, machinery and other supplies in such large quantities that the British are worried and are proposing that the United States seek to impose real controls over export of materials that are enabling Japan to wage war." Although almost every competent authority on fighting has agreed that the United States could deal Japan a staggering blow without firing a shot; although missionaries and other reformers have talked, lectured, preached, begged, and exhorted, the United States has continued to sell the vilest despotism on earth the materials with which to enslave an innocent and suffering people. Again President Hutchins has indicted America: "Almost the last thing Americans are expected to ask about a proposal is whether it is just."

So the war goes on, and the general assumption of most people is that we are already in it, and will be "sending men soon." How the democracies have conducted their affairs as nations in the twenty years past is too sickening to contemplate. There is no need for anyone to make again the old, blatant, pompous charges of blindness and decay. Whether or not America will take a part in the reordering of the world along saner lines is highly problematical. America has many liberalistic people in her midst. But they have very little chance at changing the country's basic mind set to make money at any price. The staggeringly schizoid attitude toward Japan is an example of the will to make profits, no matter what the cost in pain to other people.

Besides, many liberals are scared silly by the recent turn of events. They are afraid to speak, perhaps because they know they have very little plan to offer at the present time other than war. President Hutchins is a notable exception.

Whether or not the so-called "little-fellow" can translate his basic and deep-seated hatred of Hitler and Hitlerism into action without also losing his engrained respect for humanity is questionable. That the American people can control the world by force, is probably true. After a long and costly war, Hitlerism could be spread flat on its back. But whether America has anything to offer to humanity as a whole, some deep values of law and order which transcend the mean and debasing hatred which a war engenders; whether America really has sympathy for the downtrodden and the weak and the persecuted is questionable, in the light of her faltering policy and delayed action in the past.

FUTILE QUEST

The clanging, clashing grind of the stopping trains,
The rumbling roar of a passing truck,
The scurrying clamor.
The thoughts of a million brains
Are blended in discord together
To form a mighty anthem of the city.

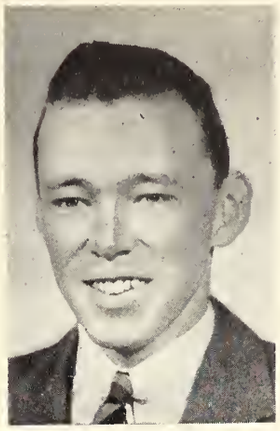
It tells a million tales of wealth and splendor,
Poverty and hunger, love and hate;
Of those who've felt love's brilliant glimmer
Only to fail at the hand of Fate.

The ceaseless searching of those alone
Amid the chaos of the world,
Who find the cause for living gone,
When faith and hope and love are hurled
Forever by the hand of Fate
Into the darkness of eternity.

—*T. G. Ladshaw, Jr.*

So You Don't Like Art!

By DEAN S. HARTLEY, JR.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dean S. Hartley, Jr., author of "So You Don't Like Art," is one of the art editors of THE JOURNAL. *His home is in Darlington, a picturesque town in the lower part of South Carolina. The artist-writer is versatile, being a member of the track team and president of the Art and Camera club, of which he is a charter member. He is a good student, and occasionally likes to draw pictures while the professor is lecturing. For four years his attractive covers and illustrations have been a valuable contribution to* THE JOURNAL, *and his exceptional talent and cooperation will be missed after his graduation in June.*

The writer dedicates this article to the people who think they don't like art, but have never attempted to discover why they don't. He says that you have to choose your art just as you pick your favorite radio programs. Find out what you like, why you like it, and don't be afraid to form your own opinions . . . but go ahead and read for yourself what Hartley has to say in this illuminating article.

So you don't like art!

There are far too many people in the world who don't like art, and it is mainly to these people that this article is dedicated.

The question that obviously follows when a person says that he doesn't like art is "Why?" Is art and its creation some useless form of human activity, taken up by people incapable of any other form of work? Is it a sign of effeminacy when a person creates art or expresses a liking for it? Does a love of beauty in any or all of its forms and a desire to add to the beauty in the world denote a fundamental weakness in mankind? Or isn't art rather an attempt to express man's higher thoughts, his dreams, his ideals—a tangible expression of the finer and more delicate things of life? Where is the weakness in a constant striving toward something better? Where is the effeminacy in a desire to create? Such desires and wishes are fundamental in human nature.

In order to answer these questions and perhaps to help people better to understand and appreciate art, it is well to pause here for a definition of art, to clarify the true meaning of the word. At best, any definition of art must be vague, since art is in the realm of the abstract. The word originally comes from a Latin word meaning "to make." Today it is defined in dictionaries as "the application of skill and taste to production according to aesthetic principles." Simply, this means the creation of beauty in any form possible. And there are many possible forms of beauty: painting, sculpture, architecture, music, literature—all of these may be beautiful and so become a work of art. The word *may* is used advisedly, for we must go back to the definition of art, "the application of skill and taste . . ."

It seems that here lies one of the greatest obstacles to a real appreciation of art. Since the turn of the century there has been a gradual trend towards the neurotic among self-styled artists. These men, painters, sculptors, architects, composers, have rebelled violently against all accepted standards of beauty. The painters have abandoned any attempt at true harmony in their pictures. They have employed the most brilliant and clashing colors and have discarded as worthless any conception of form in their work.

Examples of some of the trends in this so-called "modern art" are Dali, the primary exponent of surrealism; Van Gogh, Gauguin, and others of the same school. Dali's surrealism consists of paintings which are apparently the outgrowth of a neurotic mind, though possibly brilliant. His paintings are made up of totally unrelated objects, executed in unreal colors against a nightmarish background. Even the titles are fantastic and without apparent meaning.

Gauguin paints Tahitian women and scenes in impossible colors, colors that seem capable, unaided, of driving one insane. His figures are stiff, out of proportion, and unrealistic. The same is true of Van Gogh and others. Some paint—or daub—without any goal. A series of triangles, circles, cubes, and straight lines may represent a cow grazing in a field of clover, or an angel flying across the sky—or anything. Or nothing. These men make no attempt to explain some of their paintings, if they can be called such. Children can, and do, produce more beautiful drawings which have, in addition, a touch of humor.

As with the painters, so with the architects and sculptors. Among the sculptors, Epstein and Picasso stand out as horrible examples. Their work shows a brutishness, a lack of appreciation of any finer qualities. Epstein's "Reclining Christ," a mass of stone cut in the crudest form of a man, with little regard to pro-

portion, is little more than a slap in the face to lovers of beauty.

If what has been described is art: "the application of skill and taste to production according to aesthetic principles," then no one can blame you for not liking art.

And this neurotic outburst of puzzled and confused humanity has been kept so persistently before us that it has partially hidden the real works of art that have been produced in the past and are being produced today. True art never dies, hence we may look into the past for examples.

No one, after seeing Michaelangelo's statute of Moses or his magnificent work on the ceiling of the Cistine chapel in Rome—or even a reproduction of them—can deny their exalted place in the realm of art. One has only to look at one of Raphael's "Madonnas" to note the greatness that plainly shines forth from it. One need only see a painting by Titian, with its delicate coloring and exquisite sense of form, to recognize art.

Then there are Velasquez, El Greco, Gainsborough, Hals, Rembrandt, and innumerable other painters whose work is imperishable. Those geniuses created true art—they created beauty and light for a beauty-and-light-starved world. They put on canvas what could not be said in words. They added to the beauty of the world, a world made better because they lived in it.

There were others who chose to put their dreams and thoughts into stone. The ancient Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, all left their contribution to the world cut from marble, granite, and alabaster. Undeniably these ancient men were artists.

Like the other fields that have been discussed in this article, the world of music is too large to even attempt a discussion of it in such short space. However, the field of music should not be neglected, especially in this day of the radio, when a twist of the dial brings the listener bad music or good music, depending upon individual preference. Instead of dwindling in popular favor, the great works of Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Chopin, etc., are becoming more popular with the passing years.

If these works by lovers of beauty in the past were not great and beautiful, would they exist today? Would people everywhere flock to see the paintings and sculpture and to hear the music? Men love these works because they are great, because they represent true art, which is indestructible.

As men have struggled in the past to create beauty, so are men today struggling. There is Rodin, one of the greatest sculptors of all times, who lived and worked scarcely a generation ago. Today there are Malvina Hoffman and others. There are painters and composers, working and striving to create beauty, often without hope of ever receiving remuneration commensurate with their effort. All do not succeed, but a few do. These few profit by the failures and successes of their contemporaries and the example of great artists who have gone before.

Those who succeed follow the only true pathway to art; they apply skill and discrimination combined with a quenchless urge to create and an understanding of human nature. The result is—a work of art.

If you think you don't like art, find out why you don't like it. Don't condemn art as a whole, but look at many pictures carefully, listen to much music thoughtfully, classical as well as that composed in the modern idiom. Surely you will find something that will please you. Analyze your favorite works, form your own opinions that come out of your own head, and, above all, stick to them. Be open-minded about art, but remember that your opinions are as good as anybody's, and you have a perfect right to them!

SPRING

Poets may wax enthusiastic over
"chirping swallows,
greening grass life,
pregnant seed buds,
nascent flowers,
luscious sunlight,"
to tell of coming Spring.
But not until our neighbor,
Mrs. Butler,
brings her pot-plants
out of their hibernation
in the cellar
do I say,
"Why, it's Spring!"

—*Leonard Tom.*

THE WEB

Dear God, today I saw Thy face
In the tedious network of silvery lace,
Draped by a spider in a green hedge's hair
And spangled with dewdrops from the summer night air.

—*Haley Thomas.*

The Wart and The Stove

"Things Don't Just Happen," Explains the Author in This Streamlined Fairy Tale of Cause and Effect.

By GEORGE REEVES, JR.

THERE was once a little orphan boy named Remmy, who lived with his grandmother in a tiny cabin in the center of a forest. One sunny morning when the earth had just become fully clothed in bright fresh green, Remmy went into the forest to pick blackberries. He picked all the morning, listening to the jays and mocking birds and brown thrashers, and watching the red squirrels scamper about the treetops. At noon he was hungry, and he took his pail of berries and started home. Remmy was eager to get back to dinner, for his grandmother had promised to have mushroom soup. He loved mushroom soup. But when he came close enough to see the cabin he could see nothing but a low heap of red ashes. The tiny house had burned down. Remmy was so frightened that he dropped his pail and ran toward the place as fast as his short legs would take him, crying, "Grandmother! Grandmother!"

"Here I am," answered the old lady. She was sitting upon the ground, leaning against the trunk of a tree. There were a few pieces of furniture close by. Remmy ran to her and threw his arms around her.

"Oh, Grandmother," he exclaimed, "I was afraid you were burned up. What made the house burn, Grandmother? What made it all burn up?" The grandmother was tired and out of breath, and she answered slowly.

"The stove fell down, Remmy," she said. "It fell down while I was out gathering wood to burn. I was cooking the mushroom soup and had to have more wood, and while I was out getting it the stove fell in two."

"But couldn't you put the fire out before everything burned up?" asked Remmy.

"I tried to put it out, but it had a good start when I found it; and the spring is so far away I couldn't carry water enough. And I couldn't get anything out of the house except these chairs and the drawers out of the bureau and these pictures. All our food burned up."

"Won't we ever have a house again?" Remmy asked.

"We will have to go away until we can have another house built. I saved our money. It was in one of the drawers," she replied.

"But I don't want to go away," sighed Remmy. "I like it here in the forest. I like the birds and the squirrels and the rabbits, and I like to live here with you, Grandmother."

"We won't be away for long," said the old lady.

"Why did the house burn up, Grandmother?" Remmy asked again.

"I told you the stove fell down," she answered.

"But why did the stove fall down?" asked Remmy.

"That's a long, long story, and I know only a small part of it," answered the old lady.

"Tell me all you know about it, while you are resting, Grandmother," begged Remmy.

"But we had better find something to eat now," she said. "I'll tell you the story later."

"Tell me now," insisted Remmy. "I'm not hungry. I want to hear the story now."

"All right then, if you want to hear it badly enough to miss your dinner," said the grandmother. "But I will make it as short as I can. When I was a little girl I lived about fifty miles from here near a little place called Westown. I had a brother and a sister. My mother was a very beautiful woman, and my father was a very handsome man, except that he had a large wart on his nose. And my father hated that wart more than he hated anything in the world, for it was the only flaw in his beauty. But try as he might he could do nothing to take the wart away. He tried every charm and ceremony, and visited all the witches and magicians he could find. Still the wart remained. He developed such a hatred for it that no one dared mention it before him. He would not look at himself in a mirror. There was a large old mirror in our house and father would often see himself in it without meaning to. One day he said he was going to get rid of the mirror. It was an old family heirloom, and my mother tried to get him to put it away in the attic. But he would not agree. "I don't want the thing in the house," he said. So he took it one morning and started off to trade it to someone. Before he had gone very far he came to the house of a rich widow, who was cutting flowers in her front yard. She was a vain woman, and proud of her

(Continued on Page 27)

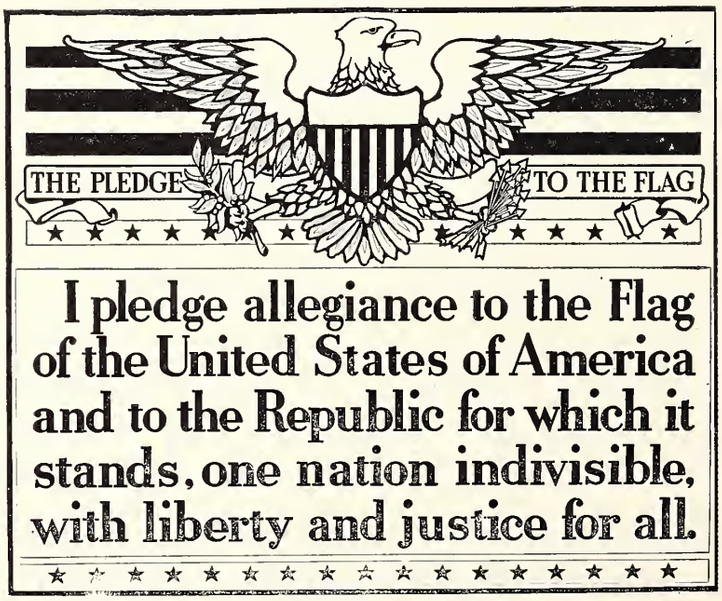
How Democratic Is America?

C. B. Wall, Keen Observer and Student of International Affairs, Says That a Democratic Reformation is in Progress in America, and Appeals to Youth to Make Democracy Really Work in Spite of the Isms

REVIVAL of the faith in the American democracy as a form of government is already one good result of the present European War. There is a growing enthusiasm in the American government; the typical Fourth of July speech is gaining in popularity; the American "way of life" is being rediscovered; the political creeds of the founders of this republic are being taken out, dusted off, examined and put back into use. There are indications of an approaching democratic reformation.

For a short period in the history of the United States it was doubtful whether the government was a democracy. True, the outward forms of democratic processes were maintained. However, the practices of the government were in many cases far from democratic.

The Civil War was a definite point of transition in American democracy. This war destroyed a civilization — a civilization that produced such political leaders as Washington, Jefferson and Madison. This was a civilization of democratic liberals who were primarily interested in politics. When this class was destroyed, a new class that was primarily interested in business came into prominence. The greatest talent and ability of the country was no longer attracted to politics as a career, but to business. The business man became more important to the American mind than the statesman and gradually business welfare gained prominence over public welfare. Young men were more concerned with making a living than they were with improving their country.



Courtesy of Scholastic, The American High School Weekly.

America's business was business. The American people seemed to feel that what was good for business was good for the nation, no matter what the consequences might be. The American business man enjoyed an exalted position. Gradually the American government itself came under his control. All the reforms that were hostile to the business man's position and advantages met with the most stubborn resistance.

Although there was no relief of these conditions by governmental action the frontier provided, for a time, an outlet for those who were suffering under these conditions. The unemployed could move westward to new fields of activity. The movement to this section was so rapid that the West soon became thickly populated and this final outlet was closed. Then the government was forced to recognize the situation and to inaugurate a program of social legislation. This movement has been progressing since the turn of the century with a forcefulness that has varied with the type of chief executive. There have been some definite social gains. However, the present international crisis has shown that they are inadequate. A further reformation seems necessary if democracy is to survive the menace of dictatorship. Democracy must once more become a vital force, as it was in 1790, a force that recognizes the value and dignity of the individual, that recognizes the fact that the common man, although not the wisest, is the safest depositary of governmental power.

A democratic form of government is the government by the *bourgeois*. Therefore, if a democracy is

to be successful, it is necessary that its society have a large, powerful, intelligent, and vital middle class. This class must be interested in carrying on the affairs of government and a class that respects the freedom and value of the human personality.

Since the Civil War the middle class of this country has steadily grown proportionally smaller and smaller. A great part of the wealth of the nation has become concentrated in the hands of the small class of the very wealthy. This caused many of the members of the middle class to sink to the mass of the proletariat. In this manner the United States was rapidly becoming a nation of the two irreconcilable factions of the propertied and the unpropertied.

Under these conditions it is impossible to maintain a true democracy. A free society cannot be governed in direct opposition to the will of a great many of the members of its society. A democracy is a government of cooperation and compromise. In order to be successful a democracy must prevent the bitter strife that kills the willingness to cooperate. Our society is not a unity in which men have an equal and common interest. "It is a system of class interest in which when there is an economic crisis the well being of the privileged is purchased and maintained at the expense of the underprivileged." This is a necessary consequence of the unrestricted capitalistic system.

The capitalistic system is essentially a selfish system. In order to prevent the disastrous results of unrestricted competition, it is necessary that some control be placed on the capitalist. The individual, without some governmental restriction, may use his position in a free state to take unfair advantages of his fellow citizens. It is wrong to assume that *laissez faire* capitalism and democracy must go hand in hand. A true democracy is pledged to maintain some degree of equality among its citizens. It must therefore stand ready to protect the rights of the weaker citizens against infringement on the part of the stronger.

A necessary function of the true democratic state is to provide the greatest good for the greatest number of its citizens. Plato conceived of this principle in *The Republic*.

> Our object in the construction of the state is the greatest happiness for the whole, and not that of any one class; and in a state which is ordered with a view to the good of the whole, we think that we are most likely to find justice, and in the ill-ordered state injustice . . .

The last century created an emphasized individualism that undermined the essential sense of citizenship. The private citizen seemed to feel that he had a right to abuse the freedom that had been granted him by the state. He seemed to have assumed the attitude that he had rights against and not in the state. This was aided by the industrial ideals and conditions of the period. The individual citizen felt that the government's decision was just and acceptable only when it coincided with his desires and self interest. The citizen forgot that his obligation to the whole of society was greater than his obligation to a special group.

The difficulties that have been encountered in the present rearmament drive can be largely attributed to the division of our society into two hostile groups together with this distorted sense of justice. Each side does not realize its responsibility to the other and to the nation as a whole. In the time of crisis it is not necessary that all parties shall abandon their opinions and their programs. It is not against the national defense program to advocate necessary social reforms. These reforms can make a stronger nation by improving the general health and living conditions of the citizens, by redressing abuses which will strengthen the loyalty of groups where injustice might influence them to disloyalty.

Today there is increasing evidence that a new and greater America is in the making. A feeling of greater social interdependence and responsibility on the part of the individual citizen is growing out of the danger from abroad. The new individual is realizing that his welfare is so closely related to the welfare of the general population that he benefits more by what benefits society at large; that as society rises to a higher level he rises along with it. There is a strengthened conviction "that this country, even with its economic problems not all solved, its democracy not fully won, is a precious place."

In a recent article Salom Rizk, who came to this country as a homeless Syrian orphan, expresses this optimistic ideal for his country:

> Don't let anyone tell you that America is no longer the land of opportunity. Even the immigrant and refugee who knows hardly a word of English still finds it full of opportunity. But young people born here should do more than use their education to make something for themselves. They should make something of themselves, use their education not to get rich but to enrich America. Today we are talking defense, but America is too vital to be merely on the defensive. Our greatest strength is that we are building our country. Our problems are our biggest opportunity*.

*Salom Rizk—The Americanization of an American.

The Spartanburg Herald
The Spartanburg Journal
The Sunday Spartanburg
HERALD-JOURNAL

WITHIN WHITE WALLS

A Play for Radio

By ALEX McCULLOUGH

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This play was the fourth in a series of dramatic programs presented by* THE JOURNAL *on Sunday evening over radio station WORD, an affiliate of the National Broadcasting Company. Plays used on the programs were written and produced by Wofford students, and students majoring in dramatics at Converse College supplemented the casts. "Within White Walls" was dramatized April 20.*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR (girl)
DR. HARVEY
NURSE COLLINS
DR. GREGG
MRS. STEVENS
VOICE
ANOTHER NURSE
DR. WILLIS
MRS. HARVEY

SOUND EFFECTS

Metronome for ticking of clock
Metallic instruments for operating room
Buzzer for switchboard effect
Closing of door
Several bottles.

Suggested musical theme: "Adagietto," from L'Arlésienne Suite by Bizet.

Time required: 27 minutes.

GIRL—(*buzzer*) Hillview Clinic . . . No, Dr. James is not in. I believe you'll find him at home this evening. (*Buzzer.*) Hillview Clinic . . . I'll ring the third floor . . . hello, Miss Sweeney. Please tell Dr. Smith that his wife will wait for him in the lounge. (*buzzer*) Hillview Clinic . . . yes, this is the hospital . . . no, we have not had any such person entered here tonight. . . . hello, Miss Jones, the person you inquired about has already left the waiting room . . . shall I try again later? . . . you're quite welcome, no trouble at all . . . (*buzzer*) Hllview Clinic . . . I'm sorry, but the next visiting hour is at ten tomorrow morning. Mr. Robberson has been resting fairly comfortably today. . . . I'll tell him you called . . . hello, again, Bertha. Did you think that I'd just left you hanging there permanently? We're busy tonight, just like the last time we had a bad one . . . you know how it is here . . . the same old grind . . . babies, sick people, folks always dying . . . it gets so monotonous I could scream sometimes. . . What'd you say . . . sure nuff? . . . Honey, you should see the one I got. Yeah, and for only three ninety-five . . . Is that so? (*buzzer*) Well, oh, gosh, honey. Here's a call from emergency. See you later. 'Bye now . . . Hello, emergency . . . ok, I'll try to get him right now, but why can't you birds let a good doctor sleep just one night out of a month? . . . Yeah, I'm ringing . . . what is it you've got this time? another wreck, eh? What'd he do? try to climb a lamp post? . . . hello, Dr. Harvey? this is Hillview Clinic, emergency calling . . . the interne on duty asks that you come out as soon as possible . . . he has a wreck victim for you to see . . . thank you, doctor. I'll tell them right away . . . hello, emergency. Dr. Harvey is on his way out . . . (*buzzer*) Hillview Clinic . . . yes, there is a man in the emergency room now . . . we have no report as yet . . . (*aside*) curiosity mongers! I'd like to tell them to read the morning paper . . . (*buzzer*) Hillview Clinic . . . I'll ring . . . (*Fadeout, followed by musical interlude.*)

(*Dr. Harvey approaches the emergency room, speaks to the nurse meeting him.*)

DR. H.—Hello there, Miss Collins. How is the patient?

NURSE C.—He's pretty bad, Dr. Harvey. He's broken up badly, seems to have some internal injuries, and is in severe shock. Everything's set up. (*Door shuts as they go into the emergency room.*)

DR. H.—Let's see . . . good heavens! . . . why, why it's John Stevens! Dr. Gregg, what happened to Dr. Stevens . . . here, give me that sponge . . . turn the light a bit more this way . . . Lord, he's cut up something fierce!

DR. G.—They say he couldn't make a curve out on the lake road. Seems that he'd been drinking too much and was driving plenty fast. His wife just called and asked if we had notified you. She'll probably be here shortly.

DR. H.—Hand me that probe . . . careful, don't hit his leg . . . look how it's shattered . . . I hope he hasn't lost much blood, but we can't take any chances . . . have him typed immediately and have one of the

internes ready to transfuse him after we get to the operating room, if we need to . . . don't think we'd better try to do any more down here . . . I'd rather have him up there where everything's handier. . . . Miss Collins, call surgery and have them set up right away . . . we'll do a lap and then try to get this leg in a better position.

NURSE C.—Yes, doctor. And I'll notify the house doctors. Everything will be ready in 25 minutes.

DR. H.—Have them call me in the lounge when things are set up.

DR. G.—I'll see it's ok, Dr. Harvey. I'm very sorry that it's Dr. Stevens. . . . Er, by the way, doctor, Mrs. Harvey came in the emergency room from the same accident with Dr. Stevens. She left before you came . . . oh, she wasn't hurt . . . she said she was feeling all right . . .

DR. H.—My wife! I don't understand . . . was she with, with Dr. Stevens . . .

DR. G.—Yes, they were together.

DR. H.—I don't see . . . all right, Gregg. I'll meet you in surgery.

(Mrs. Stevens rushes down the hall to Dr. Harvey.)

MRS. S.—Sam Harvey, Sam. How is John? How is he? Oh, Sam, thank goodness you're here! How is he? *(She bursts into tears, sobbing.)*

DR. H.—Don't, Mary, don't. Try to listen to me. We're taking him to surgery and I'd rather you would not see him till later. Perhaps it isn't so bad. Please, Mary. Try to wait. . . .*(She continues sobbing.)*

MRS. S.—I'll wait . . . *(sobs)*. I can wait now, with you to take care of him. He's been . . . oh, Sam, I can't say it . . . *(sobs)* you know . . . Is he conscious now?

DR. H.—No, Mary, he's in pretty bad shock and we can't tell what else yet. But don't be too worried. I'll do all in my power, and there aren't any better assistants than those who will help me. Come on now, hold on to yourself tight.

MRS. S.—I'll try, Sam. I'll do my best. You'll let me know as soon as you can, won't you?

DR. H.—Sure, I will. Now, go along with the nurse

(Continued on Page 29)

Operation: This scene opens as the doctors and nurses enter the operating room . . . noise of instruments clicking . . . the low, terse voices of nurses at work . . . doors opening and closing . . . steam escaping from the autoclave . . . the tense atmosphere of an operating room before an operation . . .

WHAT NOW, UNCLE SAM?

Albert Watson, Rising Sophomore, Analyzes and Traces the History of Public Opinion in This Country Since the Beginning of the War, and Gives the Pros and Cons of American Foreign Policy. He Wonders Where Uncle Sam Will Lead Us Next.

ONE of the most vital questions facing the American public today is "Should the United States send a large expeditionary force to Europe if British defeat were inevitable?" It is not a question of whether the United States should enter the war, for this country is already at war with the apparent intention of refraining from sending armies to the world's age-old battlegrounds.

The question of sending America's youth to Europe is a question the American public must face realistically, for governmental officials would not dare launch this country on such a venture without the enthusiastic backing of public approval.

In September of 1939 when almost the whole world considered German defeat merely a matter of time, Americans favored, and for a time followed, a policy of strict neutrality. Then through a series of fairly logical events and actions, not completely unlike those of 1914-18, a policy known as "non-belligerency" and "all-out aid for Britain" was developed for the United States. And now with the national defense program stretched beyond anything possibly needed for the actual defense of this country or hemisphere, war, as carried on by the United States in 1917-18, seems a near reality. Public opinion has both followed and led this steady change in the foreign policy of Washington. This change in policy and opinion has been an accurate measuring rod for the declining British fortunes.

Though public opinion is far from being at war pitch, probably a vast majority of Americans today would rather go to war than see Britain fall, and a few people are ready for immediate military action against the axis. Do such opinions forward the best interests of the United States? Would not American entrance into this European quarrel be as great a folly as it was in 1918?

Though rapidly waning, there are still a few sparks of hope for the eventual victory of the British Empire. But even were these sparks extinguished there would still be little reason for the United States to give up her prosperity and happiness to engage in a murderous contest for a "friend," especially when her chances of success would be doubtful. If America entered the war and lost, all agree that the calamity would be far more serious than a Nazi victory over England.

If America entered the war and won, the results would not justify the cost in blood or wealth, just as they did not justify it in 1918.

If British defeat meant disaster for this country it would be different. But Hitler, even after being all-victorious, will soon pass away like other conquerors. A subjugated empire cannot be held together for a great length of time, and certainly not long enough for any vital danger to come to the United States.

The national cry in America, "if Hitler beats England he will invade America," is so nearly an impossibility that it is almost ridiculous. After a prolonged war with England Hitler will be so weakened that he could not consider such an attempt. But should England ask for an unconditional peace tomorrow without killing another German, and should she surrender the British fleet intact (which is unlikely in any case), Hitler couldn't carry out a successful invasion and probably couldn't do so even if our whole fleet remained in the Pacific. All of Germany's conquered land is only a little larger than the United States; all of it was taken piece by piece. To invade Belgium, Holland, and France Hitler used approximately two million men; at the least, an equal number will be necessary to invade the United States. These men would have to be transported. The majority of Hitler's successes have been due to the mechanization of his armies. It was his endless supply of tanks, guns, trucks, and planes that conquered all opponents who dared resist him. This endless supply of tanks, guns, trucks, and planes would have to be transported to America. No combination of navies is equal to the task. A military expert of *The New York Times* states that an initial expeditionary force of fifty thousand is the largest number that could be brought against us. This number could be wiped out, even after landing. But in attempting to land, the Nazis would find themselves considerably embarrassed. They could not land

(Continued on Page 19)

Prometheus Bound

James C. Ritter, winner of the Wofford College oratorical contest, represented Wofford in the annual South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest held at Newberry College. The title of Ritter's oration was "Prometheus Bound."

UPON a barren rock that borders the Mediterranean Prometheus lies spread-eagled. His skin is burnt black by the sun, cracked by the wind and the rain, for he is naked to the elements. Chains encircle his limbs, chafe the skin raw, and draw globs of blood that drop—drop to dry on the hot rock.

Overhead vultures circle, then sink to rest beside him. A claw touches naked flesh, and his muscles ripple and strain, but the fetters only cut deeper—deeper into his flesh. A powerful beak rips into his vitals, another, until a scream of pain escapes his lips, and then the air is filled with the beat of clumsy wings.

Who is this man Prometheus? According to legend, he is the creator of man, and brought to man fire, that greatest of all gifts. This tortured figure is Prometheus, the symbol of man's liberties, the emblem of man's freedom!

Today when the world shudders beneath the tread of Mars, when man's liberties are being wrested from his grasp, there is one nation where Prometheus is still free. Yet, we cannot help fearing that he will be shackled again, when we see the hysteria that is sweeping this country, for it is hysteria that forges the chains to bind human liberty.

In the past people have been plunged into a chaos of blood, suffering, and death; have been robbed of their freedom because of hysteria and emotional instability. It is essential to keep the spark of human liberty aglow in at least one part of the world, if it is not to be lost to man for years or for generations. We must insure national sanity in this critical period!

Over, and over, and over, man's violent emotions have ripped asunder the fabric of hard-won peace. Savages of today, on the Gold Coast of Africa, recreate the hysteria of primitive man. Listen! The beat of the tom-toms, the chant of the medicine man, and around the leaping campfire a ring of shuffling savages. The war dance quickens with the cadence of the drums and the witch doctor's song. The warriors now leap and sway with the flicking tongues of the fire, and even the trees seem to writhe in this fantasy of horror. With the rise of the moon the tribe takes to the warpath without thought for the morrow's blood, suffering, and death, for they can hear the witch doctor's chant, and the pagan drums—boom—boom—boom—

Pope Urban II, in 1095, addressed the Council of Clermont. We can hear the voice of the witch doctor in his voice, the voice of Mother Church, Holy Mother Church. He tells of Turkish atrocities until the mob is wild with hysteria, and the crusades have been launched. To prove their Christianity all Christendom took up arms to murder every vile, inhuman Turk then alive. The tragedy of those unholy ventures was climaxed by the children's crusade, the most Godless of them all. Their frail bodies were left like match stems strewn along their bloody way.

Our elders remember how in 1914 we were built up to a level of emotional instability by stories of murdered children, violated women, crucified soldiers, decapitated monks whose heads were used to ring the bells of a monastery, and of children beaten black and blue with the flat of German bayonets. We entered the war, not our own war, but a war we made our own. Then after it was over, we denied any responsibility for the consequences.

We who are young have known lynchings within our life time. Some of you have seen, all have heard, how a mob is whipped into a frenzy, how it siezes a man who is often innocent, and murders him. A sudden death would be a blessing in comparison with the torture inflicted upon the victim, tortures with knives, guns, and even blow-torches. Our hysterical mobs are as cruel as Hitler's dreaded Gestapo.

All of this is hysteria at work. Its chief agent is propaganda. The witch doctor told of the wrongs by another tribe; Pope Urban cried for revenge against the inhuman Turks; the newspapers told of the rape of Belgium; Hitler speaks of race superiority; and we claim white superiority. All this may be true, but when expressed in such a way as to cause a tribe to take to the warpath, the crusades to be launched, a world war to be born, Jews to be persecuted, and Negroes lynched, then it is propaganda.

Propaganda attacks our emotions, our fears, our desires, and luridly defends what we want to believe. Speeches used to be the greatest vehicle of propaganda. Tonight every speech on this platform is propaganda.

My speech! For it is an effort to convince. Now, publications and radios are the voices of propaganda, the brazen, roaring, reiterative voices.

We pick up the morning paper and believe the Associated Press stories to be unbiased statements of war news. Virtually every story has been read by a British or Axis army officer who has used a red pencil with the lust of a school teacher gone mad. This is the most insidious of all propaganda, for we have faith in the Associated Press. But it is there! Why were we so surprised when Finland capitulated to the Russian demands? Did not France claim to have broken through the German West Wall? Did not Britain claim to have perfected her submarine defense? Did not Germany claim she could blast England into submission by air alone? Did not Italy claim that the Roman Legions were marching again in Italian boots? Did not the United States claim that it could produce airplanes in the mass by January, 1941?

Propaganda often lies, and presents half truths, for propagandists know they are what we want to hear; and when our minds are like molten steel, in the retort, ready to be drawn off, they cast them in their own ever-changing moulds.

Propaganda often plays on our fears. Though we claim to be one of the strongest nations in the world, and are perhaps the strongest, yet we sense a creeping chill when we hear the words "blitzkrieg" and "Coventry." We have gone into a hysterical frenzy because some propagandist has told us a bogey story, "we fall if Britain falls," and yet we claim great strength. Where is the backbone of those horny-handed forefathers who built this nation? Have we become a jackal people, to cower at the first sound of danger?

We *are* one of the strongest nations in the world, I said, and if need be we can stand alone. Yet we feel as a group that England's way is our way, and that we are to join our destiny to hers. I ask you, how can we serve England best; with hysterical blindness? or with cool collected planning? Will we be of more aid to England as a Scarlett O'Hara who threw away what she wanted in her frantic effort to find it, or will we be of more service as a collected Socrates who could face death calmly? Whatever our international policy, we will carry it out better if we are sane.

Remember this:

> "The long toil of the brave is not quenched in darkness, nor hath counting the cost erased away the zeal of their hopes. Across the sea, and athwart the sky hath passed the light of noble deeds—unquenchable forever."

Truth, goodness, honesty, all the virtues will survive despite all the Alexanders, Caesars, Napoleons, and Hitlers.

Help England? Yes, but we must plan too for a lasting peace, so that man may enjoy the essentials of life, a lasting peace because man no longer loves war. In ages past, even forty years ago perhaps he wanted war. We all know the poem by Robert Southey which shows how men once felt about glorious passages at arms.

> "What good came of it at last?"
> Quoth little Peterkin.
> "Why I cannot tell," said he;
> *"But 'twas a famous victory."*

Yes, men have wanted war, but now man hates war. In 1918 he wiped the brains of his comrades from his face and marched doggedly on into the machineguns spouting their red death. He cannot forget seeing a man, a column of men, disappear before his very eyes. He can't forget the men hanging on the barbed-wire riddled with bullets. That's why the men who came back never talked much of what they looked upon. That's why the American Legion for twenty years vowed to oppose any war, and even to refuse to take up arms if this nation went to war except in self-defense. There is no glory in throwing your life away against machines. There is only horror that warps and tears the soul from all that it believes.

Man doesn't want war. Instead he wants his own little home with a fire burning bright on the hearth.

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The room is filled with laughter and the cheerful song of the boiling kettle. On the floor sits a child building a castle with his blocks. In an easy chair the father smokes and chats with his son, now a young man. Mother and daughter reflect the father's pride. Later the mother pours the water from the kettle into the coffee pot, and soon all are enjoying a hot cup, even the child with his hot-water-tea. Suddenly the clock strikes nine, and the day is done. The mother puts the child to bed, then the others retire and the house is at rest, peaceful—deeply content with shelter, food, security. Security and the sweet peacefulness of a sleeping home are what man wants.

"Security," did I say? But his son, his pride, his all, is prepared on the morrow to don the khaki or the field-grey. He will blindly serve his country, for he believes in his country.

A cynical man watching him leave his easy chair at home for the narrow cockpit, cries out, "Go back! Go back, Boy, go back! This is your life, this fireside, this home! Go back, oh, go back!"

But the philosopher says, "Yes, if today is not the day, go back, son. But remember that some day you may have to take up arms to save this home, this way of life." For the philosopher thinks more clearly than the cynic, and knows that he who would save his life must lose it.

Yes, we have a task, a dream to make incarnate; a vision that this country glimpsed twenty odd years ago, and then lost: A vision of a world linked together by vast chains, trans-Atlantic cables, international airways that would span the Atlantic, the Pacific; a world where isolation would be impossible, where harmony through an organ of mutual membership would be obtained. The league failed, but the dream, the need that inspired it, is greater today than before.

The neighbor of yesterday in *la patrie, im Vaterland,* in the homecountry, is our alien of today. Are we treating him like a friend? Tomorrow, even those across the seas will be our neighbors. Voltaire once said, "I may not agree with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." Americans all, let us pledge anew our historic faith in liberty. Thus will true freedom live in this country under the wings of national and individual sanity.

Upon a barren rock Prometheus lay
With chains around his limbs,
Fast bound the helpless living prey
Of Vultures. Freedom lost
To him who brought to man new liberties.

Are we to bind Prometheus on this beloved soil? Are we to fetter him by allowing hysteria to sweep us up in the whirlwind that rises with the chant of the witch doctor, of *all the witch doctors forever,* and the endless throb of the drums, the pagan drums, the awful drums boom—boom—boom—

MEMORIES OF THOMAS WOLFE

(Continued from Page 4)

fifteen days in order to make an automobile trip through the national parks of the northwest. He would have been back to read the galley proofs on *You Can't Go Home Again* had not pneumonia set in while on the trip."

The title of the new book was prophetic. After a lingering illness of nine weeks, Tom was sent East to Baltimore, Maryland, where an operation was performed at Johns Hopkins Hospital. The diagnosis was cerebral infection. The operation was fatal to Thomas Wolfe—fatal only to his body, however, for his monumental works will live on and on as long as literature itself shall live.

WHAT NOW, UNCLE SAM?

(Continued from Page 16)

their soldiers and mechanized equipment on beaches, and in trying to invade a seaport they would have to face land batteries whose artillery is acknowledged to be vastly superior to that of any battleship.

An invasion through South America is an even more far-fetched idea. To reach the United States by this means, the Germans would have to travel nearly ten thousand miles, many of which would be through the almost impassable jungles and swamps of the Amazon river valley and Panama.

No man of Hitler's acumen would attempt an invasion so nearly doomed to failure, but Hitler has another reason that would prevent him from making such a foolhardy attempt. He could hardly afford to go off on a wild goose chase in America while leaving himself exposed to Russian might.

If Germany wins, an invasion is extremely unlikely, but an economic war will probably result between the United States and the Nazis. The Germans are not likely to win this economic war. A little less money poured into national defense and a little more put into South America would secure this market for American trade against Nazi penetration.

If we enter the war, the world will be made no safer for democracy or anything else than it was in 1918. No more satisfactory peace can be obtained now than was obtained then.

The United States has no more reason to fight for England now than it did in 1812 when it fought against her for "freedom of the seas" and other catch-phrases that come out of false logic to be consumed by a thoughtless public. In fighting that war, the United States aided the great dictator of that day, Napoleon.

Why should American blood wash the land of the descendants of Alexander the Great, a greater despoiler than Hitler? Alexander died a drunkard at the age of twenty-eight because there was no territory left to capture.

THE SEA IS NOT FULL

(Continued from Page 6)

is old and wore out."

"What you want with it then? . . . I'll be glad to take it."

"That ain't the point . . . it just belongs to me . . . Ma lived with us so long it was a second home to her . . . this stuff belongs here, all together. It's the right place for it to be."

"You see, William, she ain't goin' to even let us have one stick of the furniture . . . ain't you got gumption enough to see she's stealin' the stuff," Sarah pleaded.

"Well, I was Ma's oldest daughter and I think the furniture ought to be mine . . . I think Ma would want me to have it if she was here to say."

A cold silence fell on the group . . . they eyed each other with hatred . . . and squinted their eyes in the steady sunlight.

Harvey spoke up. "This ain't gettin' us nowhere, so let's talk about it later . . . It's purty close to three o'clock anyway, so we'd better start gettin' ready for the funeral."

* * *

The preacher ended his sermon and the tired, sweaty people sidled toward the door. The children of the dead woman sat on the front row of chairs and wiped at their tears. The two daughters wept aloud and the men were shaken with dry sobs. The preacher stepped over to console them, but they never looked up.

The corpse lay in the casket, aloof and cool. Gray hair . . . gray plush . . . gray, dead skin. The casket looked soft and comfortable. The dead woman's head rested lightly on the gray, silk plush. Her eyelids bore tiny veins. The preacher glanced into the casket before the cover was lowered . . . the corpse's mouth was cracked slightly . . . but there was no smile on her lips.

The children followed the casket to the waiting hearse. They stumbled along blindly . . . their cheeks were streaked and dirty with wiped-away tears.

The pall-bearers walked silently and sternly to the hearse, bare-headed. Everything was numbed by the dull-bright afternoon sunlight.

REQUEST

You are a bird of prey pecking at my heart,
And I grow pale the while my life-blood spills;
But cease to gnaw when life shall soon depart:
A noble hunter never eats the thing he kills.

—*Leonard Tom.*

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Frat.	No. of Men	Favorite Alumnus	Local Hero	Heads of Organizations	Pres. of Frat.	No. of Cars	No. of Two-Suit Men	Favorite Beverage
Σ A E	20	Daniel C. Roper	Phillips	Mgr. Glee Club Mgr. Baseball Pres. Pi Gamma Mu Pres. Literary Society	Ford	7+	12	Teachers Highland Cream
K A	14	Gen. George C. Marshall	Arnold	Pres. Pan Hellenic Council	Coan	8	14	Black and White Scotch (No Hangover)
Δ Σ Φ	19	Jan Garber	Howle	Pres. Honor Council Pres. Sophomore Class	Clark	4	12	Paul Jones
A Δ T	19	John R. Hearst	Wofford	Capt. Scabbard and Blade Pres. Stratford Players Bus. Mgr. Journal	Wofford	7	8	Paul Jones
K Σ	25	Hugh T. Shockley	"Rick" Patterson	Pres. Student Body	Kirkley	5	25	Butter Milk
Δ X A	18	Sam Burts, Jr.	Harley		Harley	4	18	Coca-Cola
Π K φ	25	"Frog" Kearse, T. K. Fletcher, Jr.	Burnett	Bus. Mgr. Bohemian	Guilds	15½	15	Apple Cider and 20 Proof
A K Π	27	W. T. Lander, Jr.	Hartley	Pres. Art and Camera Club; Pres. Junior Class; Mgr. Debate Team; Pres. S. C. A.; Mgr. Basketball; Capt. Track	Bradley	6	10	Ginger Ale+

Frat.	Best Dressed	Best Jitterbug	Scholar	Best Looking	Laziest	Ladies' Man	Neatest	Best Business Man	No. Pins Out	Biggest Bull-Shooter
Σ A E	Platt	Von Lehe	Watson	Phillips	Richardson	Phillips	Smith	Wiggins	5 (At Last Report)	Von Lehe
K A	Marks	Pruitt	Brown	Shuler and Still	Kilgo	Coan	Wannamaker	Page	2	Jamison
Δ Σ Φ	Bauknight	Ogburn	Cloer	Huggins	Pate	Brooks	Reynolds	Odom	5	Siegler
A Δ T	Bell	Rainville	Smith	Cooksey	Earley	Nanney	Womer	Ballenger	2 (And One Going Fast)	Fitzgerald
K Σ	Nettles	Rowland	Du Rant	A. C. Moore	Talbert	Kirkley	Padget	Tony White	3	Kirkley
Δ X A	Collins	Faust	Brockman	Rollins	K. P. Richardson	Brown	Eaker	Shaw	5	Oates
Π K φ	Hammond	Terrell	David Prince	Painter	Nance	Woolbright	Abbott	Guilds	3	Dowling
A K Π	Fred Williams	Mitchell	Mills	Dennis	Peeples	Major	Wilmer Sims	Bradley	4	Griffin

Editorials

SWAN SONG

Nine more months have come and gone, Mother Nature once more has had her face lifted, and talk of graduation and commencement remind us that this eventful school year is almost over. The last issue is being put to bed, and the unpleasant thought comes that some of us are passing this way for the last time.

Like other editors, we write these last lines with a mixed feeling of joy and regret—joyful because of the happy memories that we shall treasure as a result of the experiences with The Journal; regretful that these experiences, like all other good things, must come to an end.

Yes, every outgoing editor has written his swan song, and we would feel cheated if ours were not written. The job of editing a campus literary magazine has been a tremendously interesting one. Contrary to the belief of an uninitiated few, The Journal has not, as if by a stroke of magic, fallen together suddenly when it was due. Pleasant, but hard work has been back of it all, and sometimes things looked rather hopeless, only to work out for the best.

Contributors make the magazine, and we are deeply grateful to the students who have written for the magazine. Almost without exception they had something to say, and they said it well. Members of the staff have graciously responded whenever called upon for assistance. Special thanks are due Professor Coates as faculty adviser, Leslie Infinger as student representative, and to the entire Publications Board for their untiring cooperation. It has meant a great deal to have sympathetic counselors always ready with inspiration and encouragement, eager to serve.

To Mr. Band, Mr. White, and their capable staff we are thankful for the many courtesies extended and for making the work so enjoyable. Sincere thanks to Emmet Walsh, editor of the "Old Gold and Black," for his fine spirit of cooperation. Finally, we acknowledge the help of those for whom the magazine was printed. Through innumerable comments received from readers, both students and friends of the college, who have offered helpful suggestions, we have felt the pulse of the reader.

John Thomason, editor-elect for next year, is well qualified to fill the position as editor of The Journal. His many contributions and detailed assistance have been invaluable, and it has been a pleasure to work with one so cooperative and capable. To John go our sincere good wishes and hopes for an enjoyable year in the editor's chair. For him we earnestly request continued cooperation on the part of the student body and faculty in order that The Journal may carry onward a remarkable progression begun fifty-one years ago.

Long live The Journal, and may her life be filled with exceptional achievement and success!

WAR AND YOUTH

Wofford students are thinking soberly, if the editor can judge from the numerous manuscripts that have come to his desk on the subject of American foreign policy. More than ever before, students are vitally concerned about the policy and legislative action of the national government. They realize that if America should become involved in the international holocaust, it will be their lives at stake, and not the lives of those who debate on the floors of our legislative chambers.

Four of the best essays have been published in this issue. The Journal regrets that limitation of space has prevented the publication of more of the articles on this topic, because they represent serious, analytical thinking by students who are wisely asking questions. True, the articles are not written by noted columnists, but they are the products of thoughtful students who are trying to figure a way out of this horrible mess that doesn't make sense. If for no other purpose, they are trying to satisfy their own minds.

If American youth go to the European battlegrounds again, they will want to know why they are fighting. They will want to know the real reasons—expressed not in vague and abstract slogans, but rather in specific and logical words. Those who must fight will not be hoodwinked again. Lives of a whole generation of choice young men were warped and distorted the last time America experimented in Europe. If it is to happen again, youth will ask why, not after it is all over except the burying, but before the band wagon passes by.

THE JOURNAL TAKES TO THE AIR

Back in the early part of March, a bug started biting several staff members, and the only cure for the biting seemed to be a series of radio broadcasts over station WORD of Spartanburg. Many good plays had appeared in The Journal adaptable for radio, so why not dramatize them for the radio audience? Unable to conjure "no" for an answer, the more ambitious of the staff immediately began work on rewriting plays, lengthening others, and, in short, getting them ready for a thirty minute broadcast every Sunday night for an indefinite length of time. Originally the "Wofford Journal on the Air" had four broadcasts scheduled, but at the time of writing, the seventh program was being rehearsed.

Casts for the plays are drawn from the students majoring in dramatics at Converse College and the student body of Wofford College. All plays used on the programs are written and produced by Wofford students, assisted by James Waldrop, Law Epps, and Charles Spears of the local station. The broadcasts have several purposes: to entertain the radio audience, to provide an outlet for creative talent, to prove that plays written by students are producible, and to provide experience for those interested in the most modern field for playwrights —the radio.

Appropriate orchestral music provides the right setting for the plays, and ingenious (or ingenuous) sound effects are supposed to fool the audience. All in all, the experiment has been great fun and highly profitable to those who have participated in the broadcasts. Happily, the listener has not been too much the worse for wear after hearing the programs, according to usually reliable sources.

DRAFT IN THE COLLEGES

"Time" magazine of April 14 quoted President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University. "War conditions," said he, had already cost his university "several hundred thousand dollars" in tuition fees. He, like other educators, knew that worse was yet to come.

When the Selective Service Act was passed last fall, it gave colleges a reprieve by deferring conscription of students until July 1. Unless Congress amends the Act, students may be called from their classes at any time after July 1. It has been estimated that 10 to 15% of the 883,594 college men in the United States would be called next year. Some prominent educators, including President James Conant of Harvard University, became alarmed and maintained that efficient national defense required many scientists and engineers. Therefore, students ought to be allowed to finish their training. Now it is up to Congress to decide whether it will continue the system of deferring conscription of students until the end of the school year.

Brigadier General Lewis B. Hershey, Deputy Director of Selective Service, addressed a meeting of seventy-two professors and students from New England Colleges at New Haven. They were considering the draft and defense. In the course of his speech, General Hershey said: "I do not think there is anything sacred about a . . . college education . . . Going to school because you have nothing else to do is last year's hat."

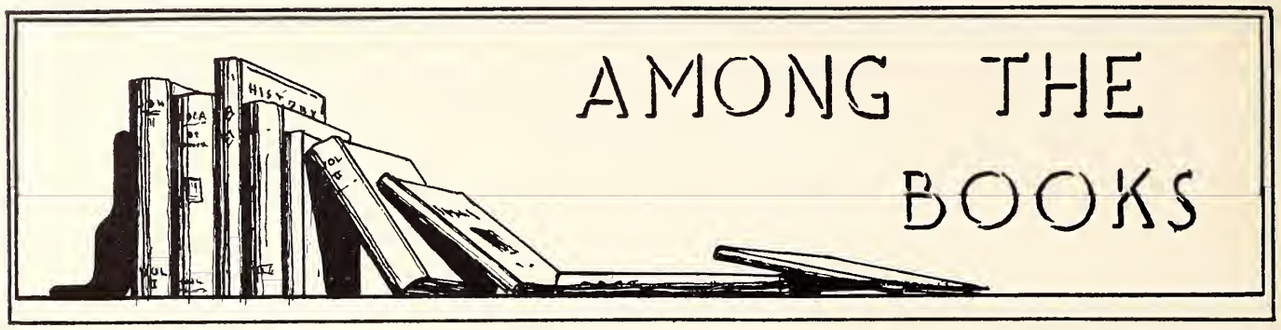
Perhaps there is nothing "sacred" about a college education, nor is a college diploma an "open sesame" as it has sometimes been regarded, but General Hershey would do well to take the education of American Youth a little more seriously. An army might live on its stomach, but brains can go a long way in keeping it alive.

SCHOLARSHIP COMES OF AGE

With the installation of a Phi Beta Kappa chapter and the naming of the first student members to the local chapter, scholarship comes of age at Wofford. Fortunately, scholastic achievement has always been honored at Wofford, and the awarding of the Phi Beta Kappa charter represents the fruition of the efforts of the administration and faculty to attain the highest scholastic recognition that can come to a college or university. Those responsible for Phi Beta Kappa's coming to Wofford are to be commended upon this important step in making Wofford one of the highest ranking institutions in the nation. Now it is possible to honor scholarship among students as it should be honored.

Too often colleges throughout America have put their seals of approval upon just about every kind of achievement other than scholastic ability. Participants in extra-curricula were frequently recognized while students eager to learn, to conquer nature, to discover new facts by skilled research—in short, to do the very things for which educational institutions are established—were ignored. Often extra-curricula attainment outdistanced a college's intellectual achievement in the minds of its students. It is very easy for educators to cater to the emphasis on bodily prowess, and other qualities admired by students, so as to get such results as school loyalty and discipline.

Phi Beta Kappa at Wofford should raise the general scholastic standard among the entire student body, and The Journal congratulates the students who first set the pace that other students in years to come might well emulate.



Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—BACON.

William E. Dodd, William E. Dodd, Jr., and Martha Dodd, Editors. AMBASSADOR DODD'S DIARY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1941.

Ambassador Dodd's Diary is a personal record of William E. Dodd's service as United States ambassador to Germany during four and a half critical years, from 1933 to 1938. The general tone of the book is cryptic and acrid criticism of the failures of the democratic nations to stop Hitler, and a certain uneasiness about the future of civilized men in the event of another World War. It is interesting, even gripping reading, because of the gruesome and sickening events which have transpired since.

Mr. Dodd was a scholar, and a former President of the American Historical Association. He had secured a doctorate at the University of Leipzig in 1900, ". . . crowned by a dissertation on Thomas Jefferson's return to politics in 1796 . . ." He had taught for eight years at Randolph Macon College in Virginia, and at the time of his appointment was teaching in the history department of Chicago University.

His humor, typically American, often saved him from complete disgust in his dealings with the fanatical and irksome Nazis: "Some of them indulged in the absurd parade step in which the soldiers march without bending the knee—the goose step—perfectly executed. When a division of calvary followed, I nudged and whispered to the [Papal] Nuncio: You notice the horses do not keep step and they walk naturally. What's the reason they are not so obedient? The Papal dignitary seemed not to catch the point, or hesitated to show that he did. I admired the horses."

But no man, however endowed with sympathy for the German people, however openminded, could help but resent having his mails opened, his telephone wires tapped, having to attend absurd banquets prepared by bankrupt and ostentatious governments, such as the Italian government. Dodd records his disgust over and over again at the artificiality, pomp, splendor, and utter foolishness of it all.

His conversations with the members of the German government were never satisfying. He seemed to think that Marshal Hindenburg would have opposed Hitler if he had only known how; that Banker Schacht was half-way sincere and could never protest openly; that the "inner circle" of Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, and Company was about as unfit a group of criminals as could be assembled in one place. But as Ambassador, he had to keep quiet and hold his personal ideas in check.

Perhaps the most profound statement in his diary is his evaluation of Roosevelt, whose object, he says, is "the reordering of all social and class relations." He is uneasy perhaps about the future. "In case Roosevelt does not succeed, or if he should die before the greater part of his work is accepted, there will be a dictatorship, which would be ruinous to the United States." Finally, Mr. Dodd uses some ink to vilify Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles, for whom he has no use whatsoever. He attacks him as irresponsible, too proud of his wealth, scheming, and even dishonest. He attributes his embarrassment at having to leave the *Reich* earlier than he had expected to the machinations of Welles. *Time* magazine, in reporting the 1940 Democratic National Convention, referred to Welles as "making his quadrennial obeissance to democracy." Such is the view of him Dodd takes.

In one place, Dodd reveals the strain on his sincerity in having to attend a church function for the dead Pilsudski. "To me it was all half-absurd. I do not know much about Pilsudski, except that he was a dictator who put people to death when they opposed him . . . I came away from the Cathedral at 12:20 rather relieved to be free from so much hypocrisy. Some people may not feel as I do. To me the actual teachings of the simple, direct minded Jesus were exceedingly important and early Christianity really democratic. Now neither the Catholics nor the Protestants believe in, nor practice Christian or democratic principles . . . I have been compelled out of honesty to cease attending church services, save on certain official

occasions. If men were Christians there would be no war, also none of the terrible exploitations which our business men have applied to our people."

So this book is the product of a man who was certain that he believed in democracy and in the growth of free men, and who labored against odds both at home and abroad to bring some of his ideals to fruition.

—*George B. Beach.*

Inglis Fletcher. RALEIGH'S EDEN. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1940.

The action of Inglis Fletcher's *Raleigh's Eden* is laid along the fertile shores of the Albemarle Sound in North Carolina. The story opens in September, 1765, and sweeps through increasingly tumultuous times ending in 1782 after the surrender of Cornwallis.

Inglis Fletcher has spent six years in planning and writing an exciting novel of high literary quality. She has given to this adventure-romance the research, fidelity, and historical detail that makes it a true picture of its time. She mingles famous historical personages such as General Nathanael Greene, Lord Cornwallis, and John Paul Jones with fictitious characters in equal reality. It is rather an impressive picture she gives us as she unrolls this vast and significant drama. It is as though she had lived in the North Carolina of the colonial days and had shared in the gaiety and contentment of her people before the revolution, before the serpent of political and economic injustice had bitten.

In the very beginning the author gives us an impressive picture of a hunt. The leader of this hunt, Adam Rutledge, was the owner of an enormous plantation. No man ever loved his plantation more than he. There are also other characters in this novel equally as interesting. They, too, hunted, danced, and attended to their plantations and to their thriving trade with the homeland and the West Indies. Theirs was the romantic existence in a strangely glamourous land.

But behind *Raleigh's Eden*, behind these men of wealth indulging in the amenities of living, in the back countries lived farmers who wrestled with the land for a meager living—indentured men who had worked out their years of service, who tilled the stubborn soil that they and their families might have the bare necessities. On these people fell the cruelties of a royal governor and his agents. The Hanoverian King ordered new taxes placed on the colony and this tax was to be paid in coin, not produce. This caused some to lose their lands. Gradually these people rose against injustice and civil strife ensued. Gradually the Revolution with all its horrors laid waste to Raleigh's Eden.

Many are the incidents in this narrative that all can enjoy. With the skill of a fine artist, the author weaves history and fiction into a glowing pattern—intricate, exciting and alive.

When America gained independence and peace was finally established it fell to Adam Rutledge and the few remaining of his kind to salvage what was left and to restore Raleigh Eden as best they could.

Raleigh's Eden is a spirited novel of highlights and shadows, comedy and tragedy, of heroic action and the stolid facing of death. It will be read with pride in Americans who were ready to give their all to resist European aggression and to establish on this soil the ideal of native liberty.

—*Robert Bame.*

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LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Broken is the window of my heart,
Frost-bitten the winter night,
Chill and failing is the fire of love,
And snuffed the candle's light.

I peer out through the shattered pane
To see our love in flight:
I see but days of spring that were
And death-cold winter's might.

—*Leonard Tom.*

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EXCHANGE

In this issue of THE JOURNAL we wish to re-review three of the best magazines to cross our desk this year: *Carolina Mag*, University of North Carolina; *The Echo*, Furman University; and *Exponent*, University of Dayton.

The Mag, in its February issue, is again up to its usual standard. With its sure-footed professionalism, *The Mag* tops our list of college publications.

To those North Americans who are unable to understand South America's wariness in deals involving the United States, a study of Bucky Harward's "It's Not All Rum and Romance" might clear up the situation. The author remarks: "Throughout the last century, with tactics as casual and flagrant as those of Hitler, the United States stretched down an imperialistic arm and took what she wanted." As a result of this long practiced imperialism, we are now faced with the task of redressing these century-old wrongs and removing ill-will on the spur of the moment.

Leonard Lobred's "A Post-mortem on Suppression" is a most welcome article on censorship of the college press. With facts and accusations, the author blasts the Will Hays of UNC. We enjoyed the article and admire the courage of the author.

James Cox's story, "The Brothers," is a powerful story of the deep understanding that comes from deep hatred. Albert Rouslin's story, "The Old House on Pender Street" lacks coordination, but is moving in its presentation of the loneliness that haunts the lives of men.

We commend *The Mag's* make-up, quality, and cartoons; we regret the crying need of poetry.

* * *

The Winter issue of *The Echo* has several excellent prose pieces, but on the whole this copy does not live up to the example set by its predecessors. Being a strictly literary magazine, the reviewer can only criticize the contents.

"The Legend of Cleveland Cliff," a story by George Tindall, is a horror tale which, like too many college thrillers, falls flat at the *dénouement*. The action is exciting to a certain degree, but when the author gets around to tying up all the loose strings, the reader gets bored. In direct contrast to this story is Blossom McGarrity's "Mr. Dooley Takes a Hand." It is lightly and deftly handled; the action is pacific but never does one lose interest. Its wistful humor is appealing when the reader is in the right mood.

Don Louthan's "The Stag at Eve" is a fantastic comedy for radio. It has some weak spots, but it is a pleasant satire. Among the modernized tales of mythology this is the best of the college crop.

* * *

The *Exponent*, March issue, is rather thin; much of the material is dull and inappropriate for a literary magazine. The best feature of *The Exponent* is its excellent editorial policy.

"A Visit With Billy Rose and His New York Aquacade," by Dan Prugh is a clear-cut picture of the amazing showman, but the whole article leaves us puzzled. We ask this question: why would anyone spend his time talking to the unlovely Billy Rose when the Aquacade beauties were on the grounds? We would like a sequel to this interview.

In the Soap Box, the *Exponent* lashes out at "Profiteering and Wastage in National Defense." After reading of the costly boners of our Army High Command in selecting camp sites, we pity the unfortunate men this Staff has under its thumb. The Army, for example, bought skis and snowshoes for 5,000 men at a camp where there was no snow. Besides these blunders, the Army is allowing certain "patriotic" citizens to bloat themselves by profiteering. While we are drafting privates, why not draft a General Staff?

DRAFTED

Your mouth is a silent trumpet,
And I hear its stirring call to arms.
Your arms . . .
Soft, beautiful, well-beloved,
But ready for the rigors of battle.

I hear the call . . .
I am an obedient soldier,
Well-versed in the art of dying . . .
I am not the traitor
Who would live forever.

—*Leonard Tom.*

THE WART AND THE STOVE

(Continued from Page 11)

beauty. When she saw the mirror she wanted it for herself, since it was a very exquisite mirror indeed.

" 'Where are you taking that mirror, my good man?' she asked.

" 'I'm going to trade it to someone,' he replied.

" 'Would you trade it to me?' inquired the rich widow.

" 'What will you give me for it?' he asked back.

" 'I have a good cart I'll trade, or I have a cider press you might like,' said the rich widow.

" 'But this is an expensive mirror,' said my father. 'It was made at least a hundred years ago. Surely it is worth more than a cart or a cider press. What else can you offer?'

"The woman waited a moment and said, 'I have a new stove. I would not like to part with it, but I like the mirror very much.'

" 'Let me see the stove,' requested my father. Now stoves were very rare in those days, and a good one was worth a lot of money. There was no stove at our house. My father looked at the widow's stove and immediately decided it would be a good trade. He left the mirror and borrowed the widow's cart and brought the stove home.

"Father soon became so proud of his stove that he bragged to all the neighbors that he had the best stove in the world. It was a fine stove all right, but the people thought father was bragging too much. One day a group of them came to our house and said they wanted to see the stove do some of the wonderful things father claimed it could do. Now this pleased father very much. He took the people into the house and told them to seat themselves in a circle around the stove. While they did this he put a kettle of water on the stove and put some wood into it. Then he sat down and began talking to the visitors. The stove got hotter and hotter and father kept putting more wood into it. Soon the water was boiling, and the people began to push their chairs a little farther back. It got hotter and hotter and the visitors moved farther and farther back. Finally they were all back against the walls and the stove kept getting hotter. The kettle almost boiled off the stove, and the boards in the floor and walls began to smoke. The room was like a large oven, and the roaring of the fire was like the rush of a waterfall. At last the people could stand it no longer. They threw open the windows and the door, and got outside as quickly as possible. Father had won a victory, and he was happy. All the visitors declared that there had never been another stove like that one. And they spread the report so that soon everyone in the country knew about my father's wonderful stove.

"Now each year in Westown we had a barbecue supper on Halloween night. That year someone suggested that father's stove be taken to the barbecue grounds and be used to bake the bread on. Father thought it was a good idea and was so eager to show off the wonderful qualities of his stove that he agreed at once. So on the afternoon before the supper some of the men came with a wagon to haul the stove to the barbecue grounds. The barbecue was always held on the top of a low hill not far from our house. There were two roads leading to the hill from our house. One was the road that went into town and then had a side road leading up to the hill. The other was a wagon trail through the woods. It was a shorter route and passed right by the hill. When the journey with the stove was about to be made there arose a discussion as to which of these routes should be taken. 'We will save time by taking the shorter route,' said one.

" 'But it is very rough,' said another, 'and will take just as long, and may cause damage to the stove as well. I believe we should take the road to town.'

" 'But that is so much longer than the other way,' broke in another. 'Besides, we will have to carry the stove up the hill, and the short road approaches the hill on a side that is not so steep as the other. It will be easier and will save time to follow the short cut.'

"Here my father interrupted. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'to avoid having a dispute over such a trivial matter we will decide the thing by chance. I will spit on one side of a stone and toss it up. If it falls with the wet side up we will take the short cut. If the dry side is up we will go by the town.' And when he had tossed the stone it came down upon a grassy place and lay with the wet side toward the sun. So they took the short route.

"They had gone about half way when they came to a steep descent; and, since the stove was heavy, the wagon began to roll fast. The mule rushed forward and the brakes were of no use. The road was so rocky that the wagon fairly bounced up and down and almost threw the men out. They pulled the brakes tight and called to the mule, but the wagon did not slow down. At the bottom of the descent there was a small brook crossing the road and when the wagon hit this brook it bounced so roughly that the men were thrown out of their seats and the stove was turned over on its side. The rest of the journey was made safely, but when they examined the stove they found that a large crack had been made in it. It was not damaged badly, though, and they used it to the delight of everyone. However, they took it home by the good road, and after that father would never let it be taken out of his house. The stove was the pride of his life until he died many years later. My mother died a few years before he did.

"As I told you before there were three of us children and after father's death we were to divide the household possessions among ourselves as we wished. In his will father gave the house to John, my brother.

who was the oldest child. He was married then, and lived there with his wife. I was soon to marry your grandfather and come to live here in the woods, where he made a good living cutting wood and making use of his knowledge of the forest. My sister, Martha, was younger than I, and she liked to spin so well that we agreed to let her have the spinning wheel, although both my brother and I wanted it for ourselves. 'But if you get the spinning wheel, I must have the stove,' said my brother to Martha.

" 'Then I will take the safe', I said.

" 'But if you take the safe with you what will we keep our jams and jellies in?' asked my brother.

" 'You could make another one,' I suggested.

" 'I could never make one half so good and handsome as this one,' he protested. 'You take the organ, and let me keep the stove and the safe.'

" 'But I'm going to have the organ," broke in Martha. 'I'm the only one who can play it well.'

" 'Then I must have the safe,' I said. 'Unless you want to give me the stove.'

" 'But the stove and the safe go together,' he protested. 'Without the stove we can't make such good jellies, and without the safe we have no place to put them after they are made. But it is better to have jelly with no place to put it than to have no jelly and have a place to put it. Yet the safe will outlast the stove, and we could make jelly over the fireplace. But I can't decide which is better.'

" 'Ina always wanted the mirror, until father traded it for the stove,' said Martha. 'So why not let her have the stove, since it is in place of the mirror?'

" 'Yes. That decides it,' said John. 'You take the stove, Ina, and I'll keep the safe.'

"So when I was married I brought the stove here, and it has been here ever since. It became so old that, with the crack in it, it could no longer hold its own weight, and today it broke down."

"You know almost everything, grandmother," said the little boy. Didn't you know it was about to fall down?"

"I knew it was weak, but I didn't know it would fall in two and spill the fire into the floor," she answered.

"Did my mother ever cook on it?" he asked.

"Yes. She learned to cook on it. And after your father had to go to war and she came back here with you to live, she cooked on it all the time until she had to go away, too."

"Did grandfather like the stove?" Remmy asked.

"He was almost as proud of it as my father. He heated the stove red hot one day and tried to seal the crack, but he made it only worse."

"Would our house have burned down if the stove had not had a crack in it?" asked Remmy.

"No, I don't suppose it would have."

"Then if they hadn't carried it over the rough road our house wouldn't have burned down. And if your father hadn't traded the mirror, they wouldn't have had a stove to make a crack in, would they?" he asked.

"No."

"Then if your grandfather hadn't have had a wart on his nose our house wouldn't have burned down today, would it?" he asked.

"No, I don't suppose it would have."

"Grandmother, why did he have that wart on his nose?" asked Remmy.

"That's a story I'm afraid I cannot tell, Remmy," said the old woman.

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WITHIN WHITE WALLS

(Continued from Page 15)

and I'll call the minute we get through. . . . Nurse, please show Mrs. Stevens to a room where she can rest. (*Fadeout, followed by a musical interlude.*)

GIRL—(*buzzer*) Hello, Hillview Clinic . . . yes, that is correct. Dr. Stevens was injured in a wreck . . . his condition is only fair . . . no, that's all at present . . . (*buzzer*) yes, Dr. Stevens is here . . . no, that report is not true. . . he is being carried to surgery now . . . Hello, Bertha. Guess what! Remember what we've been hearing about a certain doctor? Well, it happened tonight . . . yeah, honey, he's in a swell mess now, even if he pulls through, and believe me, that's no sure thing . . . don't tell a soul I called you . . . naw, don't breathe it to anybody, but if you'd seen the look on Dr. Harvey's face as he went by you'd know how bad it is . . . sure, darling, Dr. Stevens' wife came out as soon as she could get here . . . no, she doesn't know who he was with, but Dr. Harvey does. . . . Dr. Gregg told him that Mrs. Harvey came in at the same time Dr. Stevens did . . . they say that he didn't tell Mrs. Stevens . . . oh, she was ok when Dr. Harvey talked to her . . . yeah, calmed down and went up to rest till they get through . . . (*buzzer*) wait a second, Bertha, here come some more calls . . . Hillview Clinic . . . Dr. Rooks is at the drug store. I'll have him call as soon as he returns. . . . (*buzzer*) Hillview Clinic . . . no, Dr. Stevens is not dead. The report is untrue . . . yes, his condition is serious . . . Hello, Bertha, boy! have they got me going. I'll give you a ring if anything happens . . . well, so long till then . . . (*buzzer*) Hillview Clinic . . . (*Fadeout, followed by musical interlude.*)

DR. H. (*facing lounge*)—Oh, God, help me know what to do. . . . John and Dorothy, my own wife, out together . . . it doesn't seem possible that it could be John who would do a thing like this . . . and now he's a mess of shattered bones and bloody flesh . . . John Stevens, who helped me remove that tumor yesterday . . . all these years that we've known each other . . . played football with him at Riverview, then got knocked out of the last game when I took the measles . . . in college after that . . . almost kicked out of college for tying that donkey to the dean's chair in chapel . . . they sure roared when the dean came in . . . he must have been pretty high . . . he used to be the best driver in our crowd . . . he got us through some tight spots in the old roadster we had in med school . . . now this mess . . . Mary's sitting up there crying her eyes out . . . she'll try to hide behind a little powder and rouge, but I know how she feels . . . she's been good to John and a good friend to all of us . . . looks like it's all over now . . . (*pause*) What can I do? they'll expect me to work miracles—to make a new man out of what there is left of him . . . poor Mary, this will break her up after the gossipers get a few details to spread around . . . I don't know whether to hope he lives or to want him to die . . . but I've got to go probe around in those torn intestines and try to or at least pretend to put them all back in place . . . to wind a clock with a broken main-spring . . . and then Mary'll be waiting for me to tell her that he'll be all right . . . I'll be crazy if I keep thinking . . . Dorothy and John must have been playing along with me for months and I never once imagined such a thing . . . Dorothy telling me she was going to see friends in Hazelhurst . . . and I'll have to tell Mary . . . why should he pull through? . . . he's been killing me without my knowing it . . . I can't go up there and try to save a man who has stabbed me in the back . . . they can't expect me to . . . nobody will blame me if I walk out now . . . Gregg can do just as good a job . . . why should I try to do anything for him? . . . pals, closer than brothers, and he does this to me . . . I won't operate . . . oh, God . . . (*period of silence as Harvey thinks in agony*) . . . both of us took the Hippocratic Oath together . . . (*voice comes in to show that H. is thinking all the voice says.*)

VOICE—"With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my art . . . whatever, in connection with my professional practice, or not in connection with it, I may see or hear in the lives of men that ought not to be spoken abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret . . ."

DR. H.—Why do I have to think about it now? I've done my part. No one would dare question my treatment of any person who ever came to my office, but there are plenty of men who took the same oath who don't remember. . .

VOICE—"Whatever I may see or hear in the lives of men that ought not to be spoken abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning all such should be kept secret . . ."

DR. H.—If I refuse to go try to save the life of the one man I trusted in everything, and the one man who betrayed me, they'll sneer behind my back. They'll laugh because I was so naive as to think that my friend and my wife wouldn't let me down . . . (*bitterly*) what can a man do? (*another period of silence*) . . . perhaps I've forgotten some of the oath too . . . I'm as bad as the rest of them, sitting here thinking about killing him . . . thinking about what he's done and getting myself in this condition . . . Old Hippocrates must have written those words over there on that plaque for my benefit tonight . . .

VOICE—"I will follow that method of treatment which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for

the benefit of my patients, and will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous . . ."

Dr. H.—There's the answer! John's my patient, and so long as he lives there's only one course for me to follow. And it's up to me to see that he lives as long as it's in my power to help him . . . thanks a lot, Father Hippo . . . I'm glad you spoke to me. (*Fadeout, followed by musical interlude.*)

Girl—(*buzzer*) Hillview Clinic . . . Dr. Smith is on O. B. . . . He cannot answer now . . . shall I ask him to call? . . . hello, 4th, tell Nurse Green to call her home . . . (*buzzer*) . . . Hillview Clinic . . . I'm very sorry, but we cannot ring the floor for you. I'll be glad to have him call if you'll leave the number . . . you're quite welcome. I'll have him call soon as possible . . . (*buzzer*) hello, no, I do not know how long it will be until he can go home. His doctor can probably tell you . . . no, he isn't in now . . . (*buzzer*) . . . Hillview Clinic . . . oh, hello, Scoop. What do you want tonight? And say, I don't like that crack you took at me in your column today. . . . Oh, yes, people did know who you were talking about. Why, everybody reads that junk! I don't see why your boss lets you print it . . . what a newspaper . . . naw, I don't know a thing about it . . . not me . . . I hear all and know nothing . . . oh, you already know, eh? . . . well, Scoop, old kid, that's one thing you won't have the nerve to print . . . oh, yeah, why, they'd lynch you . . . is that so? . . . listen, Scoop, come on out and tell me all about it. Was the car torn up? Whee! I'm glad I wasn't along . . . O. K., see you in the funny paper. (*Fadeout, followed by musical interlude.*)

(Operation: *This scene opens as the doctors and nurses enter the operating room . . . noise of instruments clicking . . . the low, terse voices of nurses at work . . . doors opening and closing . . . steam escaping from the autoclave . . . the tense atmosphere of an operating room before an operation . . .*)

Nurse—All ready, Dr. Harvey.

Dr. H.—Good. Gown . . . gloves . . . yes, that's correct . . . size eight . . . Dr. Owen, please keep an an eye on him and drop a little ether if he shows any sign of consciousness. Otherwise, we'll not give him an anaesthetic. I don't want to strain his constitution any more than absolutely necessary . . . scalpel, please . . . (*silence while the incision is made.*)

Dr. H.—Dr. Gregg, watch closely for perforations. I'm afraid there'll be plenty of them.

Dr. G.—I will, doctor. Um, there's plenty of blood in the abdomen . . . loose sponge, nurse . . . now, another one.

Dr. H.—Let's have a suction flask . . . I think we'd better try to get some of this blood out of the abdomen and back into his system . . . sponge, please . . . hemostat . . . now, some linen to suture the intestine . . . another sponge . . .

Nurse—The transfusion flask is ready, Dr. Harvey.

Dr. H.—Dr. Willis, start the suction slowly . . . I hope you don't have to cut down to hit a vein . . . get it? . . . good! . . . how's the blood pressure and pulse?

Nurse—Blood pressure 60 over 40 . . . pulse weak . . . volume fair . . .

Dr. H.—Um, watch it . . . tell me if it goes lower . . . (*silence as they work, only the tinkle of instruments being heard.*)

Dr. Willis—Looks like that's all the blood we can get, Dr. Harvey. He got around a thousand c. c.

Dr. H.—All right, Willis . . . (*The click of instruments continues.*)

Dr. Gregg—Here's a bad place, Dr. Harvey. Linen, please. Lap pad, another.

Nurse—Dr. Harvey, Mrs. Adams just called. Her little girl had an attack of appendicitis. I told her you were scrubbed and could not take the call. She said she'd call later.

Dr. H.—Thank you, that's fine.

Dr. Gregg—Nurse, please tell the intern who came to give the blood for Dr. Stevens that we transfused the blood in his abdomen and will not need him now. I'll call him in his room if we want him later.

Nurse—Yes, doctor. (*Door closes as she goes out.*)

Dr. Willis—His blood pressure is dropping now . . . slowly, but the transfusion did not seem to help much . . . it's about 45 over 30 now . . .

Dr. H.—We'll have to finish as quickly as possible . . . catch that little perforation there, Gregg, and we'll close . . . good . . . how's it go, Willis?

Dr. W.—Still dropping, sir . . . Nurse, get me 2 c. c.'s of coramine . . . (*No voices while the nurse prepares the drug. A clock ticks away the time.*)

Dr. W.—All right, lift the drape . . . (*He injects the drug and places the syringe used on the instrument tray with a click.*) . . . Now, let's check the blood pressure again . . . it's still dropping . . .

Dr. H.—Willis, try adrenalin. Gregg and I will close immediately . . . take the retractors, please, nurse . . . (*The heavy retractors click to the tray and then they work in silence for a few moments, the clock still ticking.*)

Dr. W.—Ready with the adrenalin? All right, now . . . (*Silence.*)

Dr. Gregg—We're nearly through, Willis. How is he?

Dr. W.—Pressure, zero over zero . . . pulse fading . . .

Dr. H.—Tie this knot, Gregg . . . got it? . . . Willis?

Dr. W.—He's going, just can't make it . . . the adrenalin didn't pick him up a bit . . . I can't get his pulse . . . (*Silence, except for clock.*)

Dr. H.—Yes . . . that's all . . .

(*The doctors and nurses leave the operating room*

quietly, with muffled voices . . . the ticking of the clock fades out, to create the sense of moving out of the operating room to properly set the following scene . . . Dr. Harvey is met in the hall by his wife, Mrs. Harvey.)

DR. H.—Dot, what are you doing here . . . after all this? . . .

MRS. H.—You, you ask that after what you just did . . . I've come to tell you that we're through . . . THROUGH . . . do you understand? . . . you killed John . . . you knew about us and you killed him . . .

DR. H.—Dot, let's not talk here in the hall . . . this mess will spread soon enough, and there'll be plenty to tell without our adding another scene.

MRS. H.—I don't care who hears or who knows . . . you killed him . . . that's the reason you don't wish to listen to me . . . but you'll listen . . . I tell you we're through . . . John and I had planned to leave here soon, but you killed him . . . oh, you murderer, I could . . . I could . . .

DR. H.—Yes, Dot. I understand now what John meant to you, but you forget what John meant to me or you wouldn't say the things you just said. I went into that operating room to try to save a man's life. He was not John Stevens or anybody else. He was a patient for whom I was responsible. He was no more than that when I walked into the operating room.

MRS. H.—You don't really expect me to believe that . . . I'll not talk to you any longer . . . you don't expect me to believe that you didn't kill him, do you? . . . you found out that I loved him and you killed him . . . oh, I wish I'd never left him in the emergency room . . . I was a fool . . . I don't care who knows about us . . . I loved him and we were going away together.

DR. H.—Yes, I know . . . now . . . but in spite of what you may think, I did the very best I could to save John . . . perhaps you did love him . . . I loved him too . . . John was that kind of person.

MRS. H.—Beautiful words to say after what you've done . . . I'm going now.

DR. H.—Dorothy, you don't mean . . . (*Door slams as Mrs. Harvey goes out.*)

(*The door closes again, to indicate that Dr. H. has gone into the dressing room . . . another clock takes up ticking.*)

DR. H.—It's all too much for me to believe . . . oh, God, let me wake up and find that I've dreamed this horrible thing! . . . I must have been asleep in the lounge . . . it couldn't have happened . . . John can't be dead . . . not that bloody mass of flesh and broken bones . . . oh, Lord, I see how pale he is . . . HOW WEAK HE LOOKS . . . ready, Gregg? careful now . . . don't cut a bleeder . . . ah, there's a torn place . . . sew it up, Gregg . . . sponge, give me a sponge, nurse . . . ah, that's better, now, much better . . . how's his blood pressure, Willis? . . . watch it carefully . . . let's try to transfuse some of this blood in the abdomen . . . tell the nurse to bring the suction flask . . . careful, be sure to find all those perforations . . . God, what a mess he is . . . easy, Gregg . . . we don't want to rip any more intestines to repair . . . that's it . . . sutures, nurse . . . move that retractor . . . yes, that's better . . . John, you can't die . . . John, you can't . . . they might think I killed you . . . you can't die . . . oh, why did I have to be the one to do this? . . . I can't go on . . . but I will . . . I promised . . . Willis, get some coramine, hurry . . . ah, it's beating just a little better . . . come on, John, let's do this right . . . I must save you, John . . . how could I have ever thought of, of . . . Willis, you'll have to use adrenalin . . . oh, God, please let him live . . . (*period of silence*) (*in a calmer voice as he said it in the operating room scene.*) Yes, that's all . . . (*More frantic now as he loses control*) . . . but he did die . . . he did die . . . John did die . . . I didn't dream at all . . . Dot was here, she's gone . . . they've all gone, and perhaps they did think I killed him . . . Dot did . . . Dot's gone (*long pause*) I suppose it's just as well . . . I could never have talked to her about it . . . both of them meant too much to me . . . (*silence*) . . . both of them are gone . . . I thought that I had found the answer to the whole problem . . . I thought that John would live . . . I tried to save him . . . but he's dead . . . I saw them roll him down the hall on the stretcher . . . down to the morgue . . . (*silence*) there's just one way left . . . I've tried all the others . . . I know . . (*he searches in his bag for the bottle he wants*) . . . there is a way (*he takes the top from the bottle, speaking as he twists it before the mike*) . . . it doesn't taste bad . . . ah, now I'll lie down over here . . . in a few minutes they'll come and roll me down the hall too . . . they'll put a white sheet over me and roll me down to the morgue . . . (*dying*) . . . beside John . . . (*Long pause, then voice, with music playing softly in the background.*)

VOICE—"I will follow that method of treatment which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patient, and will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous . . . with purity and with holiness, I will pass my life and practice my art . . . " (*Fadeout, with music after voice ceases.*)

GIRL—Hillview Clinic . . . yes, this is Hillview Clinic . . . what? no, this is not Gordon's Market . . . you have the wrong number . . . (*aside*) idiot! (*buzzer*) hello, third. You have a patient on the way up for 329 . . . Dr. Jenkins said routine orders . . . (*buzzer*) Hillview Clinic . . . I'm very sorry. Mr. Mason expired about 20 minutes ago . . . hello, Bertha . . .

I finally got away from them . . . yeah, that's what seems to have happened . . . they found Dr. Harvey about forty minutes after the operation was over . . . of course there wasn't anybody with him . . . nobody wanted to talk to him after the operation, so they got out of the dressing room before he went in . . . yeah, Mrs. Harvey left here before it happened . . . they haven't found her yet . . . don't guess she cares if she said what Fanny said she heard . . . well, that's about all the news there is around here . . . you know how it is . . . the same old grind . . . people having babies . . . sick people . . . folks dying sometimes . . . no, they don't all die the same way . . . but that don't change it much . . . it gets pretty monotonous at times . . . some of them will come in tomorrow and talk about Dr. Stevens and Dr. Harvey for awhile . . . then they'll all go make their rounds just like they've been doing for years . . . sure, they'll even probably be pretty nice to Mrs. Harvey if she shows up . . . yep, that's the way it is . . . Scoop'll be out here after awhile to find out all he can . . . the paper will carry some kind of story about accidental death and heart attack and it'll all be over for all the public knows . . . yeah, I guess so . . . I'll probably be here the same time next year . . . talking to you and kidding Scoop along . . . just like I have been . . . it gets monotonous, but I guess anything does if you keep at it . . . well, Bertha, scram back to bed now . . . I thought you'd like to know about it before you read the papers . . . 'Bye, honey . . .

(*Musical Fadeout.*)

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